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THE LITERARY DIGEST
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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

NO TURNING BACK IN AMERICA'S CONQUEST OF THE AIR

THE TRAGIC COLLAPSE on September 3 of the *Shenandoah*, one of America's two great dirigibles of the Zeppelin type, seemed, under the first shock of the news, a grave blow to the cause of American aviation. Yet, if we may judge from the reaction of the nation's press, this disaster, involving tho it does the sacrifice of fourteen lives, will not check the development of planes and dirigibles for both military and commercial uses. In some quarters, it is true, the destruction of the great silver-gray naval airship, whose beauty had become familiar to millions of our citizens, is still regarded as justifying a pessimistic view of the future of lighter-than-air flying machines. Thus several papers, shocked by the loss of valuable lives, discuss the disaster under such headings as, "Is It Worth While?" "Why Not Abandon Airships?" "The Passing of Dirigibles," and "No More Zeppelins." Some, while admitting that dirigibles might have a future in the commercial field, argued against replacing the *Shenandoah* with another dirigible.

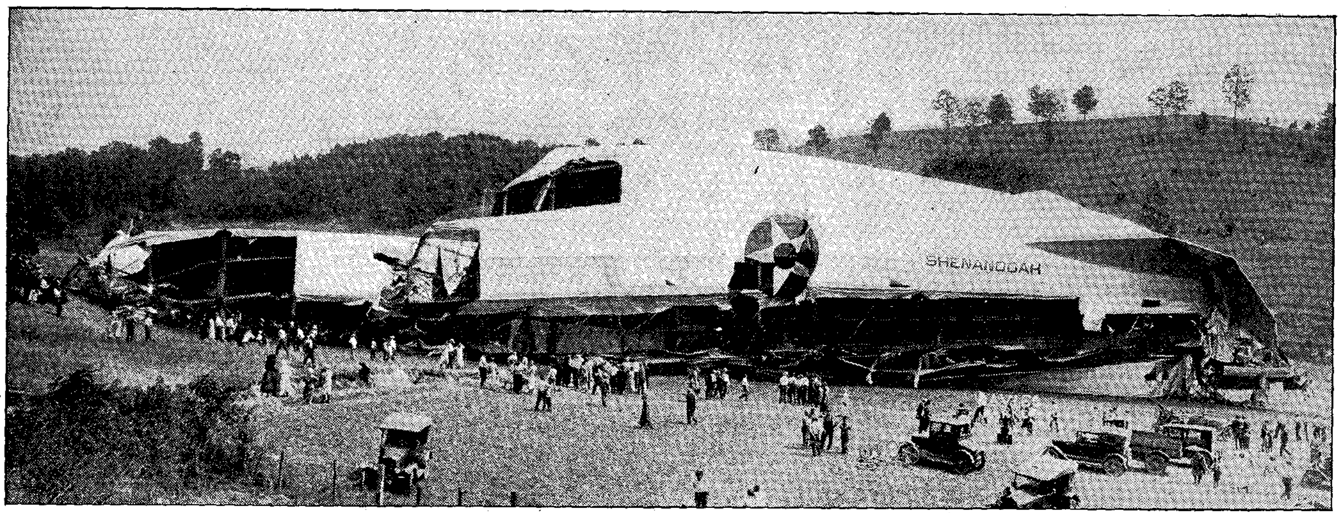
P. & A. photograph

COMMANDER ZACHARY LANSDOWNE, HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

At his boyhood home in Ohio, where a radio receiving set recently was installed so that he could send his mother a message from the sky. But the message she received—from another source—was that her son had been killed.

But "it is not the American way to give up in the face of defeat," declares the Savannah *News*, which is confident that the loss of the big airship in a very violent thunder-storm over Ohio will not prevent our Government from continuing its experiments with both heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air flying machines. And the note sounded by this Georgia paper finds an echo in all sections of the country. "Americans are not going to give up the task of conquering the air," insists the Buffalo *Evening Post*. Henry Ford, too, announces from his son's summer home at Seal Harbor, Maine, that the *Shenandoah* disaster will not affect his plans for developing airplanes and dirigibles. The men who died, the Albany *Evening News* reminds us, "believed in the future of aerial navigation, were willing to risk their lives in pioneering, and would not have America say 'stop.'" "Sacrifice for a 'vision splendid' is never unavailing, and the blood of those who fall in battle for the skyways will become in truth the seed of ultimate victory," declares the Atlanta *Journal*. "To turn failure into success is the best tribute we can pay to the intrepidity and daring of aviation's fated pioneers," the Newark *Evening News* assures us.

Such "tragedies of progress" must not discourage us, agree such representative papers as the New York *World*, *Commercial*, and *Evening Post;* Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Chicago *Tribune*, *Journal of Commerce*, and *Daily News;* Milwaukee *Journal*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Minneapolis *Journal*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Washington *Evening Star*, Baltimore *Sun*, Boston *News Bureau*, and Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*. Nor does the attitude of the Government seem to be out of harmony with this spirit. President Coolidge, a dispatch assures us, will urge the Navy to build another great dirigible to replace the *Shenandoah*, and carry forward the conquest of the air; and Secretary of the Navy Wilbur is quoted as saying that the disaster will cause no



P. & A. photograph

WRECKAGE OF THE TAIL END OF THE *SHENANDOAH*

As it lies in a cornfield near Ava, Ohio. Fourteen out of her crew of forty were killed, when "The Daughter of the Stars" collapsed during a storm in the early morning of September 3. She was the first American-built Zeppelin, cost $2,000,000, and had flown 30,000 miles.

immediate change in naval policy with respect to the use of huge rigid airships as an element of national defense." From the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, a dispatch to the New York *Times* tells us that—

> "A new airship of more than 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity, or twice the size of the *Shenandoah*, will replace that ill-fated vessel, in the opinion of naval officers here. Plans for a ship of this type are said to have been prepared by the Navy Department several months ago, and to be now in Washington.
>
> "The new ship will be designed along lines similar to the giant dirigible now being built by the British Government. Experiments are now being conducted with Diesel oil-burning engines, it is said, in the hope of eliminating gasoline and the attendant hazard from fire."

The *Shenandoah* disaster created almost as great a sensation in Europe as in the United States, reports A. G. Gardiner in a Consolidated Press dispatch from London; but there, as here, we are told, the general opinion is that airship transportation is so important to the world that experiments must go on.

But while public opinion, as reflected in the press, does not seem in a mood to approve any panicky retreat from the field of aviation, neither does it seem content to ignore the problems raised by the *Shenandoah* disaster. The demand for a full investigation of our naval and military air policy was brought to a head immediately after the accident by the sensational charges of Col. William Mitchell, deposed assistant chief of the Army Air Service, who invited court-martial by declaring in a published statement that the loss of the *Shenandoah* was "the result of incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration of the War and Navy Departments." Public interest in the subject is now so thoroughly aroused, journalistic observers report, that the whole subject of American military aviation will have to be thrashed out in Congress this winter. In an editorial headed, "Stormy Days for Aviation," the New York *Evening World* has this to say:

> "The effect of the *Shenandoah* tragedy on the immediate future policy of the country as to aircraft will be determined by the reactions of the members of Congress. In a sense the tragedy is a vindication of the 'old guard,' which has never shared the enthusiasm of the younger officials concerning the military value of the Air Service. The 'old guard,' including Secretary Wilbur, will point to the inability of a structurally perfect dirigible to weather a storm as making their case.
>
> "If it be accepted as true that 'no structure made by human hands' could possibly have withstood the buffeting of the winds before which the *Shenandoah* crumpled, it will not be an easy matter to persuade Congress to appropriate money to replace the lost ship.
>
> "The attitude of the head of the Navy, the present skepticism of the man in the street, and the traditional unfriendliness of Congress toward large appropriations for military purposes all combine to make the wrecking of the country's only home-made dirigible a serious blow to the development of the Air Service.
>
> "The *Shenandoah* will certainly not be soon replaced, and while no one will seriously suggest the abandonment of the airplane, it will be difficult to convince the public that it is wise to continue building two-million-dollar dirigibles that are unable to ride a storm."

In this connection it is interesting to read the following comment in the Vancouver *Sun*, which argues that Canada is no less interested than the United States in the temporary loss of the *PN-9 No. 1* and the complete destruction of the *Shenandoah:*

> "If the Hawaii fiasco, the *Shenandoah* disaster and the attacks of Colonel Mitchell are of prime interest to the American nation, which now realizes that future national supremacy rests in the air, they are of no less import to Canada.
>
> "This country and the United States may be separated politically and economically. But whether they like it or not, the peculiar exigencies of a real defense tie them up forever in air development.
>
> "If that development, a new and highly technical branch of study that will require a tremendous amount of untrammeled creative brain effort, is going to be restricted to what can filter through the musty traditions of Army and Navy, little progress will be made. The future story of North American prowess in the air is being written right now in Washington."

While awaiting official information as to the cause or causes of the *Shenandoah* disaster, the public is offered a choice of various unofficial explanations. Six of these are listed by James Robbins in a Caldwell, Ohio, dispatch to the New York *World:*

> "The stopping of two of the five motors in the storm.
>
> "Inadequate fastening of her control and radio cabins, which dropt off.
>
> "The breaking loose of gas-tanks and the tearing apart of her frame.
>
> "Centralization of her water supply instead of distribution of it, causing a centered strain.
>
> "The reported removal of eight of her eighteen safety-valves on her gas-cells, preventing the discharge of helium quickly enough when she shot up in the air.
>
> "Strain of towing a target blimp at the end of a 500-yard steel cable in the Navy maneuvers off the Virginia Capes."

Says a Lakehurst dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "Checking up of the stories told by survivors of the *Shenandoah* indicates that a 'twister' or cyclonic disturbance which wrenched the nose off the *Shenandoah* was responsible for the wreck. The theory advanced by Capt. Anton Heinen, former Zeppelin pilot,

that the removal of eight of the sixteen safety-valves was responsible, is scouted by all of the remaining crew of the dirigible.

"All agree that the actual breaking-up of the ship occurred at or near the 3,500-foot level when the cells were only normally inflated, and point out that had the break been due to the bursting of one or more gas-cells, it would have occurred when the *Shenandoah* was shot up by an 'air geyser' to a height of 7,000 feet.

"Lieut. Joseph B. Anderson, aerological officer of the ship, states that as the airship started up after coming down from her highest altitude, Commander Lansdowne ordered gas to be valved, but when she shot downward again he tried to steady her by loosing some of the water ballast. He then gave orders to point her nose down and drive through the storm, but at that moment the ship seemed to be seized by two parallel currents of air, one of which was traveling upward at a far greater speed than the other."

Says another correspondent, writing from the scene of the accident:

"Just what caused the accident is still a matter of doubt tonight, but there were two theories put forward by survivors of the ship. One was that the radio cabin and control cabin, which were wrenched loose and fell to the ground clear of the ship, left holes in the outer covering of the vessel through which the night gale rushed, ripping the helium bags to bits and causing unequal stresses which broke the ship in two. The other was that the gas-tanks broke loose, and in sliding through the ship smashed girders and so weakened the structure that it collapsed."

Capt. Anton Heinen thus explains his theory that the disaster was due to the reduced number of safety-valves for the escape of the helium gas:

"Those fourteen gallant men need not have been killed. An airship might possibly go through her whole career without ever being subject to an emergency such as that which arose on the fateful third of September. Yet it is for just such emergencies that the system of safety-valves is provided. At the time that her extremely able constructors turned her over to the Government of the United States, she was provided with safety-valves sufficient in number to withstand any kind of weather conditions which our past experience had encountered.

"I am afraid that a false feeling of security has brought about a change in the construction of the all-important safety-valve device, which was to safeguard the most precious thing aboard the ship—human lives—from destruction. From a device used for the protection of human life it has been changed to a device for saving the valuable helium contained in the gas-bags.

"The referred-to change in the plan and construction of the safety-valve system is the primary and only cause of the terrible disaster. As a result we have been deprived of many splendid friends and promising airmen. Then, too, we have lost the wonder ship *Shenandoah*, that has found a glorious but unnecessary place in the disaster list of airship history.

"In spite of what has happened, the airship, when properly constructed, handled and cared for, is the safest way of human transportation. Years that are to come will prove this to be so. And in the passing of years, with the greater and more pronounced success of airship transportation, will come the realization that the apparent greater regard for the safety of the helium than for the lives of those now our heroes has brought about this ghastly situation.

"Time will show that the inexcusable change in the construction of the *Shenandoah* has caused the loss of part of her crew and the ship itself, which was such a tender part of my heart and my life, and the pride of all who watched her float among the clouds."

According to an Associated Press dispatch, Commander Lansdowne of the *Shenandoah*, before starting on the trip, had criticized the new water-recovery system which was installed some weeks ago. One man quotes him as saying: "I don't like it. It's going to cause trouble in a high wind." The change involved is explained as follows:

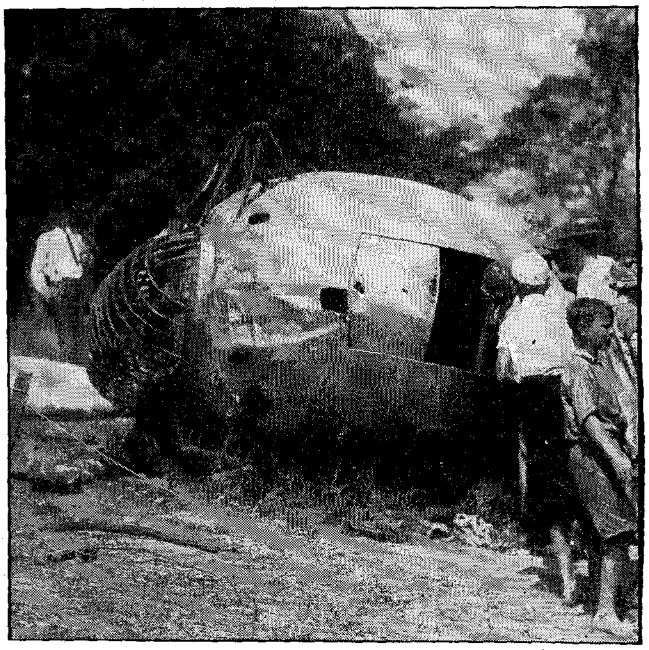
"The original water-recovery system distributed the water recovered from exhaust gas of the engines to ballast bags scattered throughout the ship to counteract the loss in weight from gasoline consumption.

"The new system, installed at Section 110, near the place where the dirigible is said to have broken, concentrated a great part of the recovered water in a canvas bag holding three tons at the spot where the ship broke.

"Not only is it believed that the new system concentrated too much weight in one part of the ship, but in addition it is believed that the cutting of one of the main circular ribs of the ship and an intermediate rib for installation of the new system resulted in further weakness. These formed the main structure of the ship.

"The two ribs, or rings, as they are called in dirigible construction, were reunited by a square connection instead of the original circular form, and this also was criticized by Commander Lansdowne in private conversations just before departure of the ship."

But many of the survivors, we are told, say that the accident was caused by "the most feared of storms to an aviator, a 'line squall,' which no craft, once caught in its clutches, could have



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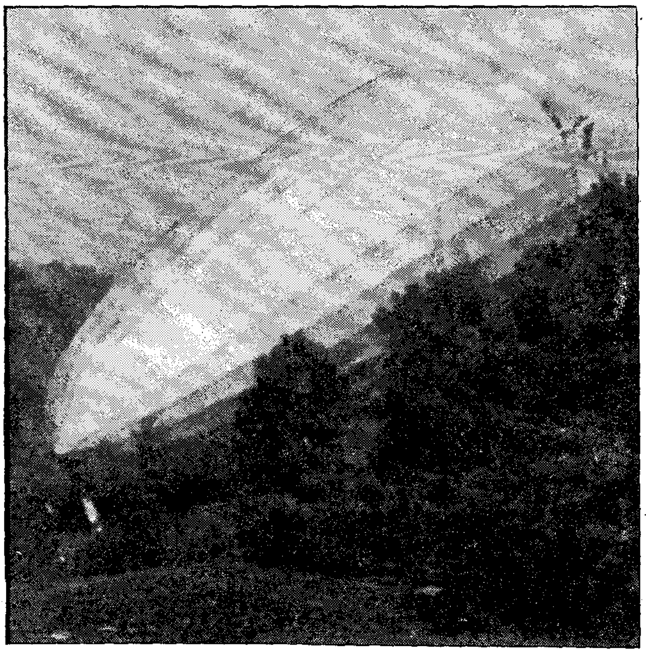
THE CONTROL CAR THAT KILLED



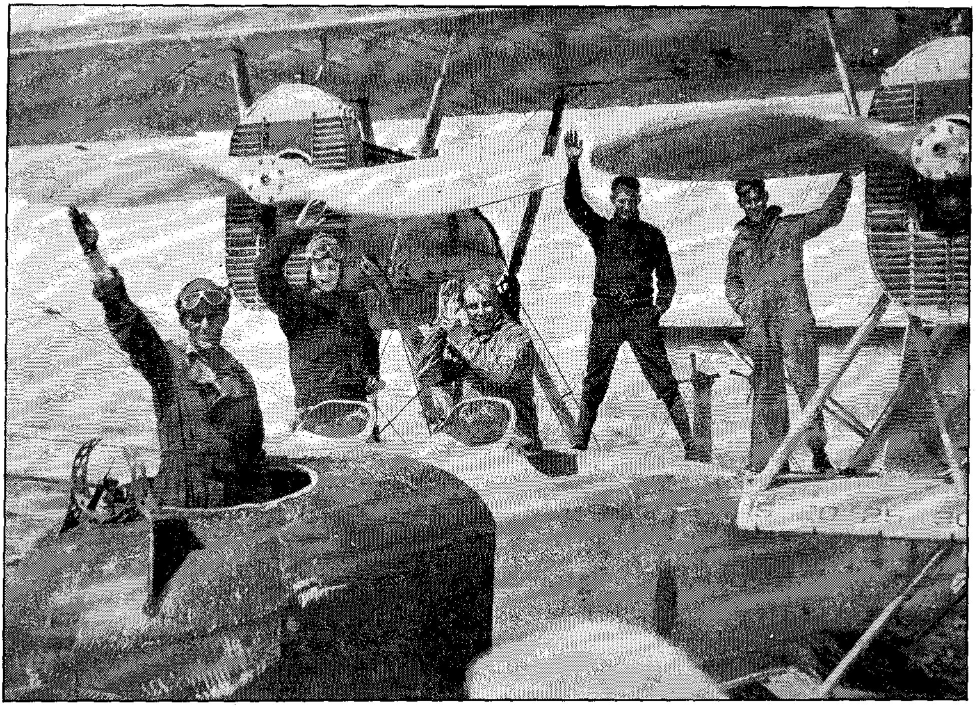
THE FRAGMENT THAT SAVED

When the control car broke away from the great gas-bag, it crashed to earth with most of the victims of the disaster. The nose of the *Shenandoah*, shown at the right just as it was landing, drifted for miles, carrying the majority of the survivors.

survived. "The line in a line squall," explains Prof. Henry J. Cox, forecaster for the Chicago weather bureau, "is defined by the sudden clash of temperatures or of winds blowing from different directions." Mrs. Lansdowne is quoted as saying that her husband had grave misgivings about taking the *Shenandoah* over Ohio at this season, knowing the prevalence of such disturbances in that region.

Calling attention to the fact that the story of the development of lighter-than-air craft is a long record of accidents, the New York *World* points to the following list of the more important disasters of the last quarter-century:

1900—*LZ-1*, Count Zeppelin's first rigid dirigible, was destroyed by a hurricane on Lake Constance. Up to date 118 Zeppelins have been built at Friedrichshafen, of which only the *Los Angeles* (*ZR-3*) remains.



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THE AIRPLANE THAT WAS RESCUED BY A SUBMARINE

Crew of the Navy plan *PN-9 No. 1*, which set out on a non-stop flight to Honolulu on August 31. On September 10 the plane and crew, after drifting 500 miles in nine days on the open sea, were found and rescued by the submarine *R-4*, near the island of Kauai. Shown on board before leaving San Francisco are, from the reader's left to right: Lieut. B. J. Connell, navigator; Skiles N. Pope, aviation pilot; Commander John Rodgers, pilot; Otis Stanz, radio operator; and W. H. Bolin, machinist.

1912—Dirigible balloon *America*, ready for transatlantic flight, exploded at Atlantic City, killing five.

1913—Zeppelin *L-1* exploded off Heligoland September 9, killing 15.

1913—Zeppelin *L-2* caught fire, October 17, above the Johannesthal Airdrome in Germany, killing 28.

1914—Austrian dirigible *Parseval* in collision with airplane at Vienna on June 20, exploded, killing seven.

1916—Super-Zeppelin lost, November 25, during test trip. All missing but one.

1918—Zeppelin fell in flames at Dalheim, Germany, July 19. All lost.

1918—Two Zeppelins lost off Norway in August.

1919—*S-11*, British dirigible, struck by lightning July 16 and fell in North Sea, killing 12.

1919—Semi-rigid dirigible *Akron* caught fire over Chicago, July 21, and fell on roof of Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, killing 10.

1921—*R-34*, British dirigible which crossed Atlantic, collapsed at mooring-mast in England, January 1, None killed.

1921—August 24, the *ZR-2*, built for United States in England, fell in flames into River Humber at Hull, killing 44.

1922—*Roma*, semi-rigid, built for United States by Italy, plunged to ground near Hampton Roads and struck wires, exploding, and killing 34.

1922—*C-2*, a 200-foot blimp, burned at San Antonio, October 17, 11 hurt, none lost.

1923—*TC-1*, Army dirigible, burned during storm June 6, injuring two.

1923—*Dixmude*, built in Germany for France as the *LR-114*, lost over Mediterranean, with all hands, 50, December 18.

1924—*TC-2*, blimp, exploded in mid-air above Newport News, October 10, killing two.

1925—*TC-3*, blimp, snapt rudder in April and crashed, losing valuable store of helium, but no lives.

1925—*Shenandoah* buckled and fell, September 3. First rigid helium-filled ship to be lost.

According to a report prepared some time ago for President Coolidge by the Navy Special Board on Naval Defense Policy:

"The *Shenandoah* cost about $2,950,000, and the *Los Angeles* (built in Germany) cost $750,000. A 6,000,000-cubic-foot airship once was estimated to cost about $6,000,000. The *Shenandoah* now could be duplicated for much less, the *Los Angeles* would cost much more, and the 6,000,000-cubic-foot ships would cost about $4,000,000 each, if four were built.

"The maintenance of the Lakehurst air station was $1,200,000 for the fiscal year 1924, exclusive of the cost of helium.

"The life of an airship aside from accident is not definitely known, but it is estimated to be about five years. These figures indicate the expense involved in any airship program of sufficient size to take any considerable part in national defense."

But when all things are considered, concludes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "it is absurd even to suggest that because of the tragedy of the *Shenandoah* the American Government should cease building for the air." But unless Congress, which supplies the money, shares this view, admits the Cleveland paper, "the executive departments will be helpless to prevent surrender so far as the field of aviation is concerned." To quote further:

"The attitude of Congress will, of course, be determined by sentiment back home. It is important, therefore, that the American people shall keep their thinking straight on the subject. There is no shadow of inconsistency between sincere regret over the loss of the *Shenandoah's* men and sincere determination to go on with the fight.

"Nothing is clearer than that the next few years is to see momentous strides in the utilization of the air for the purposes of mankind. The next great war will be fought above the earth as well as on the ground and at sea. Carriers of commerce will no longer be confined within the limits controlled by ancient peoples. Men have learned after all these centuries how to fly. They will continue to blunder, to write their errors in tragedy, but they will not surrender the progress already made.

"Even if Congress were to say that not another dollar of public funds shall go into aviation—an unbelievable attitude—it could not clear the air of flying-men. Other nations have no such narrow vision of the firmament of the future. A standstill policy at Washington would merely hand over to other Powers whatever advantage may go with supremacy in the air, whether that advantage be economic or military. It would be a policy of abject surrender. The American people would neither demand nor approve such an attitude.

"The *Shenandoah* will be replaced by a better ship. Men will learn better how to build and how to cope with the shifting terrors of the sky. It would be unthinkable for Washington to abandon its aviation program as it was futile and unfortunate for the Western Indian who lassoed the first locomotive he saw. All progress in one way or another is made by sacrifice."

MURDEROUS MANIACS AT LARGE

THE INSECURITY OF HUMAN LIFE, due to the failure of society to place mentally irresponsible persons in restraint, was brought home with tremendous force on the 4th of this month when Harrison W. Noel, a Montclair, New Jersey, youth, shot and killed the chauffeur of a hired car, used the automobile to kidnap a six-year-old girl, wounded one of his pursuers, escaped, then, for no particular reason, murdered the child. A demented boy of twenty, an automatic pistol, and an automobile—the deadly triangle was complete. A few days later Stephen Krynovoak, a young man of 24, released on probation two weeks before from the Manhattan Insane Asylum, shot and killed a delicatessen dealer against whom he had held a grudge for seven years.

According to the Montclair *Times*, Noel had "escaped" from the Essex County Hospital for the Insane. Moreover, we are told, at least fifteen other patients who have "escaped" from the same institution, and are now at large, "may be wandering about the country, armed and ready to commit any crime that their unbalanced minds may suggest, for apparently it is not a difficult matter even for an escaped lunatic to procure firearms."

Noel is said to have purchased the automatic with which the two murders were committed, in New York City, of which Montclair is a residential suburb. "The weapon," says the Jersey City *Journal*, "was not turned over to the boy at the store, but the law was evaded by sending the gun to him by mail." In this paper's opinion:

> "The Sullivan anti-gun law is the law that is supposed to prevent the purchase of weapons except by those armed with adequate permits from the local authorities. If State laws for the protection of the public against bandits, thugs and crazy people can be evaded by the easy employment of the United States mails, it is high time that the United States authorities stept in and adopted some effective means of checking these evasions.
>
> "Parallel with the necessity for adequate anti-pistol laws is the compulsion that rests upon our lawmakers to provide safeguards that will render it impossible for a maniac with a killing dementia to secure his freedom as did young Noel."

Harrison Noel's case "uncovers so many flaws in so many things," to quote another near-by paper, the Newark *News*, "that it may well be the beginning of a wide-spread reform in our whole attitude toward the insane, the selling of revolvers, and the responsibility of individuals for the mentally deficient." To the Washington *Star* the case "indicates that there was an error of medical judgment in the release of the lad from restraint, after his escape from the institution where he had been placed by his parents after suffering a mental breakdown." And, it adds, "the error of judgment has cost the lives of two persons." Why should this have happened, asks the Chicago *Daily News*, "when any competent alienist could have determined that his dementia was of a highly dangerous kind?" "There is altogether too much looseness in connection with the handling of the insane," remarks the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*. In the neighboring State of New York, for example, there are, out of some 30,000 insane persons in different institutions, 3,294 on parole, according to the New York *Evening Post*.

The Noel youth is the son of Dix W. Noel, a New York City attorney, and, according to the New York *American*, was born in that city. In the Montclair *Times* we are told that—

> "Noel never exhibited any symptoms while in the Essex County institution, which would lead an expert observer to suppose that he had a homicidal mania. His disorder was that called 'catatonic dementia præcox,' and manifested itself only in excitability, irritability and a generally nervous condition.
>
> "On February 26 young Noel was committed to the Essex County Hospital for the Insane. He was released in the custody of his parents a few days after he escaped from the institution on June 28, and his condition at that time was such that the hospital authorities had no hesitancy in letting him go temporarily.
>
> "He returned to his home, later going to New York, where he was picked up by the police, a victim of amnesia. Brought to Bellevue Hospital, he was identified by his father, and released. Young Noel at that time was not returned to the asylum, but allowed his freedom. He is still recorded as 'escaped' at the hospital.
>
> "The boy entered Harvard when he was seventeen, and was forced to leave there also because of ill-health and his mental condition.
>
> "Dr. Guy Payne, head of the Essex County Hospital, disclosed that Noel in 1923 tried to kill his father while the latter slept in a tent pitched in the woods. Also, while working his way to Europe as deckhand on the *George Washington*, the youth attacked a cook. Subsequently he tried to kill a hospital attendant with a leg wrenched from a chair.
>
> "Dr. Payne said the father gave his word he would look after Harrison and would assume full responsibility for his actions, if the hospital authorities would not detain the youth. He averred that the word of a reputable lawyer, such as he regards Mr. Noel, appeared to him to be adequate guaranty that Harrison would be properly watched over and committed to some institution."

Dr. John M. Thompson, senior surgeon of the Overbrook Hospital, also says in a statement:

> "When I realized Harrison Noel's father did not intend to bring the boy back, I told him it was a duty he owed to the State, to society, to the hospital, to me, and to himself to return him. After that conversation, he promised to bring him back at two o'clock the next afternoon. I heard from him the next afternoon, but by telephone, and he told me that Harrison had put in such a good night he did not think he would bring him back to the hospital.
>
> "If he had kept his promise and returned the boy, there would have been no crime."

The youth's father, however, declares that specialists assured him that his son "did not have a dangerous type of mental trouble," and that "it could be cured in course of time by friendly treatment, but that under confinement his recovery would be retarded."

No one, observes the New York *Sun*, "can blame parents for wishing to do all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of mentally afflicted children, but there are bounds beyond which even family affection should not be allowed to pass." Continues *The Sun:*

> "Every chapter in this wretched story reveals looseness and weakness on the part of the authorities here and in New Jersey, or on the part of the system under which they function. If other individuals suffering from catatonic dementia præcox—the mental disease indicated in Noel's case—are running about or are so loosely confined that official complaisance or parental indulgence can set them free, the public ought to know it."

How great is the number of dementia præcox victims at large can only be conjectured. Indeed it is only when they have committed some atrocious crime that they are recognized. In the opinion of Dr. Edward S. Cowles, a noted New York psychiatrist,

> "We never will be able to correct this situation until we have trained psychiatrists examine children in all the schools. Eighty per cent. of all the thousands in the asylums could have been cured by proper treatment and education. Those that couldn't be cured could be segregated and society protected from the frightful atrocities they too often commit."

New Jersey's Commissioner of Institutions, Burdette G. Lewis, also agrees that—

> "The menace of the unrecognized lunatic and of doubtful cases is one of the most serious ones which society has to deal with. I believe that present methods are unsatisfactory in all parts of the country, and that what is needed is an awakening on the part of the people to the necessity for dealing with this question in a serious and thorough manner, beginning with the children in the schools. At present, public sentiment is against scientific handling of this problem."

P. & A. photograph

STARTING A WAR FOR HIGHER WAGES

One of the last squads leaving a Pennsylvania coal mine, the men peacefully talking over the strike as they leave the shaft.

AS THE COAL PEOPLE SEE THE STRIKE

THE MINE MULE'S LOT is not a happy one, we are told, for he normally lives and toils in the stygian blackness of the underground anthracite workings. But the sight of these fortunate quadrupeds disporting themselves in the Pennsylvania sunlight in the opening days of the coal strike leads to gloomy reflections that a long strike is expected, otherwise it would not have been worth while to bring the animals up. Nowhere do we see any rejoicing at such a prospect. Editorial writers are convinced that besides the hardships of the coal consumer a long-drawn-out suspension would use up the miners' savings, bring business to a standstill in the anthracite region, and cut down the operators' profits, besides bringing in possible permanent injury to the anthracite trade by the introduction of substitutes. The miners, we are told, in the dispatches from the coal-fields, will lose about $800,000 a day during the strike, and the operators will have the cost of keeping up the mines without any corresponding income from their production. The coal-carrying railroads are laying off thousands of workers. Pennsylvania merchants in the anthracite region are canceling orders for supplies, and the drummers are passing up the coal towns. A trade slump is creeping in toward Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. Previous press discussions quoted in THE DIGEST have emphasized the possible future menace to the anthracite-consuming public. Let us turn now to note what the strike means to those most closely connected with it—miners, operators, dwellers in the mining region, as stated by their authorized representatives or newspaper spokesmen.

"We are all fed up financing vacations for the anthracite industry," indignantly cries the Sunbury *Item* in a Pennsylvania anthracite town. It continues:

> "Sham battles can kill kings. Lewis may fume and froth, and the bland coal operators may still hold up their besilvered palms in simulated horror, but the background set up for their wholesale robbery scene this year is rotten. The plot is punk. The coal strike comes before the nation without a single vital issue, without semblance of an honest attempt at settlement, and every reasoning citizen of the country knows it.
>
> "Once again the operators and miners have shown their arrogant independence. They have thumbed their noses in the faces of every father in the land who, two years ago, shuddered as he worried about securing any kind of coal to spare his family from winter's chill damp. But signs of relief are in sight. The price of freedom from such industrial tyranny can not come too high. Grates and burners in which substitute fuels can be burned are being installed rapidly in many homes. People are realizing more and more these installation costs will soon be amortized by the constantly rising tributes exacted by the anthracite overlords.
>
> "Where it would take England, wedded to its smudgy fireplaces, ninety years to discard the use of coal for a satisfactory substitute, America can and will do it in ten. King Coal's throne totters, and the time approaches when relics of his reign will be prominently displayed in museums along with the discarded habiliments of other irksome régimes."

"It is an unmitigated shame," declares the Pottsville *Journal*, in another anthracite town, "that conditions should be such as to force our people into a protracted season of idleness":

> "Why is it, we insist, that we must every year or two see our people cut off from earning money, and see their savings dissipated? Of what avail is it to work in the anthracite region, or to be in business in the anthracite region, if every two years you have to sit by and see your work torn down, and your savings scattered to the four winds of necessity?"

It will be remembered that one of the demands made by the miners was for a 10 per cent. wage increase for contract miners and a dollar a day more for day workers. It is the assertion of union leaders that this increase could be taken out of the operators' profits and would not have to be passed on to the consumer. But George H. Cushing, a leading writer for the coal trade, in an article in *The Independent*, calls to mind three statements to confirm the operator's assertion that he can not pay the wage increases out of profits:

> "The first was made in 1911 by E. W. Parker, statistician of the United States Geological Survey, who said that on the average the operators of Pennsylvania had never earned more than 2.35 per cent. on their capital. The second statement was made by Dr. Harry A. Garfield, United States Fuel Administrator, who said in December, 1919, that the bituminous operators, while charging war prices, could not grant the miners more than a 14.5 per cent. increase in wages without increasing the price of coal. The third was made by the United States Coal Commission, which said in 1923 that the profits of the anthracite operators had ranged between thirty-five cents and thirty-eight cents a ton. These figures can not be stretched to make any such earnings cover the percentage increase demanded by the miners.

In fact, when Governor Pinchot gave the anthracite miners a ten per cent. increase in 1923, he estimated that the increased cost of production would be sixty cents a ton—nearly twice the profits of the operators under war prices. Therefore, it is proved that the operator can not pay the increases in wages out of profits. This means that if increases are granted, the consumers must pay them."

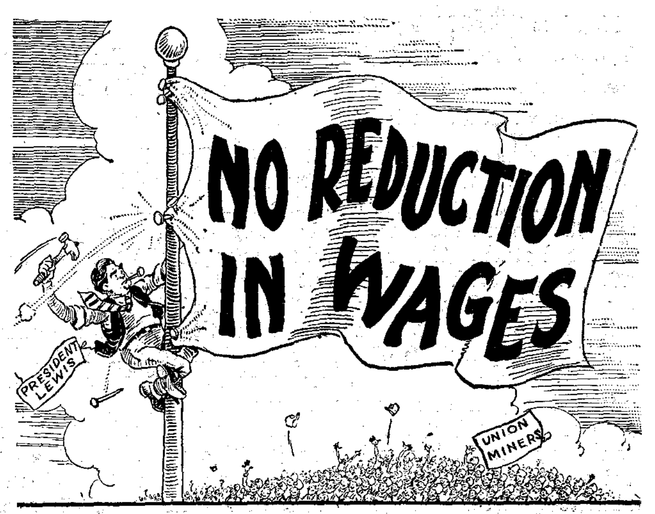
But why not let the miner have his wage increase and pass the cost on to the consumer who must have his coal? Mr. Cushing explains that the answer is a purely practical one. But coal is only one of many sources of heat and power. If the operator is to sell it, "he must keep the price below the natural cost of other sources of the same heat and power." Operators, declares *The Coal Trade Journal* (New York), "can not concede an increase because of an already burdensome production cost." This coal-trade organ reprints with strong approval an editorial from *The Iron Age* (New York), which contains this succinct paragraph:

> "The simple fact is that the anthracite mining industry is in the hands of 150,000 unionized miners. They are protected by a State law from the competition of other coal miners, who, to the number of 200,000 or so, are idle and would like to work. They dominate their own leaders, who lead only as, how and whither they are pushed."

The case for the operators is carefully stated in *The Manufacturer*, organ of the Philadelphia Manufacturers' Club. It points out that in 1920, the peak year for prices, the miners had their wages increased by an average of about 17 per cent. by a United States Commission, to conform with the cost of living. In 1923, ten per cent. more was added, and now another ten per cent. is demanded. The anthracite industry, we are told, is the only important one in which wages have not receded from war-time levels. Government figures are used to show that anthracite miners were earning $1,775 on the average in 1923, while skilled workers in other trades were getting such wages as:

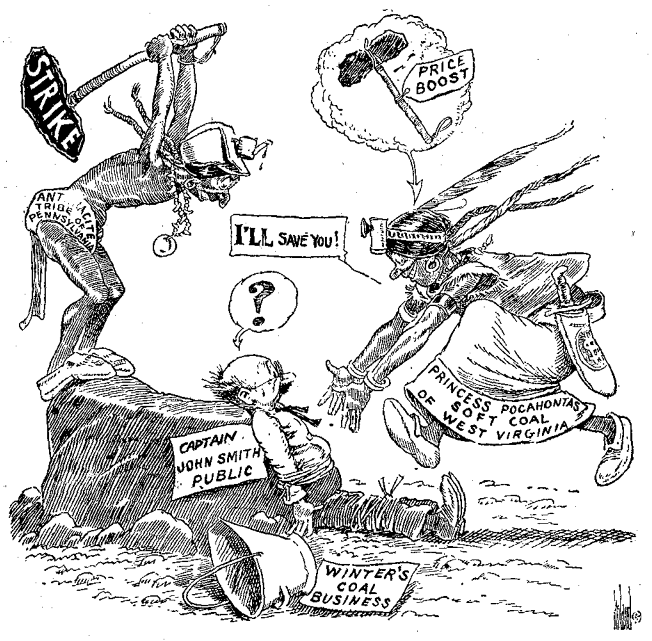
Newspapers and periodicals	$1,721.86
Blast furnaces	1,694.26
Steel works and rolling-mills	1,623.44
Railroad repair-shops	1,602.18
Electric apparatus and supplies	1,337.42

The Philadelphia paper estimates that the wage increase now demanded would amount to something more than $1.15 added to the price of each ton of domestic anthracite. Anthracite can not stand such an increase, "for the price is already so high that its market is being seriously contracted." Then comes the question, "does any one know of a single millionaire who has cleaned up in anthracite since 1900?" True, some favorably situated companies are making money, but, declares *The Manufacturer*, "half of the anthracite produced within the last year has been produced at no profit or at an actual loss."



SHE'S UP TO STAY

—From the *United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis).


STRIKE
ANT ACITE TRIBE OF PENNSYLVANIA
PRICE BOOST
I'LL SAVE YOU!
?
PRINCESS POCAHONTAS OF SOFT COAL WEST VIRGINIA
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH PUBLIC
WINTER'S COAL BUSINESS

WE'RE NOT EXPECTING TOO MUCH—
WE'VE BEEN "SAVED" BEFORE

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

Next to the wage increase, the most important issue in the strike is the mine-workers' demand for the check-off, by which the operators would deduct union dues from the pay envelop and hold them for the union. The operators' objection to the check-off is explained by this paragraph in the article in *The Manufacturer:*

> "It is a device to save labor for the union officers, and to perpetuate the power of any group or organization which may have control of the district. It means that the union can decide that a man must pay $1 a month, we will say, to his local union; $1 a month to the international; $1 a month for this, that, or something else; and, if the union officers should so elect, special levies of anywhere from $1 up for the defense of Herrin murderers, perhaps, or for forcing the union into the non-union districts of West Virginia or Kentucky.
>
> "When the union decides on the amount, it is certified to the mine where the man works, and is taken out of his pay."

While the operators are bound to lose from a prolonged strike both in shrunken markets and in deferred profits, the *Black Diamond* (Chicago), a coal-trade paper, insists that "being forced into the battle, it is their plain duty to win it—they are charged with a duty to the public of producing coal at figures in consonance with the general economic structure." One authority estimates that the cost of shutting down, maintenance charges, pumping, and so forth, is not less than $150,000 a day, and "this can never be made up."

To turn to the case for the miners, we find Pres. John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers denying in a speech made at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, statements that anthracite miners are highly paid as compared with other industrial workers, and flatly asserting that they "are paid rates low as compared with similar occupations in the region"; and that their earnings are not keeping pace with the rise of living costs. Since there are about one hundred different occupations in and around an average colliery, it is difficult to make a scientific estimate of miners' earnings, says Mr. Lewis. He uses United States Coal Commission figures to show that the skilled contract miners have been working 248 days and making about $1,870 a year at the present rates; an amount, he says, "which in no way compensates for the risks, hazards, or responsibilities." Three-fourths of the mine laborers, Mr. Lewis adds, earn under $1,500 a year, most of them working less than 230 days.

The miners' story is told in *The Independent* by Tom Tippett, an ex-coal-miner and writer for the labor press. He justifies as follows the anthracite miners' demand for an increase of pay:

> "Some years ago, the United States Coal Commission investigated the anthracite industry. Figures published at the time showed that the anthracite mine owners were enjoying huge profits on investments of which almost one-third was represented by watered stock. The same tables brought out the fact that $1,000,000 a month was paid out for royalties alone. On the other hand, the Commission learned that all but 2,000 of the 155,000 anthracite workers averaged less than $2,000 annually. The mean average wage of the inside miner was then $1,500 a year, while the open-air workers received only about $1,200. The industry operates about 270 days a year.
>
> "No economist in the country would fix the annual budget for an American family as low as $2,000 a year. Yet the anthracite miner does not average this amount, altho the industry is admittedly making big profits. Even if their present demand for a 10 per cent. wage increase were granted, the anthracite miners would still receive less than any other group of skilled wage-earners in this country."

The miners deserve the better conditions for which they contend, insists *The American Federationist*, which adds:

> "The frequency with which our press carries headlines of mining disasters discloses the dangers that constantly hover over the miner and his family. In addition to this hazard there is a meagerness and barrenness of life in mining villages that is absolutely without justification or excuse."

In the coal-regions the Pottsville *Republican* says that the people there feel the coal-miner "is entitled to reward in wages for the hazard of his employment as well as the skill and arduous labor necessary to follow this occupation." *The Republican* adds this interesting comment on the miners' earnings:

> "The first half of August had twelve working days. For this period the breaker workers received $43.20; outside laborer, $55.44; time workers inside, $65.52; company miners, $71.52; contract laborers, $69. Divide these figures by two and the rate per week can be found, which in the case of the company miners, the highest paid of all, is $35. Deduct from this the cost of mining, supplies and daily car-fare to and from the mines, and the sum is not so excessive as the coal operators would lead the public to believe."

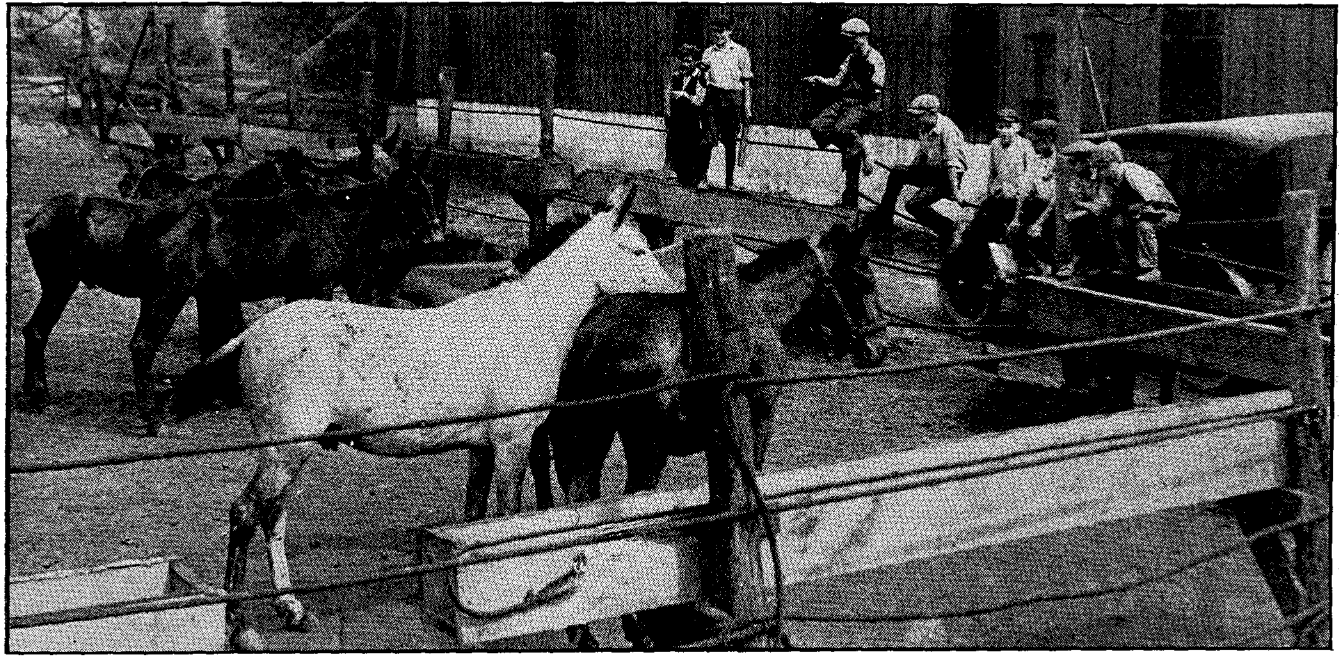
"The operators have shown little enlightenment in their handling of labor," says the Sunbury *Daily*, in another anthracite town:

> "The communities in which the men live who make the mineral wealth of the mines available for human use are the most cheerless and unattractive in Pennsylvania. For the most part the land is a barren waste, the houses small, flimsy, unpainted wooden structures. Accidents are common in spite of legal safeguards.
>
> "Huge fortunes have been made in coal-mining, but not by the men who go into the ground."

"Like General Grant in the wilderness," says the Mahanoy City *Press*, the anthracite miners are determined to fight along the present lines for their demands if it takes all winter. For one thing:

> "The miners want the check-off. They desire it to prevent the loss of time occasioned when some negligent buddy fails to obtain his button for the new quarter and ties up a colliery with a button strike, a condition costing several days each year in wages and production. The check-off, the miners argue, is needed to keep the contractual agreement with the operators operative every working day of the year.
>
> "The miners don't want arbitration. They have a natural distrust of outside interference in their direct relations with the operators. They tell the questioner that the union is still suffering from the effects of previous arbitration settlements. They feel that only those who are in direct contact with the industry can debate the questions relative to the adoption of a new scale, the increase in wages, the check-off, the recognition of the union, and, finally, the improvement in working conditions—an item that forms a major, tho overlooked, part of the scale demands."

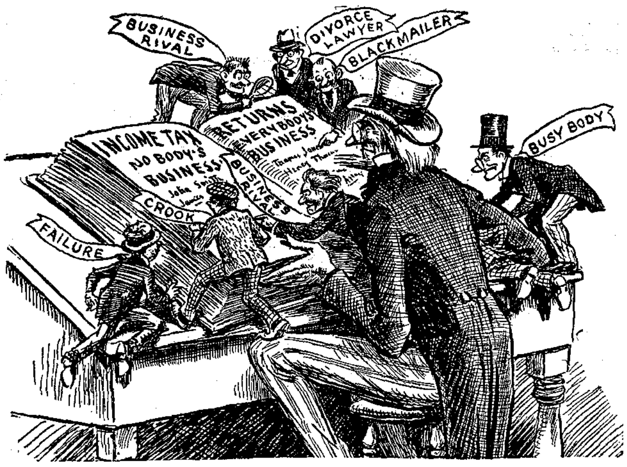
According to the Scranton *Times* there is a feeling in its part of the anthracite country that if a wage agreement can be reached, the check-off and other demands will be quickly adjusted. On the other hand, the Carbondale *Leader* understands that there is little real dissatisfaction with the existing wage scale. There is a belief, we are told, that the miners and operators can come to a compromise to the satisfaction of everybody, by wage adjustments in cases where certain classes of workers should be brought up to the standard, with the present wage scale being allowed to stand as the basis. "But the mine owners must concede in return the check-off." The prevailing opinion in Carbondale is that the mine owners ought to allow the check-off at least tentatively. "If this were done the miners would be willing to go back to work satisfied." But "without the concession of the check-off there will be no return to work even tho all wage demands are conceded."



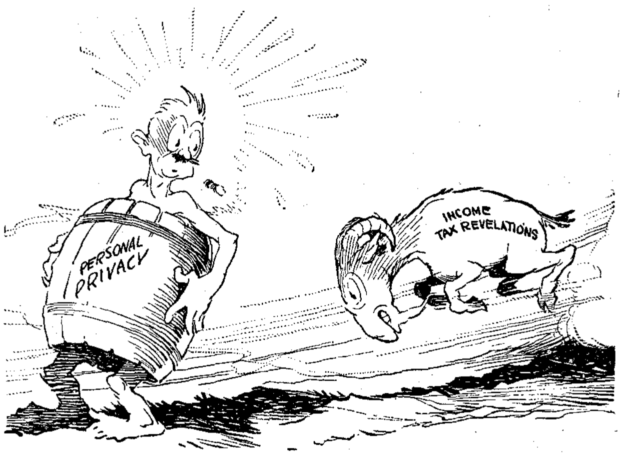
P. & A. photograph

EVEN THE MULES ARE GETTING A KICK OUT OF THE STRIKE

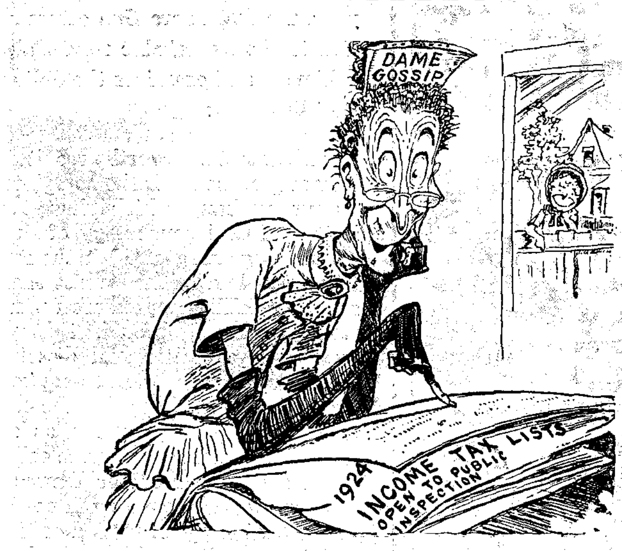
The fact that the mine mules have been brought to the surface is considered a sign that the strike will be a long one.


BUSINESS RIVAL
DIVORCE LAWYER
BLACKMAILER
INCOME TAX NO BODY'S BUSINESS
RETURNS EVERYBODYS BUSINESS
BUSINESS RIVAL
CROOK
FAILURE
BUSY BODY

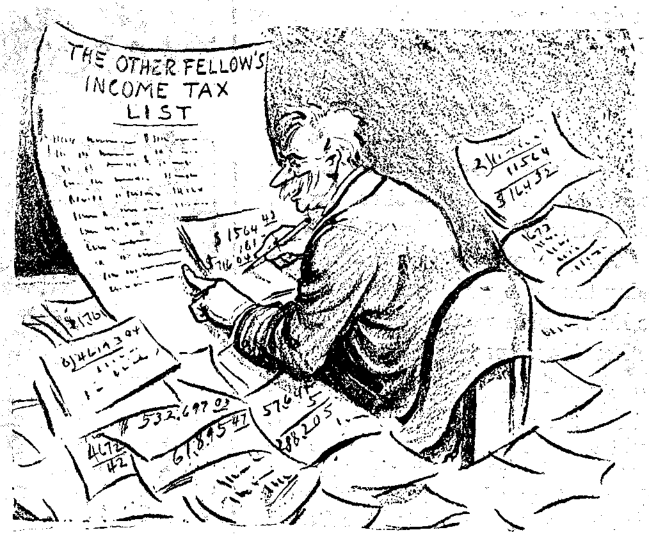
CLOSE THE BOOK, UNCLE SAM
—Rogers in the Washington *Post.*


PERSONAL PRIVACY
INCOME TAX REVELATIONS

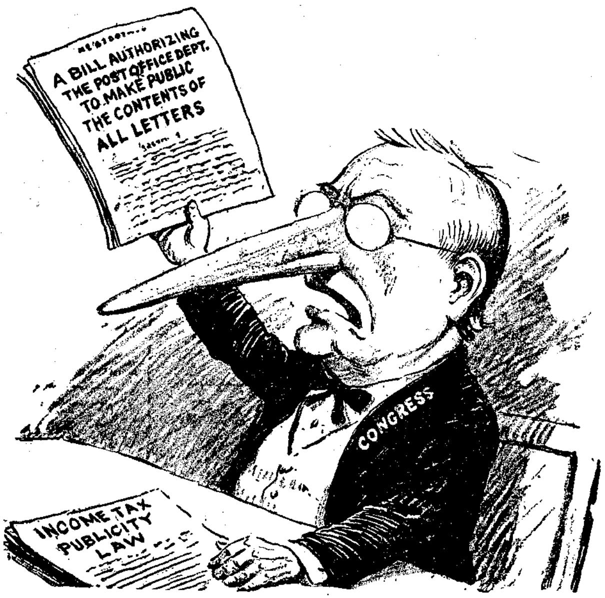
IT'S A BIT EMBARRASSING
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News.*


DAME GOSSIP
1924 INCOME TAX LISTS OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION

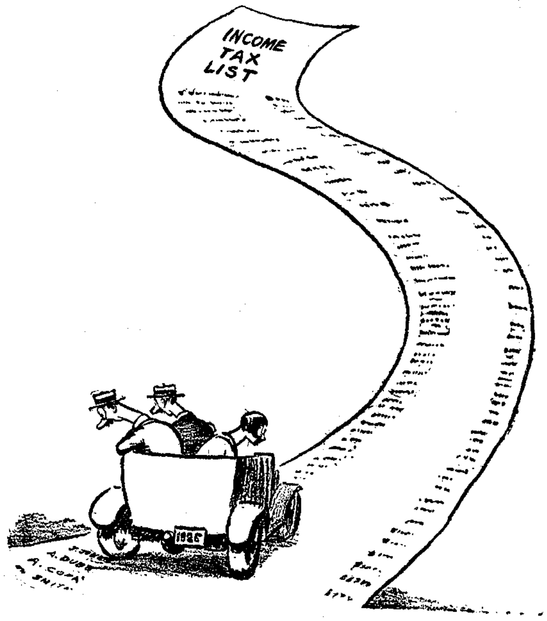
"UM-YUM"
—Lecocq in the Des Moines *Register.*


THE OTHER FELLOW'S INCOME TAX LIST

MAN WHO KICKED ON THE WORK OF MAKING A RETURN
—James in the St. Louis *Star.*


A BILL AUTHORIZING THE POSTOFFICE DEPT. TO MAKE PUBLIC THE CONTENTS OF ALL LETTERS
CONGRESS
INCOME TAX PUBLICITY LAW

WHY NOT?
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*


INCOME TAX LIST
1925

THE RUBBER-NECK RIDE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

COMIC ASPECTS OF INCOME-TAX PUBLICITY

GERMAN RECOVERY UNDER THE FIRST YEAR OF THE DAWES PLAN

GERMANY IS LIKE A COW, provided with excellent pasturage, a comfortable barn, and the cheery surroundings that make for contentment and health, in the hope that she will give richer milk and more of it to her "masters," remarks Denys P. Myers in a New York *Times* article as the first year of the operation of the Dawes plan comes to an end. Dr. Hans Meyer, one of the German experts who went to the economic conference in Paris, candidly says that the Dawes plan is responsible for the solution of two problems, stabilization of German currency and adjustment of the economic situation. As the settlement of these two problems was of incalculable worth to Germany, it is obvious to the Providence *Journal* that the Dawes plan "has accomplished so much for the country that not even the supercritical monarchist organs can deny its good effects."

In an appraisal by the German press of the results of the plan, one finds a considerable variety of opinions, ranging from mild optimism to downright cynicism. But through all the cynicism and softly spoken praise, there is frequent repetition of the basic fact that Germany is more prosperous to-day than she was a year ago, when the Dawes plan went into effect. As the Providence paper points out:

> "Stabilization of the currency was in itself a herculean task which it is doubtful if Germany could have accomplished had she not received foreign gold; and that gold was not forthcoming until Germany accepted the Dawes plan and promised to do her best to fulfil its terms. As financial reorganization was essential to economic health, and as economic health is antecedent to genuine progress, Dr. Meyer pays as fine a tribute to the Dawes plan as could be offered.
>
> "The Berlin *Tageblatt* finds an opportunity for praise in the fact that the plan has led to the evacuation of the Ruhr and the liberation of the cities of Duesseldorf, Ruhrort and Duisberg. Some other organs likewise see in such restoration of Germany's control of her territory and also in the relief from Allied summonses to attend meetings to discuss her failures, two things for which they should be devoutly thankful. Thus it can readily be understood that, in spite of the restless feeling which pervades the country because of the strong grip the Allies retain, the German people and their spokesmen are grateful for certain tangible benefits the Dawes plan has brought them."

In the last year, say foreign dispatches, Germany has provided 1,000,000,000 gold marks ($238,047,000) for World War reparations. As the Indianapolis *News* explains:

> "This sum has been allocated among the Allied and Associated Powers with France, Belgium and Great Britain as the principal beneficiaries. In the year beginning September 1, 1925, the total in payments is expected to amount to 1,220,000,000 gold marks. The next year the amount to be paid has been fixt at 1,750,000,000 gold marks. Thereafter, beginning on September 1, 1928, the yearly sum is expected to be 2,500,000,000.
>
> "Of the first year's payments, 800,000,000 marks represented the proceeds of a German external loan, and 200,000,000 came from interest on German railroad bonds, the German State-owned systems having been turned over to the German Railway Company for operation as a source of reparations. From now on the program does not include reliance on borrowing. It was resorted to in the year just ended as a necessary preliminary.
>
> "From now on Germany will have to produce a surplus in income over domestic requirements just as any private person must if he is to pay debts."

HE WILL DECIDE THE DISPUTES

Which may arise between Germany and the Reparations Commission in regard to the Dawes plan or German legislation enacted in execution of the plan. Walter P. Cooke, of Buffalo, newly appointed president of the Arbitral Tribunal of Interpretation, is the latest American to be connected with the Dawes-Young-Gilbert plan to put Germany on her feet. Mr. Cooke is a former president of the New York State Bar Association.

Germany, we are informed, has paid everything she was obligated to pay. The machinery of the Dawes plan, under Seymour Parker Gilbert, Agent-General of the Reparations Commission, is running smoothly. Moreover, the creditors are said to have had no difficulty in receiving the money Germany has paid. According to the Hartford *Times:*

> "The first year's payments under the Dawes plan have brought $18,205,154 to the United States, about five-sevenths of which was due for costs of the American Army of Occupation under General Allen. The remainder represents sums paid for the reimbursement of American citizens who lost property on account of German war activities."

As the Dawes plan enters its second year, the Baltimore *Sun* draws attention to the remarkable results already achieved, and examines the difficulties that lie ahead:

> "The most noteworthy result of the Dawes plan so far is the complete and reassuring change which it has wrought in the political psychology of Europe. At the beginning of 1924 the reparations problem seemed worse than insoluble. Military pressure upon Germany had merely brought that nation to the verge of financial dissolution. The more effort exerted to make Germany pay, the less capable she became of paying anything. Then, as a last resource, the economists were called in.
>
> "A single year of the Dawes plan has turned all Europe from confusion to the beginnings of settled order.
>
> "Germany has utilized the breathing spell accorded it to good advantage, has achieved a balanced budget during a period when unusual domestic liabilities were being disposed of, and, with economic stability, is now showing a capacity to bear taxation greater than was expected. Tax receipts in the four months, April-July, are $100,000,000 more than estimated, according to the latest report of the German Treasury. The demands of the Dawes plan scale up so gradually and are so divided between pressure on the railroads, the industries, and normal taxation receipts that it is reasonable to suppose the Agent-General will get the funds demanded.
>
> "It is over the more difficult problem of transferring this money into the currencies of the creditor Powers that trouble may be anticipated. To effect this satisfactorily Germany must either be allowed to pay a large amount of reparations 'in kind' or else she must build up a favorable trade balance so that the surplus can be paid over in reparations without again disorganizing her currency. And at present the value of imports to Germany heavily exceeds that of goods exported.
>
> "To meet this situation an interesting conjunction of effort is now at work. The German exporter, naturally, is doing his best to increase his sales abroad, an effort which is helped by the Dawes plan, tho hampered by the high-tariff policies of competitor nations. The German Government is endeavoring through its own drastic new tariff, to cut down the volume of imports to Germany. But most interesting of all, the creditor nations are showing a willingness, heretofore lacking, to take reparations in kind."

Germany, as Mr. Myers intimates, may be likened to a cow and the "milk" which she has yielded in the last twelve months may not have disagreed with the Powers who have received it. But what of the future? During the first year France and every other creditor except Great Britain, according to Mr. Myers, have taken the bulk of their receipts in coal, chemicals, and other commodities. Can the payments "in kind" be made against the normal balance of trade as they increase from the first year's annuity of 1,000,000,000 gold marks to 2,500,000,000 gold marks in 1928? Furthermore, points out the New York *Times:*

> "The process of liquidating the war is producing radical changes in international economic relations. Germany, for the moment, is on her feet and knows where she stands and what she can do. England, save for her labor difficulties, is beginning to reap the benefits of her world trade.
>
> "The crucial time for Germany will come when the first flush of activity which followed the acceptance of the Dawes plan passes. Already there are signs that Germany is beginning to suffer the pangs of deflation, and that she is due for a period of hard times, just as was Austria shortly after the League of Nations took over the supervision of her finances. The next two or three years, therefore, are sure to be full of difficulties."

"What interests and pleases Americans," notes the Jersey City *Journal*, "is the fact that above all the doubts and wonders about the ultimate fate of the Dawes plan, there is universal praise for the way Seymour Parker Gilbert, the Jerseyman, has conducted a most difficult office. If the Dawes plan does win out, upon him will rest the lion's share of the honor for having solved the knottiest financial problem of history."

WAR-SEIZED PROPERTY DEMANDED BACK

A COMPLICATED ISSUE for the State Department and Congress to handle is raised by Germany's recent note to this Government asking for the return of German private property seized during the war and now held by the Alien Property Custodian. Senator Borah, of Idaho, brought up the matter in Congress last February, but nothing was done about it. Now, however, that the Dawes plan is bringing the United States in the neighborhood of $20,000,000 a year in payment of damages sustained by American citizens during the war, including the *Lusitania* claims as well as the cost of maintaining the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine, Germany is said to feel that the private property of German residents should be given back.

The property represents private investments by German citizens in the United States before the war, according to the New York *World.* "They were made in good faith, and to hold them permanently would be against international morals. Whatever comes of collecting our claims against the German Government, this private property of German citizens should be returned to them." Originally, the value of the seized property was said to be more than $500,000,000, but the Alien Property Custodian has returned to their German owners all trusts amounting to $10,000 or less. This leaves approximately $300,000,000 worth of German property in the hands of the United States Government, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun.* Furthermore, notes the Atlanta *Journal:*

> "The treaty which governed our relations with Germany at the time war was declared against her forbade the confiscation of the property of enemy citizens. It is true that war abrogated the treaty, but does that fact alter the duty of this country to people who, with faith in the honor of America, invested their funds in American securities and real estate? If it does, then how with reason can this Government of ours expect other countries to regard the property rights of Americans within their borders? In the event, for illustration, of Mexico declaring war on the United States, does she acquire, in thus forcibly abrogating the conventions under which the two countries have been doing business with each other, the right to seize and use he property of American citizens within her borders, without ull compensation?
>
> "It will be unfortunate, indeed, if the higher morality we have been preaching for generations to our immediate neighbors shall suffer first at our own hands. We are sending our millions to various parts of the earth for investment. Bad precedents should not accompany them; and to hold back from aliens in this country their property, while admitting their title, seven years after peace has been declared, is laying the foundation for trouble later."

"The United States can twist together a legal case for keeping the property," admits the Chicago *Tribune.* True—

> "We can say that the Treaty of Peace gives us the right to hold the private property of former enemies until our citizens who have war claims against Germany have been assured of payment. Altho the amounts of these claims have been determined by the Mixed Claims Commission, Germany has not yet arranged to pay them. That is the legal argument. The old treaty with Germany, the one which was in effect when we declared war, forbade the confiscation of the possessions of enemy citizens. Upon that guaranty German citizens invested heavily in America before the war, adding greatly to the prosperity of this country.
>
> "To say that we may now confiscate what was intrusted to us because we defeated the Germans in war is to say that the solemn pledge of our Government is not binding if it happens to be within our power to break it. We demand rightly that foreign countries respect their obligations to our private investors: and from time to time we have backed up the honest claims of our citizens with force. With what grace can this country call upon foreign nations to respect their obligations to our investors if we toss the equally valid claims of German investors into the waste-basket?
>
> "It is worth emphasizing here that none of this German property belongs to the German Government, and none of it was used against the United States before or during the war. It belongs to private individuals, and was seized shortly after the declaration of war because it was feared that if left in German hands it might be employed against us. That was a war emergency measure. Now that the war is over there is no justification left for keeping the property."

Others, however, among them the New York *Herald Tribune*, maintain that the property held by this Government is a "treaty trust" which may be used to pay the *Lusitania* and other awards made by the Mixed Claim Commission. But in case it is not used, declares this paper, "it ought to be held as collateral against gradual payment of those claims under the Dawes plan." Estimates of the aggregate of all awards, when finally approved, vary from $200,000,000 to more than $300,000,000, according to the Baltimore *Sun's* figures.

The objection of other editors is that the Dawes plan revenues are as yet uncertain in amount, altho Germany has met her first year's obligations, and that in any case it will be many years before our share totals enough to discharge American war claims. Pending final solution of the problem they deem it best to hold on to the German property. A joint resolution to this effect was passed by the last session of Congress, which also has ruled that the property in question can be disposed of only under Congressional authority.

In the opinion of the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, the German Government's note is "unreasonable." By its treaty with the United States, we are reminded, "Germany sanctioned the seizure of this property, and made itself responsible for the reimbursement of the owners. Yet she now wants this property restored to the original owners." In other words, observes the Omaha *Bee:*

> "Germany seeks to withdraw her collateral and leave American claimants to take their chances on collecting on an unindorsed and unsecured note. It is hardly likely that the German request will be granted, nor should it be. Not only good business judgment but experience demands that the security be kept intact until the debt is discharged. The holder of a mortgage on real estate would not be likely to cancel the mortgage on the promise of the owner to pay when he got ready. German-owned property now in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian should remain there until every American who has a claim against Germany has had a hearing and his claim adjusted."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

IT is easy to pick out the poor in America. They wash their own cars.—*Marion Star.*

AND another thing this old world needs is a three-pants and two-coats suit.—*New York American.*

THANK goodness! Twelve months to take things easy before another vacation arrives.—*Elm City Clarion.*

SOMETIMES there appears nothing to justify a statue except the fact that the man is dead.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

THIS cousin of the late Czar who keeps on hearing calls to the Russian throne will eventually come under suspicion of being a ventriloquist.—*Detroit News.*

"CLEAN American Plays," reads a caption. Well, why don't they?—*Elm City Clarion.*

THERE is one fixt rule about government: The less it's worth the more it costs.—*Columbia Record.*

SOME people never will wake up and find themselves rich, simply because they never will wake up.—*St. Paul News.*

LOAFING, in England, is called unemployment, and the people get paid for doing it.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

NEW YORKERS draw 15 per cent. of the United States payroll total. Well, they need it to live there.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF there's anything in evolution, there is sure to be developed in time a tougher and more resistant pedestrian.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

THE wonder is that any one ever thought of the phrase, "the quick and the dead," before the age of automobiles.—*Detroit News.*

THE saloons were in luck. They closed just in time to escape what is happening to the cigar and jewelry stores.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A LOT of income-tax payers would like to have a conference with the Government, too, to consider funding what they owe it, with a suitable moratorium.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

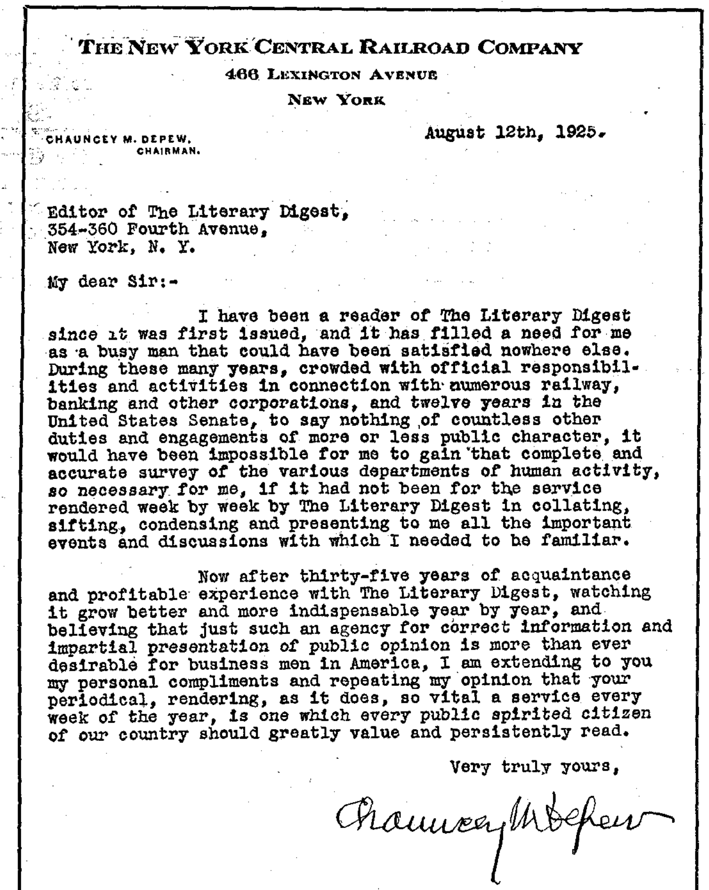
FIRST it was one in Colorado and now it is a mountain in Italy that is moving. These would be pretty soft days for Mahomet.—*Detroit News.*

AFRICAN girls, we hear, are clamoring for American clothes. Has all our uplift work in the Dark Continent gone for naught?—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

EX-GOV. HENRY ALLEN predicts that "the wet issue will be injected into the next Democratic campaign." Certainly some form of stimulant should be administered.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE Columbia *State* says the best thing it has heard about Tammany is that Hearst is against it. Well, isn't the best thing you ever heard about Hearst that Tammany's against him?—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

WHAT we wish to impress upon our intelligent small investors is that there are opportunities right here in Ohio also, and we see that a twenty-four-inch alligator was captured in a marshy place near Painesville the other day.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*



THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY
466 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
CHAIRMAN.

August 12th, 1925.

Editor of The Literary Digest,
354-360 Fourth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Sir:-

I have been a reader of The Literary Digest since it was first issued, and it has filled a need for me as a busy man that could have been satisfied nowhere else. During these many years, crowded with official responsibilities and activities in connection with numerous railway, banking and other corporations, and twelve years in the United States Senate, to say nothing of countless other duties and engagements of more or less public character, it would have been impossible for me to gain that complete and accurate survey of the various departments of human activity, so necessary for me, if it had not been for the service rendered week by week by The Literary Digest in collating, sifting, condensing and presenting to me all the important events and discussions with which I needed to be familiar.

Now after thirty-five years of acquaintance and profitable experience with The Literary Digest, watching it grow better and more indispensable year by year, and believing that just such an agency for correct information and impartial presentation of public opinion is more than ever desirable for business men in America, I am extending to you my personal compliments and repeating my opinion that your periodical, rendering, as it does, so vital a service every week of the year, is one which every public spirited citizen of our country should greatly value and persistently read.

Very truly yours,

Chauncey M. Depew

HOW MANY READERS CAN EQUAL THIS RECORD?

Chauncey M. Depew has read THE LITERARY DIGEST from its first number—over 35 years. If any other members of the big DIGEST family have also read it from its beginning, the editor would like to hear from them.

THE trouble with human rights seems to be that they overlap.—*Hartford Times.*

MARRIED folk usually get along all right if only one is selfish and spoiled.—*Key West Citizen.*

AMONG those who will now proceed to work a way through college is dad.—*Associated Editors, (Chicago).*

FRANCE seems to have thought of every means of obtaining peace in Morocco except going home.—*Utica Press.*

THE average American believes in government by majorities so long as the majority doesn't want something to which he objects.—*Louisville Times.*

NOT all antiques are highly prized. There are the old virtues.—*New York Telegram.*

IF your head bumps the top every three seconds, you are on the right detour.—*Palatka (Fla.) News.*

THE difference between law and custom is that it takes a lot of nerve to violate a custom.—*Waterbury American.*

MODERN Bohemianism is just a foolish theory that the atmosphere genius made will make genius.—*Utica Press.*

THE ideal life, we fancy, is that of a hitherto starved native mosquito along the east coast of Florida.—*Columbia Record.*

A SCIENTIST is a man who can discover a fragment of ancient thigh-bone and tell how long the animal's jaw was.—*Marion Star.*

AN authority says long life may be attained through auto suggestion. The suggestion is not to get into the way of one.—*Detroit News.*

AMONG those who applauded the parade of 60,000 Klansmen must have been the laundrymen of Washington, D. C.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST who has acquired a castle i Wales, always has been able to get anything for which h doesn't have to run.—*Louisville Times.*

WE haven't heard from them in some time, but we surmis that J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw are safely establishe in Miami.—*Columbia Record.*

EXPERTS declare that the Philippine Islands are well adapte to growing rubber; so we may consider their independence in definitely postponed.—*Cleveland Times.*

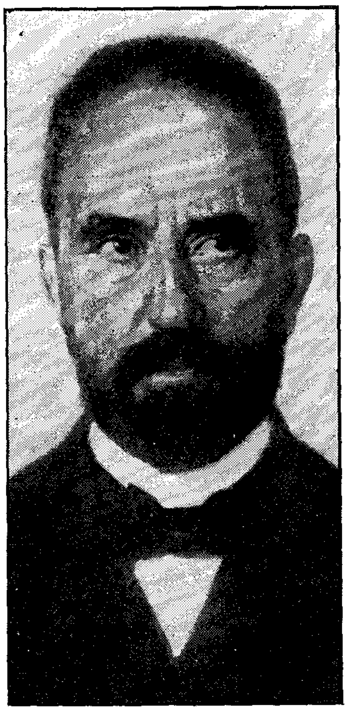
THE coal-miners and anthracite barons are so distracted ove the strike that they can't decide whether to spend the winter i Southern California or at Miami.—*Washington Post.*

THAT the Queen of Roumania has succeeded in making a mate for another daughter is one way of putting it, but as we admir a spunky woman and a likely gal, we shall not put it that way.—*Louisville Times.*

PREMIER BALDWIN settled England's threatened coal stri by giving the mine-owners $100,000,000. He would probabl settle our crime wave by giving the banks to the bandits.—*Southern Lumberman.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE STINNES CRASH



Keystone View Company

HUGO STINNES

Founder of the trust.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF STINNES is complete, we are told, and "less will be saved from the ruins than was heretofore imagined." As seen by a London paper, *The Investors' Chronicle*, "it is a tragic ending to a financial romance," for "the Stinnes Trust included a hundred or more concerns—shipping, timber, coal and iron, export and import businesses, chemical works, newspapers, and so forth, which the great German magnate had amalgamated both vertically and horizontally, together with scattered holdings in many concerns." All went well "during the period of the mark's depreciation, but the death of Hugo Stinnes coincided roughly with the stabilization of the gold mark and brought about conditions to which his successors could not adapt themselves." When Germany returned to a gold basis, the weaknesses of the financial position were revealed, "but instead of taking warning, the two sons of Stinnes endeavored not only to carry on the methods of their father but to extend them until there came a point at which the leading banks refused all credits not covered by goods or readily negotiable securities. The end was then inevitable." It was the foredoomed collapse of an "empire" founded upon inflation, a contributor to *Le Peuple* (Paris) tells us, for—

"Inflation never knows where to stop. Let it begin at the center of the industrial organization, and it extends its ravages like a cancer. The increased scale of payment brings higher and higher prices, and this brings misery among the working classes, whose wages are always out of step with the cost of living, and increases the burdens of the State, which, in order to meet the situation, accelerates the issuance of paper money and thereby hastens the approach of disaster. The speed of its coming increases by geometrical progression (2—4—8—16—32 . . .).

EDMUND

Who has been appealing to the German Government for 3,000,000 marks to pay his workmen.

"Yet there seems to prevail an unheard-of prosperity; the toiling masses see their demands satisfied in appearance (and nothing seems fairer at first glance); capitalists build new factories, enlarge existing ones, and cherish dreams of the most audacious enterprises. Everything seems perfect, until one day the limit is reached, and then, when paper money has lost its value, contractors and merchants begin to reckon in stable foreign money—a resource upon which the wage-earners can not hope to rely; the banks, weary of extending credit in money that comes back to them worth almost nothing, stop making loans and thus they paralyze the activities not only of the speculators, but also of the producers; confidence is destroyed, factories receive fewer and fewer orders, and, because deprived of credit, can only with difficulty pay for the labor and raw materials they require. Then come the failures that plunge the workers into misery. On the other hand, numerous individuals foresee the depreciation of the money they possess, and hasten to buy buildings, machinery, and the raw materials that can be worked up by employees whose labor costs almost nothing. They have absorbed real goods, the total product of a distracted nation, hoping to resell them at an outrageous profit when the right time comes. Vain hope! The distress of the middle and lower classes has destroyed their ability to buy."

Finally "a once active and prosperous nation awakes to find itself idle; the State coffers are empty, housewives have stacks of bank-notes that no one wants, manufacturers and merchants are overstocked with goods for which there is no outlet."

Cabling from Berlin, a correspondent of the Toronto *Mail and Empire* says: "Total liabilities of the Stinnes estate are, roughly, $42,000,000; assets at present are, nominally, $80,000,000. But the uncertain economic conditions have deflated values so that banks that loaned money to Hugo Stinnes, Jr., to rescue him from bankruptcy are not sure that they will get their money back." Thus it seems that the Stinnes heirs "will emerge where their grandfather started—in the shirt-sleeves of the middle-class." As we are told,

"Mattheu Stinnes, the grandfather, was a struggling coal-dealer. His son Hugo became King Coal and Emperor of Steel and Oil.

"Woes of the Stinnes family are complicated by dissention between Edmund, the eldest son, and Hugo, Jr. The empire that Stinnes, Sr., had built up carefully and so ruthlessly, began to topple six months after his death. He postulated that only a united family could rule over his empire. With dissention, the specter of bankruptcy appeared."

International Newsreel Photograph

HUGO, JR.

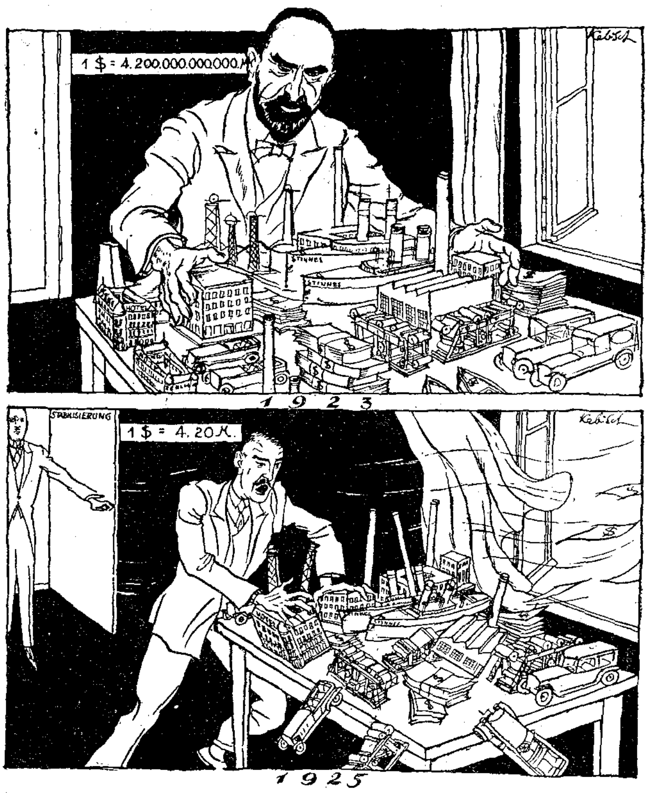
Whose quarrels with his brother Edmund hastened "the fall of the house of Stinnes."

Meanwhile, the Berlin

correspondent of the London *Times* informs us that the firm—

"Had been for many years in close relation with the Darmstadter and National Bank, and when in that house the position was realized, a very plain warning was given as to whither the methods were leading. The two sons of Stinnes, perhaps dazzled a little by the glamour of their inheritance, attempted in the face of many warnings not only to carry on the methods of their late father but to extend them. It was remarked that each acted as tho he was himself quite as clever as his father, and that the economic situation in Germany was not such that it could support the equivalent of four Stinnes. Had Hugo Stinnes lived to face the crisis it is thought that he would have had the genius to adapt himself to the new conditions."

The Berlin *Achtuhr Abendblatt* reports that Edmund Stinnes has been appealing to the German Government for the small sum of 3,000,000 marks, as without help he could not pay his workmen. Help may be forthcoming, thinks the Manchester *Guardian*, which, however, does not believe that anything can prevent total disaster, and G. de Villemus tells us in *L' Echo de Paris:*



A STORM IN THE HOUSE OF STINNES

The opening of the door of Stabilization

—*Ulk* (Berlin).

"The downfall of the Stinnes group has had a very noticeable effect on business in Germany. A considerable number of banks and industrial concerns are hard hit. It had seemed possible that the center of the edifice could be saved by liquidating the companies founded in the days of inflation, but it now appears that the house of Stinnes is completely bankrupt.

"The Stinnes group have already liquidated their best assets. Further liquidation will be more difficult, as no purchasers can be found for the coal-mines, the steamship lines, the hotels and the newspapers. The *Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung*, which was Stinnes's pet enterprise, is in a precarious situation and no longer powerful politically. This newspaper has sold its Frankfort branch.

"Speaking figuratively, the ship *Stinnes*, whose flag waved gallantly on all seas for years, is leaking from stem to stern. Her 'S. O. S.' finds no response. The gigantic craft must sink and vanish. All that will remain will be the memory of a colossal structure built upon the destitution of the German people and bringing its owners no profit whatsoever."

According to the London *Telegraph's* Berlin representative, "the dismantling of Hugo Stinnes's industrial macrocosm is proving much more dramatic than was its erection," for—

"The inflation king's eldest son, Edmund, who was forced out of an artistic career into business by his father's will, has now astonished Germany by offering to the workmen of the embarrassed A. G. A. (Aktien Gesellschaft für Automobilbau) as a free gift one-half of his holding of shares in that concern. As 65 per cent. of the stock which he owns has a nominal value of 4,000,000 marks, the sum involved is a very large one. In a letter to the press Dr. Stinnes sets out his profest motives for this offer. He gives it as his belief that the refusal of the banks to lend more money to the A. G. A. is due to the personal reason that he is the owner of the majority of the shares, and that the necessary financial support will be more readily granted if he no longer controls the company. At the same time he pays his workmen the compliment that they 'have so far fully and in the best spirit supported the management in the change over of the factory to modern methods of manufacture.'"

NO BRIDESMAIDS FOR THE UNION OF AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

A MOST CURIOUS AFFAIR, thinks a Vienna correspondent, is Austrian support of the movement for union with Germany. "From first to last," he says, "the scheme is not a practicable one, and those Austrians who think things out usually admit as much with regret. But for the majority, as a supporter of the *Anschluss* himself said in my presence, the reverse of Gambetta's famous dictum concerning 'Revanche' for 1870 holds good: Talk of it constantly, think never!" Indeed, "the present agitation for it is largely a cry of despair to the world at large," and, writing to the London *Times*, the correspondent translates it thus:

"Under present conditions, we are able neither to live nor to die; union with our German kinsmen offers us a hope of life in conjunction with our richer brother who is ready to help us; how can you, who have held up to honor 'the sacred principle of self-determination,' refuse to allow us alone of European peoples to exercise it to save ourselves from collapse?"

Tho recognizing that the idea will seem paradoxical, the correspondent predicts that—

"If it came to the question of definite action, it might well be that German statesmen would refuse at the last moment to accept the burden of Austria and to face the rupture of all schemes for a Security Pact in the European turmoil which would ensue. The question of the *Anschluss* is at present a purely theoretical one, as its Austrian supporters must realize in their heart of hearts. Were it suddenly to become a practical issue, there would be considerably lessened support for it by Austria herself."

Nevertheless, the Paris *Temps* learns that "the *Anschluss* retains a foremost place in German political discussion, and the German press has not lost interest in it for a moment. The *Anschlusswille*—the impulse toward union—forms the thesis of every study of the Austrian question. There is bitter criticism of Mr. Mataja, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who remains faithful to the letter of the treaties and refuses to play the annexationists game." But—

"The Germans are greatly disturbed over the economic inquiry carried out by the League of Nations and over its disclosure that Austrian industry can not survive without investment by the successors of Austria-Hungary and the countries of centra and eastern Europe. The prevention of Austria's final collapse is absolutely necessary if general good relations and peace are to be safeguarded. That is possible only if commercial arrangements are concluded assuring to the Austrian people the ability to live and prosper by their own efforts. Thus only will they be relieved of their feeling that they are a pauper race and regain their pride and self-reliance. The surest way to embarrass th movement for union will be to hasten the economic recovery o the country which Germany dragged into war and ruin. Thi the Germans know, and that is why they combat every attemp to give Austria the needed help. Politically and on the economi side, the growth of German power in central Europe would b such a menace that, in view of the very possibility of such a thing the rescue of Austria from irreparable ruin and from absorption by Germany becomes one of the most urgent tasks which the nations of that part of the world can undertake."

Meanwhile *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris) quotes a Polish writer, W. Fabierkiewicz, who says:—

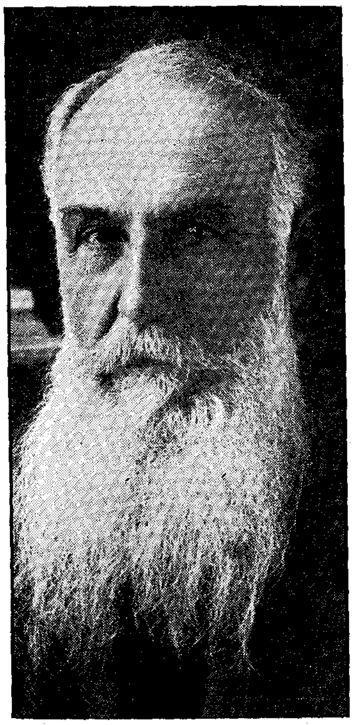
"To-day all authorities agree that it is impossible to maintain the economic and financial independence of Austria. In appearance, the union of Austria and Germany would provide the simplest, easiest solution of the Austrian problem.

"Vienna would then become the center for German expansion in the Balkans and Germany could make this a basis of economic prosperity. Austria's eventual deficits would be taken care of by the Reich. Let us note some of the consequences of such a union: a demand for access to the Adriatic (a demand that would be vigorously made in Germany and that would be seriously supported by the separatists among the Croats and Slovenes of Jugo-Slavia) and then demands by Hungary and Bulgaria that would menace Czecho-Slovakia, which would be walled in on two sides by Germany and Hungary and thus deprived of her principal outlet to the south."

In that case, what would be Poland's attitude? Mr. Fabierkiewicz remarks:

"The necessity of maintaining contact with the world, and especially with the Allied States, determines Poland's attitude. Polish consent to the union of Austria and Germany would mean giving up the last line of communication by which, in time of war, munitions could reach Poland. That is why Poland can not help doing her utmost to prevent such union."

THE MAN BEHIND SOVIET DIPLOMACY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CHICHERIN

"Chief engineer of the Soviets' diplomatic machinery."

HOW DOES THE DIPLOMATIC machinery of the Soviets work? What are its achievements? Who is its chief engineer, Mr. Chicherin? Such are the much-discust questions that Prof. Baron B. E. Nolde, a well-known Russian diplomat of the old régime and an internationally known authority on the questions of diplomacy, tries to answer in his article published in the last number of the *Sovriemennia Zapiski*, a Russian monthly issued in Paris. We must remember, first of all, Baron Nolde warns us, that Soviet diplomacy is a purely bureaucratic diplomacy controlled by no representative institution. He tells us: "Mr. Stekloff, the leading Soviet journalist . . . said not long ago, in an article denouncing French demands for the payment of the Russian debts, that in Russia, just as in France, the Government is responsible 'to the constituencies of its electors.' They number seventy millions and do not want to pay the debt. As it is known, the seventy millions of Russian electors are silent. What is their opinion one may only try to guess. Instead of the voice of the people, we hear in Russia an uninterrupted bureaucratic monolog: one after another there appear on the Soviet stage bureaucrats of different weight and importance, such as Kalinin, Rykoff, Kaneneff or Zinsvieff, Chicherin or Rakovsky, etc., who give us the official version, outside of which we hear nothing." Who are these men? Baron Nolde confines himself to characterizing Mr. Chicherin, the Commissary for Foreign Affairs. We read:

"Chicherin's personality seems, at least at the first glance, to be more colorful than Rykoff's (the Premier's). By birth he belongs to the uppermost stratum of the old Russian upper class. Before the revolution his versatility had pushed him into the ranks of the nameless Russian revolutionists living abroad. During the revolution he reappeared in Russia as an average Bolshevik. Then Lenin happened to notice him in the troubled days of the Bolshevist *coup d'état* and he replaced Trotzky at the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. He proved to be a submissive and hardy man when it came to the concluding of treaties which have deprived Russia of all its Western provinces, tho they are inhabited by millions of Russians. A few impertinent notes to Lord Curzon, and a few sonorous utterances at Genoa made him for a few minutes the hero of the European press and public opinion which discovered in him—without any justification, at that—the standard-bearer of Russia's historical traditions. The truth, however, is that he simply carries out Lenin's advice: sacrifices one after another Russia's national interests in order to maintain within the devastated and pillaged realm the sway of the Bolshevist oligarchy. Good manners and the memory of a few years which he spent in the diplomatic service in old Russia make him appear to be a technical expert and an authority, while the absence of talents renders him a submissive tool in the hands of the real Bolshevist leaders. Seven years of office would have taught a great deal to a clever man. This has not been, however, the case of Chicherin. It suffices to read his last speech on international affairs to understand how colorless and helpless is his political thought."

This would not be so bad, we are further told by Baron Nolde, were it not for the fact that the ideas directing Russia's foreign policies are being "pumped into the head of the Commissary for Foreign Affairs by the Third International." For Russia's foreign office is simply an instrument in the hands of that institution, asserts the Baron. The main purpose to be attained by it is still the discolored fantom of the world revolution, and chasing after this fantom the Soviets sacrifice Russia's national interests and property one after another. To support this statement our author analyzes a series of treaties concluded by the Soviets and all tending, according to him, to the sacrifice of Russia's international weight and significance. The most typical sample of this kind of diplomacy is Russia's Peking Treaty with Japan. Baron Nolde says:

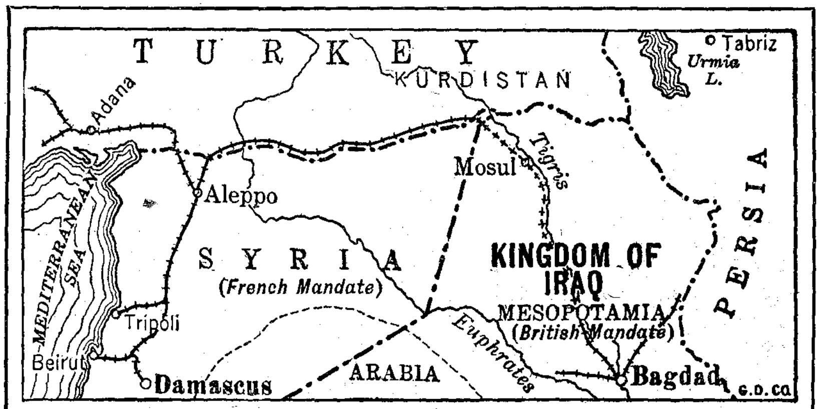
"All that Japan had given up during the Washington Conference of 1922 in the realm of her Siberian interests was reacquired by her as soon as she began to negotiate with the representatives of Moscow. It is true that in virtue of this treaty Japan has withdrawn her troops from Sakhalin. But what a heavy price the Soviets had to pay for it! The Russo-Japanese Peking convention of 1907, which thrust upon Russia a heavy burden, and which expired in 1919, has been renewed. . . . In the Northern Sakhalin new heavy obligations have been incurred for a half a century by the granting of oil, coal and other mineral concessions. . . . To these concessions are added supplementary rights transforming the territory in which they are located into a virtually Japanese territory: the concession-holders acquire the right of cutting timber, building railroads, transporting commodities without duties, etc. Thus, Northern Sakhalin is given away to Japan.

"Such are the real results of the struggle between 'Communism' and the 'Capitalistic world.' The whole deal is permeated with the true 'Leninism,' that is to say, with the cynical opportunism which justifies anything that leads to the security of the Soviet power: a new Portsmouth Treaty has been concluded in order to lull and satisfy a strong enemy."

All Soviet treaties are permeated with this same spirit, the Baron tells us: "Give us time to start the world revolution; in order that you should wait in peace, take pieces of our land"—such might be the main formula of the Soviet diplomacy. But, says the Baron, "that pieces of the Russian territory are given away is certain; that the world revolution will even start is less than uncertain."

THE OILY SERPENT IN MOSUL'S EDEN

THE TOMB OF JONAH, the ruins of Nineveh, and the Garden of Eden would be delightful acquisitions, but hardly worth a war with Turkey, contend the opposition papers in England, thus ridiculing British aspirations for a twenty-five-year mandate over Mosul. When Mr. Chamberlain started for Geneva the other day, they shouted, "Oil!" quite in American fashion, declaring that if Mosul were not rich in oil there would be no Mosul problem for Geneva to solve. "Let the oil magnates make new arrangements with Kemal Pasha after the oil-fields get into his grip," they advise. Meanwhile, the Turkish claims are thus summarized by a correspondent of the London *Times:* "(1) That the Kurds and Turcomans of the former Mosul vilayet are, ethnographically and politically, indistinguishable from the Ottoman Turks. (2) That the southern border of the pre-war Mosul vilayet was, to the east of the Tigris, a line drawn in a southeasterly direction along the Jebel Hamrin range, terminating at a point on the Persian frontier between Mandali and Badra. (3) That the whole of the former Mosul vilayet on both sides of the Tigris, but now within the Irak State, be restored to Turkey." As *The Times* reminds us, "the British Government categorically denied the accuracy of the first two claims, and referred the third to the League of Nations." How the League prepared itself to decide the question is told in *Le Matin* (Paris) by Henry de Korab, who says:



MOSUL AND ITS OIL-FIELDS

Showing the new boundaries as decided by the League of Nations.

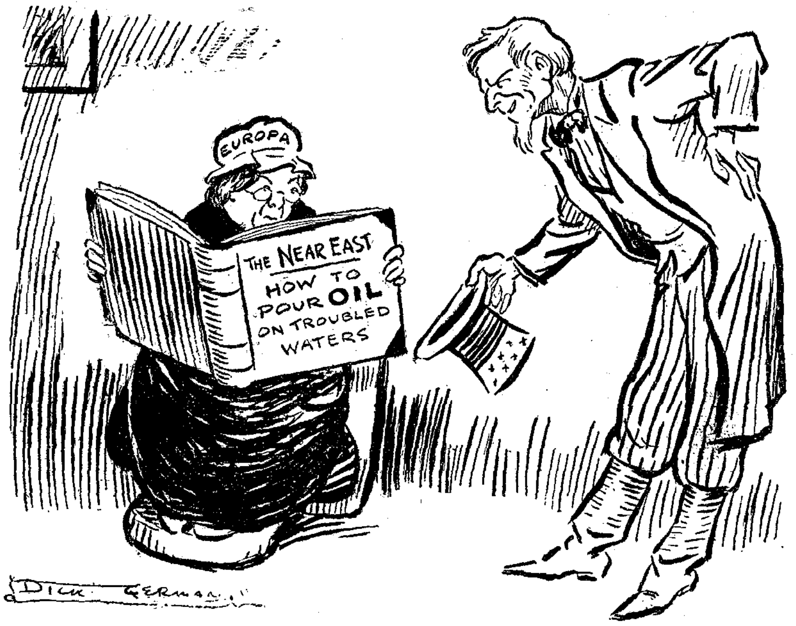
> "I have just finished reading a very confused but very instructive book, the report of the fact-finding commission that was sent out by the council of the League of Nations to help us decide what should be done with Mosul. Should it belong to Turkey, or should it be given to Irak, the new Anglo-Arab kingdom ruled by the Emir Feisal and policed by England?
>
> "The jumble of races in Macedonia is simplicity itself beside the mixtures in this country of 800,000 people. There are twenty races, many of which refuse to stay put. One district is Turkish in summer, Kurdish in winter.
>
> "If you are asking why there should be all this fuss over a region that is part desert and nowhere very fertile, the explanation is—oil, oil in such quantities that it would enable England to maintain her mastery of the seas indefinitely. That is why England came near going to war with Turkey over Mosul a year ago.
>
> "The situation was made more difficult when King Feisal, acting on Lord Curzon's advice, sold out his oil interests to Englishmen who were to have taken possession of them on September 14, 1925. A compromise had to be sought, and the League of Nations was appealed to."

Here Mr. de Korab dips into the report, and gives us specimen sentences, showing how the commission worked in its effort to disentangle truth from humbug. Thus we read:

> "'From the remotest antiquity Mosul has always belonged to Irak,' says a Curzon note.
>
> "'We have examined all the maps, studied all the documents, and Mosul never belonged to Irak,' replies the commission.
>
> "'There is not a single Turk in the city of Mosul,' says another British note.
>
> "'There are 16,672,' the commission answers.
>
> "'The frontier that we propose,' the English say, 'is formed by a chain of inaccessible mountains.'
>
> "The commissioners say, modestly, 'We crossed them.'
>
> "It is of course true that the Turks have made a few little mistakes, themselves. A certain road, traced in red pencil on the map and represented as an ultra-important trade route between Anatolia and Persia, could not be found.
>
> "Even the subtlest arguments failed to convince the commissioners. 'In point of climate,' says a Turkish note, 'Mosul is Anatolian; dates will not grow there.' 'A worthless argument,' replies the commission. 'The celebrated Austrian botanist, Baron Handel-Mazetti, assures us that several years ago there were date-palms in Mosul and that they perished during an exceptionally cold winter.'
>
> "Confronted with all these false allegations, the commissioners decided to trust only their own impressions or deductions. To feel the pulse of the community, one of the commissioners, Count Teleki, walked through the streets of Mosul accompanied by the Turkish general Djevad Pasha in full uniform. The effect was thrilling—people of all ages and conditions rushed up, surrounding the general and kissing his hands. So effervescent was their enthusiasm that an English policeman thought best to moderate it with his club, and that sort of experiment had to be abandoned."

From then on, the commissioners limited themselves to questioning people—"Kurds, who were in the majority; Arabs and Turks, who constituted a very considerable minority; Assyrians and Chaldeans, survivors of the oldest nations on our planet; and Yezidis, whose race, religion, and language are still a half-mystery." Mr. de Korab continues:

> "When questioned, the Yezidis said, 'We have nothing in common with Turks or Arabs; they are descended from Adam and Eve, whereas we are descended from Adam alone.'


EUROPA
THE NEAR EAST
HOW TO POUR OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS
DICK GERMAN

THE DISINTERESTED OBSERVER

UNCLE SAM: "Say, Dame Europa! I ain't partickler interested like in that book yew happen ter be immersed in, but as I don't aim to have any secrets from yew, would ye mind reading it out loud?" —*South Wales News* (Cardiff).

"'In general,' they say, 'all the races of the Mosul region have sentimental leanings toward Turkey, but they calculate that their economic interests would be better served by a union with Irak under British suzerainty.'

"As long as England protects Irak, the people of Mosul will gladly be Irakians. When British protection ceases, they will ask leave to become Turks again. It is a choice between a marriage of convenience on the one hand and a marriage for love on the other.

"Not wishing to put the country under the obligation of choosing, the commissioners have proposed to leave it under the tutelage of the League of Nations twenty-five years longer. There is every reason to believe that the world will approve that solution. What other can be suggested? Mosul and its millions of barrels of oil can not remain a no man's land, for John Bull will be quick to say, 'Nobody owns this country, therefore it is mine.'"

AS EUROPE SEES OUR TOURISTS

NOT ALL AMERICANS ARE "KINGS" of something or other, a Parisian journalist has learned, perhaps from acquaintance with the tourists who are now returning. Also, a London journalist has discovered "the modest American," and tells the readers of *The Standard* that "there are in America thousands, millions of people who are poor, for whom a trip to Europe is either an unrealized dream or realized only by dint of years of patient economies and hard personal sacrifice." As he goes on to say, "when they come, they come on 'one-class' boats, they come second-class, they even come steerage, and many a college boy has worked his way to Europe as a cattleman." Commenting on their ways, the Englishman continues:

"These tourists never know when they will be able to make the journey again, so they try to see everything. They work out the most comprehensive tours, travel by night, and see two or three towns by day. They scarcely give themselves time to eat or rest. They know what they want to see, and they see it. We, who live surrounded by cathedrals and ancient monuments, who neglect our picture galleries and museums until some country cousin takes us to them, can have no idea what one of those Americans will manage to see in Europe and in England during a visit of a few weeks.

"The Americans of whom I speak are consumed by the desire to learn, to acquire culture, to achieve education. In each small town in the United States there is a women's club whose chief aim is culture—indeed, they are called 'Culture Clubs.' Papers are read by the returned voyager on his or her intellectual experiences in Europe. The lives and works of the great foreign artists are studied, 'movements' are followed.

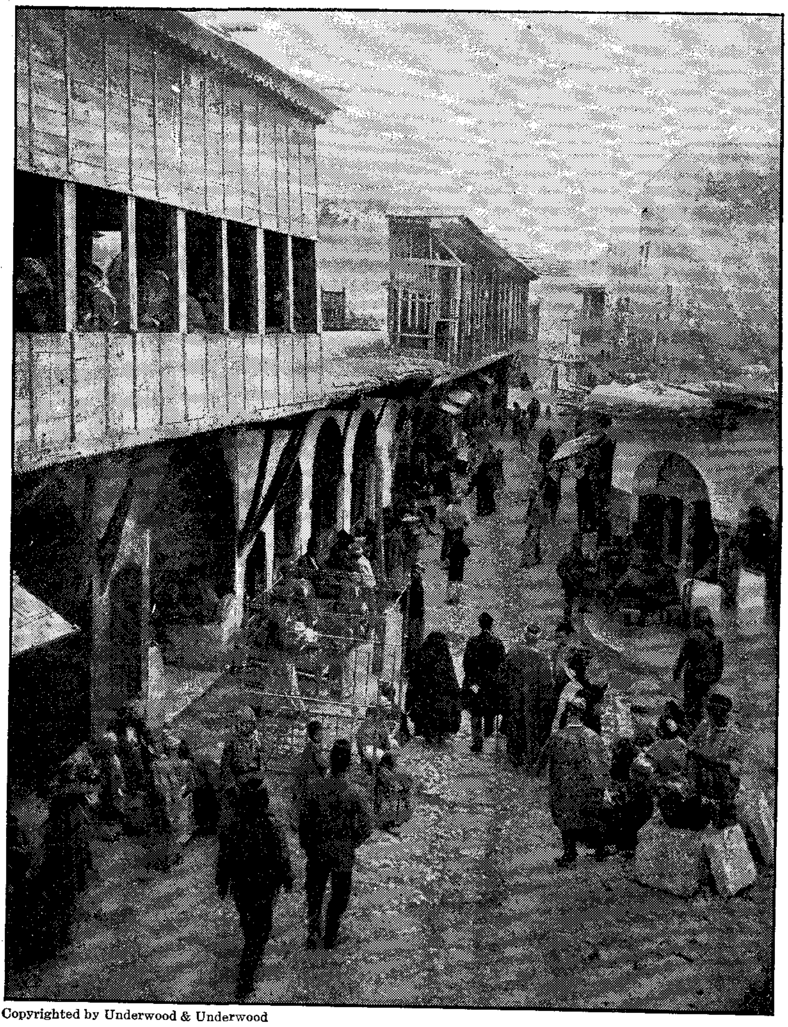
"Most of the tourists are of the old Anglo-Saxon stock and they come to England much as an English classical scholar might go to Rome. They come here to see the land from which their ancestors came, to see the life there going on, not so very different, after all, from what the early settlers left behind. They can reconstruct, as the classical scholar does in Rome, the life they have read about, dreamed about and longed to see."

For these "modest Americans," the Englishman has a warm regard, and he tells us further:

"I have never met an American of the type of which I write who, when he was in England, was not enchanted by our country. It is always a revelation to him. Our trees, our gardens, our country houses, our tidy farms, the neatness of everything, the beauty of the old churches and barns, the healthy children, the kindly parents, even the village cricket games—their praise is lowing from his lips. The picture fades a little as he gets ready o return to his own big, prosperous, slap-dash country, but his rip to Europe is never regretted, the inconveniences, the weariness, the misunderstandings are forgotten, and for years the pleasant memories last, the photograph album and the picture-post-card book are gone over, and many a story is begun, in winter evenings, round the store stove fire in remote country places, 'When I was in Europe . . .'"

However, there can be too many tourists, even if they are "modest," and we learn that France is groaning. Writing in the London *Post*, Diana Bourbon tells us:

"After some hundreds of years of decking Paris out as the pleasure city *par excellence* of the world, and of dramatizing herself as 'the garden country' of Europe, France has suddenly got sick of her most famous rôle, and now she is perfectly furious because the rest of the world will not let her drop the part overnight."



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"WE ARE DESCENDED FROM ADAM, BUT NOT FROM EVE"

Is the boast of the Yezidis, who, with numerous other races, inhabit Mosul.

Especially obnoxious are the English and Americans, according to the French, who protest: "They have ruined our country. They are everywhere. There is not a corner in France that the English and the Americans have not discovered. And look at what they have done to Paris!" The article runs on:

"The other day I heard a Frenchman say to an Englishman: 'The trouble with you Anglo-Saxons, whether you call England or America home, is that you are really the lost tribes of Israel, and you are still wandering. . . .' And he implied that it would be nicer for France if the wandering went the other way—into the Pacific, if necessary."

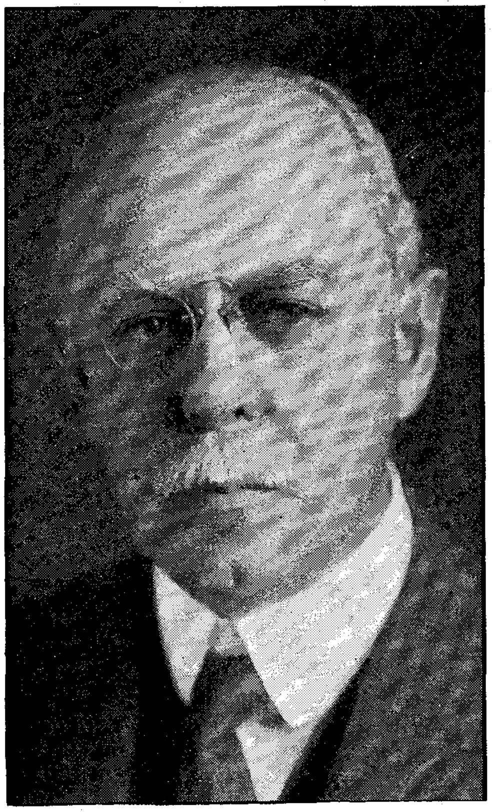
Here the writer asks what would happen if our tourists should cease to visit France:

"How on earth would the French alone contrive to support even Paris, organized as it is, for the purposes it is, if no foreigners ever, except those on very real and vital business, came there any more? Well, the French in their present mood would rather Paris were not supported. Let it go bankrupt. Let it fall to pieces. Let a few people be out of work—so they could get rid of the foreigners!"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE HANDWRITING ON INDUSTRY'S WALL

USE YOUR BRAINS! That is what science is saying to industry to-day. Progress is made not by raising tariffs but by devising new methods. The company that thinks it has no problems and goes blindly on in the ways of its fathers will have to step down to give place to one with a laboratory equipment. This is industry's warning, according to Arthur D. Little of the well-known Boston firm. In an address before the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, printed in *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* (Washington), he likens it to the famous handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, which, as told in the Bible, gave that Babylonian monarch premonition of his downfall as interpreted by the prophet Daniel. Said Mr. Little:



"IT IS OUR IMPERATIVE DUTY"

Says Mr. Arthur D. Little, "in a situation so clear to us, to translate the handwriting on the wall to those who mistake it for a mural decoration."

"Doubtless Belshazzar deserved what he got, but even at this late day I am moved to say a good word for him. He had called in Daniel as an expert, and, despite the unwelcome character of his report, had paid his bill upon the spot. How many of you, after prophesying that a business was headed for a receivership, have been rewarded with a scarlet cloak and a gold chain about your neck and a directorship in the company, all without discount for cash? Belshazzar may have been a poor king, but he was an ideal client.

"There is a strange periodicity in the recurrence of this handwriting, and a still more curious inability to perceive it on the part of those who sit down to feasts. It is on the walls where Rotary clubs lunch, where manufacturers' conventions dine, where chambers of commerce meet, and where trade associations gather. It outshines at Atlantic City the illuminated signs that compel attention to cigarets and chewing-gum, but for the interpretation of it there are no scarlet cloaks and gold chains. Traveling expenses and oblivion are the utmost Daniel could hope for to-day, and I can look forward only to oblivion. Even at that price I am willing to interpret the handwriting which confronts our industry. It reads: The price of progress is research which alone assures the security of dividends.

"I had, not long ago, to look over the balance sheet of a company which has paid no dividends for several years. I was at some loss to account for its poor showing until I read among its assets the item, Laboratory Equipment $49.51. I hold a little of its stock. How much am I offered?

"I once suggested to the purchasing agent of a great corporation that large savings could be effected by chemical control of his supplies. He closed the interview by saying: 'I believe in chemistry all right, but I have a son who is a sophomore at Yale. He comes home every other Sunday, and I get all of it I need from him.' That company is now in the receiver's hands. The result would probably have been the same if the son had gone to Harvard.

"One hears that the textile industry of New England is in a bad way, but one is also told that 'its only problem is that of sales.' Sales are likely to remain a problem until mill agents realize that research creates markets. Just now it is about as easy to interest the agent of a cotton-mill in research as it is to sell trunk-straps to an elephant. Meanwhile, the Europeans, who have learned to trust research, have developed artificial silk, and find no difficulty in selling wood pulp at $2 a pound in a market in which old-line mill agents can't sell cotton.

"The future of the shoe industry in New England has long been a matter of much local concern, but it would be hard indeed to find a New England shoe factory that could list, among its assets, even $49.51 worth of laboratory equipment.

"But this failure to read the handwriting on the wall is by no means peculiar to New England. It is still, with a few conspicuous exceptions, characteristic of American industry as a whole. Not long ago Dr. Teeple pointed out that of forty-four American companies which, during the war, engaged in the production of potash, only one has survived, and it was that one alone which developed and supported a program for research.

"If there is an industry that needs research it is that of naval stores; yet the president of one of its largest companies has said within a few months: 'There are no scientific problems in our business.' The country which has no history may be blest, but certainly the industry which has no scientific problems is headed for perdition.

"There are scientific problems without number in the petroleum industry, but does the industry spend one-tenth of a cent a barrel to bring out the enormous potential values in its failing resource? It does not. Its chemists, with few exceptions, merely measure physical constants or spend their effort on the solution of miscellaneous routine problems.

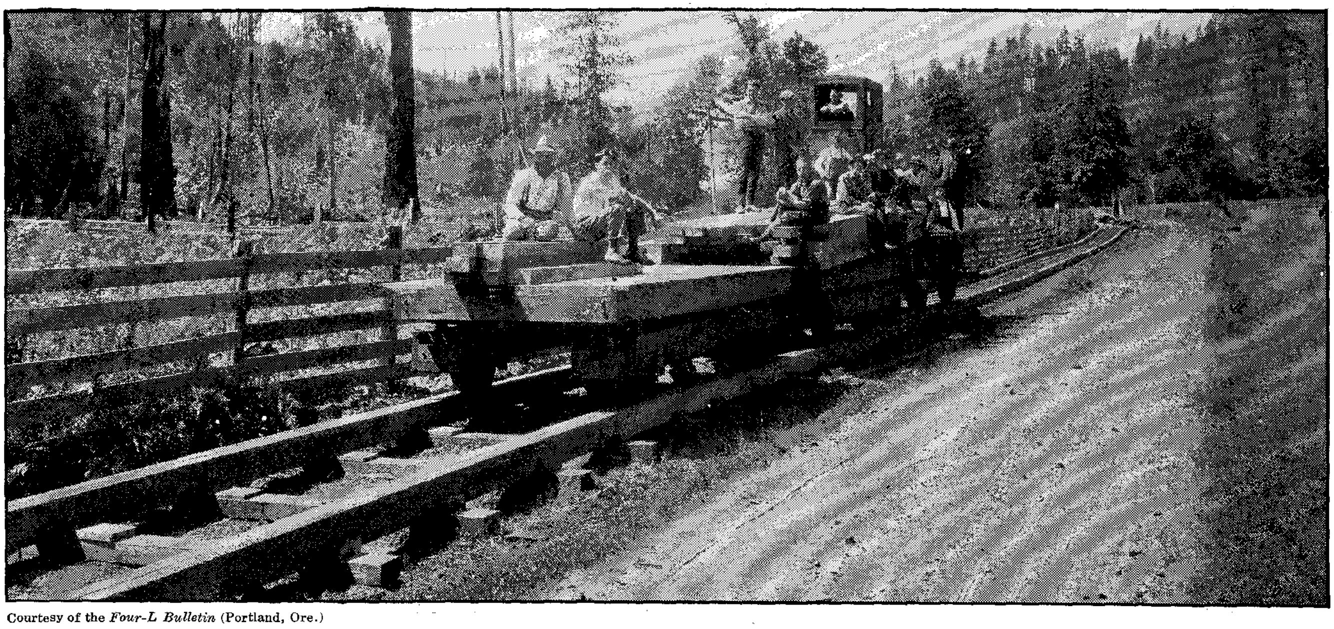
"Science is now advancing at a rate so rapid and with results of such far-reaching influence that no industry can hope to ignore research and live. Summer follows winter with such unfailing regularity that the ice business would seem to be reasonably secure. But the iceman has now to reckon with the probability that a million electric refrigerators will be installed within the next two years.

"In a situation so clear to us as chemists and chemical engineers, and so charged with peril to American industry, it is our imperative duty to translate the handwriting on the wall to those who mistake it for a mural decoration."

American manufacturers must be made to understand, Mr. Little declares, that we are in the midst of an industrial revolution, in the course of which many established businesses will find their balance-sheets deeply dyed with red, unless those charged with the responsibility of management can learn to direct their course in the flood of new knowledge pouring from the laboratories. To those with vision, science is bringing countless new opportunities for constructive and profitable effort, while it is likely to take whatever they may have from those who will not see. He goes on:

"Every one is familiar with the recent terrific impact upon our wood distillation industry of a new German synthetic process for the production of methanol. There has been the usual reaction—a rush to Washington to have the tariff raised when the only protection against research is more research. Acetic acid, anothe basic product of this industry, is now being made from coke and lime through calcium carbide and acetylene, but it was not so made by raising the tariff.

"There has been for years a comfortable opinion among thos



Courtesy of the *Four-L Bulletin* (Portland, Ore.)

BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES: OREGON'S WOODEN RAILROAD.

engaged in the business of making paper that an understanding of its mysterious operations was inherited, like red hair. A chemist could always tell a born paper-maker, but he couldn't tell him much. Even our resourceful friend, Moore, had to break into the mill by way of the wood-yard, but now the mill is raising peanuts to make oil to convert into something with a much prettier name than lard, by combining the oil with hydrogen, which is a waste product of the plant he built to bleach wood-pulp. Isn't it ridiculous—but very profitable? It used to be foolish to talk of making paper from Southern pine, but somehow a chemist did it, and Southern mills are making not only paper, but money. The old-line superintendent, who doesn't need any 'damned chemist' to come down from Boston to teach him the paper business, will soon be competing as best he can with new methods of making newsprint from hitherto unused woods, and with new processes for wood-pulp giving hitherto unheard-of yields.

"The fuel industries are in an extraordinary state of flux, and many revolutionary developments are impending. The use of powdered coal is rapidly extending. Low-temperature carbonization is steadily making headway. We are coming slowly but certainly to an artificial anthracite, and we may confidently look to coal for a proportion of our motor spirit. Cheap oxygen is almost here, and when it comes there will be profound changes in combustion methods and in metallurgical practise, and these will require new refractories.

"The gas industry is facing a great development, much of which will be along new lines. New methods are available for water-gas enrichment. There are serious proposals for the complete gasification of coal, and for great gas-works at the mines with high-pressure distribution. The industrial use of gas has just begun, and house-heating by gas is near at hand. Having learned to cook by gas, we are now about to instal the gas-fired refrigerator.

"If we consider power-generation we find the mercury turbine operating at extraordinary efficiency in a near-by city. Steam-pressures in central stations are rising from 500 to 700 pounds, but they are not going to stop there. One unit in the new Edison plant at Weymouth will operate at 1,200 pounds, while at Rugby, England, Benson boilers are delivering steam at 3,200 pounds.

"Industrial developments along new lines are everywhere in progress, and they call upon the chemical engineer for new equipment and new methods of production and control. Contact processes, operating at high pressures, present many new and serious problems, which we have as yet hardly considered in this country. The pyrolysis of petroleum, and of other organic materials, calls for equipment of new design, and for fractionating apparatus of the highest order of efficiency. Whether tetraethyl lead is here to stay or not, it has been with us long enough to indicate that the whole aspect of a major industry may be changed almost overnight by the advent of a new product from the laboratory.

"Tho I have read no more than the first word of the handwriting on the wall, it must be clear to all that in the industrial revolution which it portends the chemical engineer will be on the firing-line. He will be called upon to attack and conquer new problems at every step of the rocky road from the laboratory to the plant. The Institute of Chemical Engineers has devoted much consideration to the education required to fit the chemical engineer to meet his new responsibilities. Let us now endeavor to educate the manufacturer to realize the opportunities before him, and let us teach the investor to appreciate the perils that confront those companies which ignore research."

OREGON'S WOODEN RAILROADS

A RAILROAD THAT COSTS only one-tenth as much to build as a first-class highway is something of a curiosity. Such roads are being successfully introduced in the Oregon lumber regions, we are told by Leonard Lerwill, writing in *The Four-L Bulletin* (Portland, Ore.). One of these roads, whose rails are entirely of wood, is now in operation, and another, which is expected to open up tracts of heretofore inaccessible timber, will be in use in November next. It is estimated, Mr. Lerwill tells us, that the construction of this road over eighteen miles of rough country will reduce the cost of transportation from three dollars a thousand to fifty cents a thousand. He writes:

"Junction City's wooden railroad, known rightfully as the Arnold Auto Rail System, has caused much interest in the Lane County city recently. Agitation for its construction has been under way for some time, and finally succeeded in arousing enough interest in the project to induce a number of influential men in northern Lane County to back the work and make it a reality.

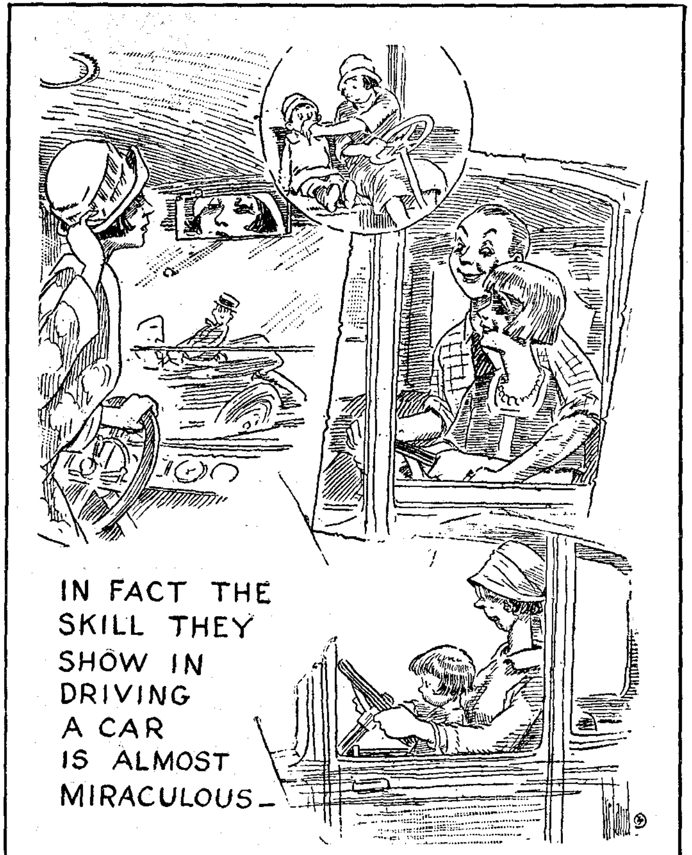
"Residents of Junction regard it as the magic stroke which will put their city on the map and bring to it the timber wealth which is resting untouched in the surrounding hills. Under the old system of transportation, lumber could be hauled over the gravel roads to the Lakecreek Valley during three months of the year. When the new road is placed in use some time in November, it will be able to bring lumber from the mill throughout the entire twelve months of the year.

"The construction of this type of railroad is far simpler than anything that has been devised for the purpose heretofore. The preparation of the road-bed is little different from the preparation of the road-bed of an ordinary dirt road through the mountains. The ties and rails are both of wood, and the ties are placed directly on the ground. Where low places occur on the right-of-way where the swampy ground would be unstable, trestles are built. The rails are constructed of four-by-eight timbers spiked together to make a rail eight inches square. The joints are 'staggered' in order to make the track continuous and give greater strength.

"Experience so far has shown that it exceeds any kind of road-construction in that section so far as economy is concerned.

> The road-bed and rails will cost not to exceed $5,000 per mile, making the cost of the entire road less than $100,000. It is estimated that the capital invested in the combined road and rolling-stock will not exceed $125,000."

When it is considered, notes Mr. Lerwill, that the construction of new highways through similar regions cost in the neighborhood of $50,000 a mile, it is easy to see the economy of the new road. There will be no fancy grades to increase the expense, as it is thought no difficulty will be encountered by leaving the rails only a little above ground-level. No ballast will be used on the road-bed. He goes on:


IN FACT THE SKILL THEY SHOW IN DRIVING A CAR IS ALMOST MIRACULOUS—

"WOMEN ARE BETTER DRIVERS THAN MEN"

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

> "The rolling-stock consists of flat cars with a capacity of about 20,000 feet of lumber each, drawn by a gasoline motor, which is something of a combination between a railway locomotive and an ordinary motor-truck. This car has a cab in the center in which the motor and control are built, and is itself used as a carrier. It is so geared that it will run with equal speed in either direction, making it unnecessary to turn around. A special device takes care of the difference in speed of the wheels on curves, making the ordinary automobile differential unnecessary.
>
> "The wheels have rubber tires and are held in place on the rails by a flange in much the same manner as the ordinary railway car. The flange is not a part of the tire but is a part of the wheel.
>
> "The machine is capable of running at a speed of 50 miles an hour. It will pull up a 25-per-cent. grade, altho the road is being held to a maximum grade of three per cent.
>
> "Another experiment with a wooden railroad is being carried on at King's Valley by the Cameron Lumber Company. This road is now in operation in logging, and may be regarded as having definitely proven itself a success. The mechanism of the King's Valley road is much the same as the one under construction to Junction City. The Cameron Lumber Company has been able to make a very substantial saving in the cost of delivering logs to its mill by means of this road.
>
> "By using two-inch material as a wearing surface for the rail it is possible to reduce the wear on the main rail to practically nothing. When the thinner material shows signs of wearing out it can be removed and other boards substituted with very little trouble, and does away with the necessity of repairing the entire rail."

WOMEN AS CHAUFFEURS

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION has announced that actual tests, conducted under scientific observation, have proved women drivers as competent, if not more so, than men. We read in the Kansas City *Star* that the tests were conducted by Dr. F. A. Moss of the Institute of Government Research, assisted by H. H. Allen, who is attached to the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Writes the Washington correspondent of the paper just named:

> "Two of the tests in which the women outscored the men are of particular importance, because they are among the primary factors that constitute driving ability. These are:
>
> "The speed with which the driver reacts to danger and takes steps to avert it, such as applying the brakes.
>
> "The consistency with which the driver responds in such a situation.
>
> "Not only did the women show a quicker reaction time, but they were also less variable. The groups tested consisted of men and women selected from the students of George Washington University, who had come from all over the country. Precautions were taken so that they averaged about the same as far as previous experience in driving was concerned.
>
> "'Judging from popular opinion,' Dr. Moss said, 'the reaction time of women might not be expected to be radically different from that of men. The experiments fail to substantiate this belief. The average reaction time of the ten college women was 0.56 seconds, while that of twenty-five men from the same institution was 0.59 seconds.
>
> "'Women also have been accused of being more variable than men, and the data is of interest in throwing light on this matter. The mean variability of the ten women students of George Washington University was 0.17 seconds, while that of the twenty-five men students was 0.22 seconds.'"

The apparatus used in the tests consisted of a car with two revolvers mounted on the under side of the running-board. One revolver was fired by the examiner as a signal for the driver to apply the brakes and the other was fired automatically when the initial motion to apply the brake pedal was made. The shells were loaded with red lead, so that when either revolver was fired a red spot was made on the road. The distance between the two spots, combined with the rate at which the machine was going, gave the reaction time. Said Dr. Moss:

> "Speaking of reaction time it is only another way of asking how long it takes the driver to apply the brakes or make any other necessary movement after he sees danger. The average time for fifty-seven individuals was found to be .54 of a second, some ranging as low as .31 of a second and some as high as 1.1 seconds. How important this time element is may be gaged from the fact that a person with a reaction time of 1.5 seconds in a car going thirty miles an hour will have traveled sixty-six feet from the time he sees the danger until he gets his foot on the brake. If he has a reaction-time of half a second the car will travel only twenty-two feet."

Dr. Moss attaches no importance to the popular belief that women are emotional, and therefore, liable to lose their heads in an emergency. He said:

> "There is no basis for the assertion that women are more liable to lose their heads. It is largely a myth that society has fostered by playing up the idea that women are expected to be emotional. There is no physical reason why they should be."

Superior strength is no longer a factor in favor of men in driving, we are told. Dr. Moss takes the position that the modern type of machinery is such that strength hardly is called into play and may be regarded as negligible, compared with speed of reaction and intelligence. He concludes:

> "Knowledge of the mechanics of a car is important, but there is no reason to believe that men are essentially better mechanics than women. It is just a question of their going to the trouble to learn. One only need mention their skill with the sewing-machine, on rifle teams and with the telegraph to show that the inherent aptitude is there."

DO WE SLEEP TOO MUCH?

IS SLEEP, TAKEN IN TOO BIG DOSES, a drug which dulls the intellect and fills the body with poisons? Dr. Fred A. Moss, professor of psychology at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., believes that this conclusion may result from data gathered by a test during which the experimenter and eight of his students subjected themselves to an ordeal of sixty slumberless hours. All of them, four men and four women, in perfect physical condition, we are told by the Boston *Globe*, emerged from the test apparently none the worse. Long automobile drives through the villages surrounding Washington, dances, singing, frequent and rigid examinations by university physicians, and attention to the routine daily tasks helped to while away the long hours. We read:

> "It required courage and tenacity, Professor Moss admits, to fight off the persistent demands of Morpheus; but after the first sleepless night, it was not so hard. Once routed, slumber was more cautious in its future approaches. At the end of the vigil, when they were free to go to their beds, none of the students showed any tendency toward prolonged sleep.
>
> "The tests will be repeated soon. Dr. Moss believes that they have opened up for both physicians and psychologists a research field of the utmost importance, and may have pointed the way to a definite lengthening of human life, even aside from the working and playing time which can be rescued from the oblivion of blankets and mattresses.
>
> "It is too early as yet, he says, to make any definite statement on the results of the tests. All those who took them have returned to their customary activities. The general results, however, seem to indicate that sleep is of little benefit to the mind, and that the only bad effects of prolonged sleeplessness are to be sought in the body, rather than the brain.
>
> "One of the unexpected conditions noticed was that the blood-pressure of every student dropt hourly after the first twenty hours, the rate of decline increasing quite rapidly as the vigil progressed. On the other hand, the capacity for mental activity as revealed by the auto parking and army alpha tests decreased very slowly.
>
> "That sleep is essential for the body, Dr. Moss admitted from the first. He is not convinced, however, that the customary eight hours of slumber is beneficial.
>
> "Dr. Oscar B. Hunter, head of the department of bacteriology at George Washington Medical School, discovered that the white corpuscles in the blood of the sleepless subjects increased sharply as the hours of wakefulness increased. Hitherto physicians have accepted multiplication of the white corpuscles to indicate the presence of infection. Now, it seems, it is an indication also of nervous strain or fatigue.
>
> "On the mental side, Dr. Moss found the notable fact that a man is able to stand sleeplessness no better than a woman. Subjects of both sexes showed about the same reactions at the end. One man of twenty-eight appeared to stand the test better than a youth of seventeen. But the boy returned to complete normality sooner, showing the recuperative powers of youth.
>
> "Food proved to be a factor. Four of the subjects went on an eighteen-hour fast during the test, and felt quite sick at the end. After a good meal, however, they were fully restored, to continue to the end of the ordeal.
>
> "Results which still are to be determined relate to the effect of caffeine. Those who are coffee-drinkers abstained completely. Those who never drink coffee partook of it in considerable quantities. Dr. Moss expects it to prove that coffee really has nothing to do with sleeplessness, in spite of the old-established idea that a cup before bedtime will keep the subject awake.
>
> "He figures that if a third of the customary sleeping time could be cut off, the individual could add five years of working time to the average life."

This may be all very well, comments the Philadelphia *Record*, but it is to be hoped that the general public will not be inspired to try upon itself any such experiments with the help of prolonging life by stealing hours that have ordinarily been given to the restoration of nature in a comfortable bed, for "it is probably true that some of us sleep too much; but it is equally true that many of us sleep entirely too little. It is a deplorable fact that Americans as a whole are entirely too wide-awake and therefore more nervous than they should be." The New Haven *Register* thinks that the results of the test explain in some degree the oddities of genius. It says:

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

SIXTY HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP

The Washington students who emerged from the test "none the worse" for it. They are, from the reader's left to right, first row: Lester Petrie; Thelma Hunt; Prof. F. A. Moss; Katharine Omwake; Robert Ward. Back row: William Middleton; Alice Haines; Louise Omwake and Washburn Monroe. The picture was made on the steps of the Arts and Science Building at the end of the test.

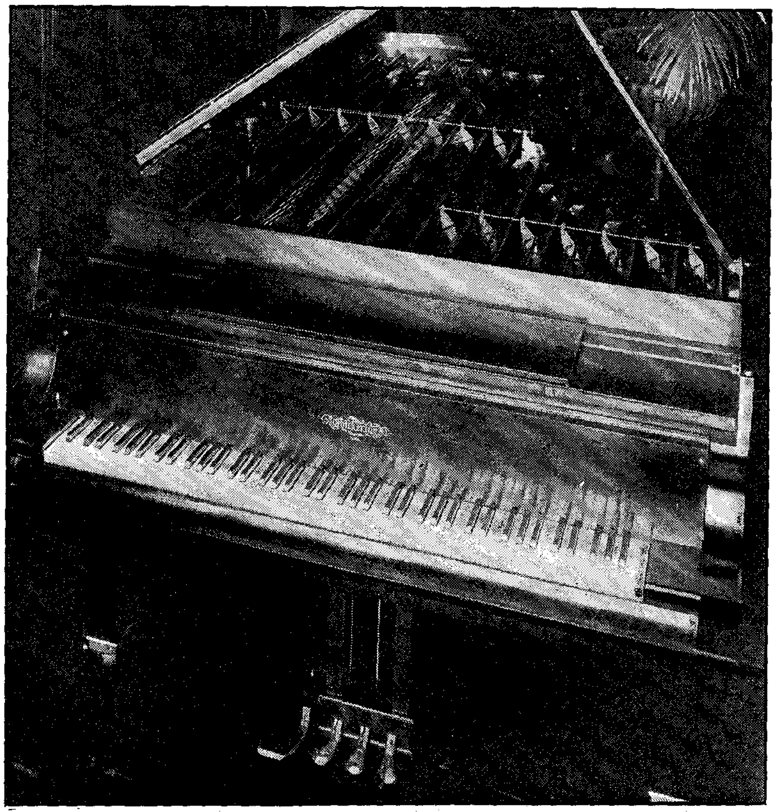
> "Writers and composers have been known to get their greatest inspirations in the times of wakefulness or in times of stress, and if the experiment at the George Washington University bears out the partial conclusion that the body and not the mind suffers by loss of sleep that conclusion would fit with the most modern psychological theory that the greatest height of the mind is reached only by a weakening of the body."

If the object of this test is to prove that we can all get along with much less sleep than we now take, or to reassure sufferers from insomnia that their health is not being endangered, some good may come from the experiment, thinks the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*. We read:

> "Thomas A. Edison has always been held up as the classic example of the needlessness of long hours of somnolence. Like Napoleon, he is said to be able to get along with only four or five hours of sleep in the twenty-four. But a recent interviewer tells us that the great inventor is accustomed to lie down for brief naps during the day whenever he can find the time. Probably Napoleon also did more or less dozing in odd moments. Indeed, it is said he possest the faculty of going to sleep in the midst of a battle for a 'cat nap.'
>
> "But most of us would be more grateful to the scientists if they could show us, not how to sleep less, but how to get a little more sleep during these nights of wide-open windows and neighbors who persist in letting automobile engines run to the accompaniment of stentorian conversations on the front porch. Not how to keep awake but how to get some sleep is the real problem."

A PIANO WITH ORGAN TONES

SUSTAINED TONES like those of the organ have been obtained in the pianoforte, through an invention made by John Hays Hammond, Jr., recently demonstrated at his home in Gloucester, Massachusetts. We are told in a special dispatch to the New York *Times* that professional musicians believe this to be the most remarkable improvement that has been made in the instrument since it was evolved early in the eighteenth century. Using a grand piano to which his invention had been added, Mr. Hammond obtained much of the sustained quality of a pipe-organ while retaining all the characteristics of the pianoforte. We read:



THE PIANO'S "MOST REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT"

The piano "with organ tones." We are told that "professional musicians believe this to be the most remarkable improvement that has been made in the instrument since it was evolved early in the eighteenth century."

"By the use of reflectors set inside the instrument and controlled by a fourth pedal it had been possible to build up a tremendous sonority and the tones might be allowed to escape with any degree of subtlety. In other words, unlike the notes in an ordinary piano, which gradually fade after being struck, those from an instrument fitted with the Hammond pedal may be sustained and even increased in volume many times. The results are so astonishing that experts feel the invention may result in a new type of musical composition.

"In describing the genesis of his invention, Mr. Hammond said that it gradually developed as the result of working for more than six years on the construction of a large pipe-organ in his home.

"The main elements of the pianoforte, he went on, have continued essentially unchanged since its invention in 1709. Sustained tone and power had been achieved by rigidity of frame and tension of the strings, which had been more than doubled.

"When a player hit the keys of a piano, Mr. Hammond continued, the resultant energy was strong enough to be measured in foot-pounds. In the ordinary piano once the keys were struck this energy could not be controlled by the player. It was impossible for him to build up tone and then allow it to escape as he might desire.

"To overcome this limitation, Mr. Hammond conceived the idea of reflectors which should cover the entire top of a sound-proof case. The reflectors are parallel revolving slats which can be opened or closed at the will of the player.

"Since the case is soundproof, the tone can be built up within the pianoforte and then permitted to escape at will. The action is a sort of acoustic regeneration, maintaining vibrations of the sound board for unusual durations of time.

"While any musician will be able to learn the use of the Hammond pedal, he will require much practise before he will be able to achieve the highest musical effects. Mr. Donahue, who has been working with Mr. Hammond since the first of the year, said that he was now able to use the pedal automatically. He added that he thought semi-unconscious operation of the pedal would be almost essential to its best use.

"A large number of well-known musicians, some of them conductors of symphony orchestras, have heard the instrument at Gloucester. All of them were enthusiastic, and one of them, Mr. Hammond said, enumerated the following qualities, which differentiate it so markedly from the standard piano:

"First, the increased sonority; second, its capability of maintaining as a straight dynamic line the effect of undying tone. In Bach's 'Passacaglia,' for example, it is able to hold the major melody while the accompanimental figures do not interfere with the sweep of the basic harmonies. In a word, it makes great organ music applicable to the piano.

"Third, the differentiation of melodic from accompanimental passages is produced through a psychological reaction. This is because while the percentage of change is the same in both, the melody is louder and so the effect is greater than in the accompaniment.

"The fourth advantage is the ability to open the reflectors with the dying of tone to gain the effect of a level tone. The fifth is its power to change the quality of the upper harmonics after the keys have been struck. In this way remarkable tone-color changes may be obtained.

"Mr. Hammond believes that while his invention will give a nuance and an atmosphere particularly fitted to composers like Debussy, it will be equally applicable to jazz. There will be a tremulando, and the piano will 'giggle' almost like a trombone.

"The inventor and his laboratory staff have also worked out a complete system for adapting the innovation to the automatic piano. Mr. Donahue will make a number of rolls which can be used on player instruments equipped with the pedal. While the reflectors may be installed on ordinary instruments, it is unlikely, Mr. Hammond said, that this would be done to any extent. He looked for a new type of piano which would inevitably, if gradually, replace the old.

"Of the invention, Josef Hofmann has written:

"'I have just returned from an extraordinary week-end visit to the home of a master musician, where I heard a piano demonstrated whose tones grow or die as the performer chooses. I heard volume increased, the tone once struck, and all this without altering the characteristics of the piano tone.'"

EVOLUTION STAYS IN THE SCHOOL-BOOKS—This, at least, seems the verdict of the publishers, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

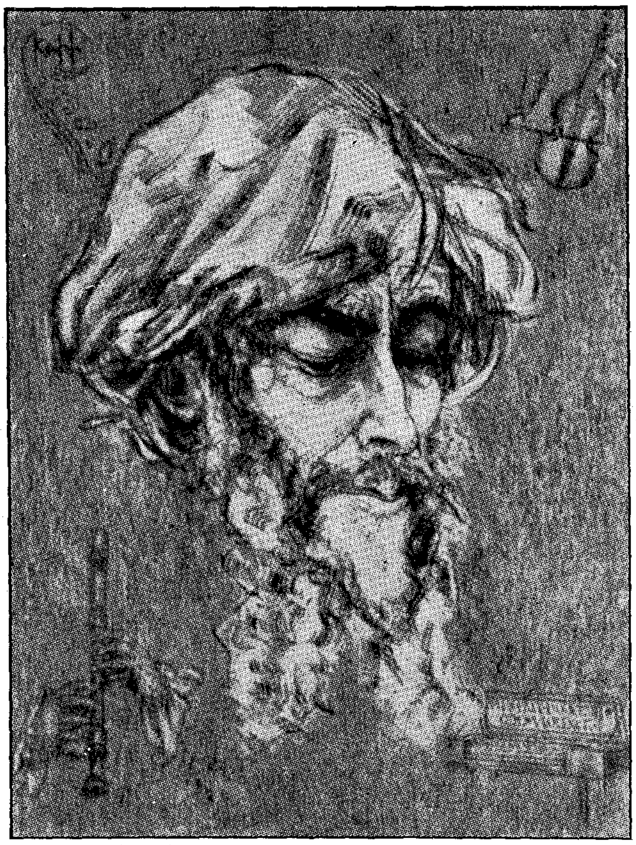
"In response to an inquiry from Science Service, addrest to thirty-five publishing firms, who among them supply the great bulk of the books used in American schools and colleges, thirty-three answered that they were making no changes in their texts to meet the demands of the anti-evolutionists. One large firm replied, 'We are not at present prepared to make any definite statement,' and one did not answer at all. None seemed willing to state that any changes were being made. One concern stated that in a new work intended for high-school use the matter was 'tactfully handled,' but that evolution remained in none the less. Others were more emphatic; answers like 'Certainly not,' and 'Anti-evolution has no standing with this firm,' were characteristic. A vexed question has been the possibility of getting out modifications of standard texts for use in regions where the anti-evolution feeling is strong. For the most part, the publishers answer with some variant of the statement of one of the largest producers of text-books for secondary schools: 'We are not preparing any special editions of our books for use in States where evolution teaching is prohibited or discouraged.'"

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

RESURRECTING MUSIC'S "GOLDEN PERIOD"

IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR—and therefore memories are dim—that Arnold Dolmetsch visited these shores and gave performances of old English and other music on old instruments. For us the harpsichord or the virginal are museum curiosities, the lute and the viol something to hang on the wall; but down in the English county of Surrey lives the Dolmetsch family, devoted to these old instruments which they make and play themselves, and the London *Graphic* calls them "one of the saving graces of this age." Tho this family lives in Surrey, they are said actually "to inhabit a world apart—a world wherein all activities converge to one point and are forced into the service of music." Besides making the instruments on which they play, they study the original texts and the original methods of interpreting the music they know so well how to appreciate. Miss Yvonne Cloud, who writes of this interesting group in *The Graphic*, shows how this naturalized foreigner has really recovered a lost English possession:



From *The Graphic* (London)

KAPP'S IDEA OF ARNOLD DOLMETSCH

Who has raised up a musical family, all of whom play on instruments of their own manufacture. Other pictures on following page.

"Arnold Dolmetsch, the Swiss-French father and master craftsman, has devoted himself to the single purpose of resurrecting—for the neglect it has received is tantamount to death and burial—the 'Golden Period' of English music, which was during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From that time to this we have been more or less content to shrug our shoulders and acclaim the foreign masters, and the process has so absorbed our energies, that we have had to wait for two centuries before becoming aware that our own early masters—Purcell, Byrd, Taverner and others—have in truth contributed to the finest musical achievements in the world.

"With an enthusiasm little short of fanaticism Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has created a real feeling for this national heritage of ours, by making faithful and exquisite copies of the early instruments, by scoring and arranging and editing the old manuscripts, by giving concerts and by establishing his delightful and energetic family in the renowned Haslemere home.

"Harpsichords, clavichords, lutes, recorders, virginals, viols—the entire musical equipment of that simple and musicianly period (in which, it is not to be forgotten, John Sebastian Bach flourished), has been reconstructed in the Dolmetsch workshop.

"Mrs. Dolmetsch, who is a sister of Sir Harry Johnston, the explorer and writer, is one of those women who really possess a touch of genius in their private lives. She has brought up and educated her four children, runs her household (which always includes a workshop assistant or two), as smoothly and economically as the most absorbed suburban housewife could desire, acts as secretary to her husband, and as agent for the concerts, plays every variety of viol and viola, dances the old measures, and is the most amiable hostess in the countryside.

"The children, Rudolf, Cecile, Nathalie and Carl, are, as one would expect, unusual in many respects. In piquant combination with their simplicity and oblivion to the many interests which absorb young people of their age more conventionally nurtured, is their perfect knowledge of foreign languages (French is always spoken in the home), and their even more profound and unique knowledge of instruments and music. The eldest son, who is eighteen, has already shown considerable gifts as a composer, tho, as is natural for his age and the atmosphere of his home, his original work is much influenced by the old masters whom he has studied for so many years. He is, however, undoubtedly the most talented executant musician in the family, playing with grace and technical faithfulness the recorder, the harpsichord and the viol; and also, it must be added, wielding the *baton* before his own little orchestra which has been recruited amongst the local *jeunesse* of Haslemere."

This year a festival was held in Haslemere Hall from August 24 to September 5, with all the Dolmetsch instruments on exhibition, and every evening a concert. These performances gave ample scope to the display of catholic appreciation and knowledge possest by this talented family. As in the London concerts there were curious and interested audiences:

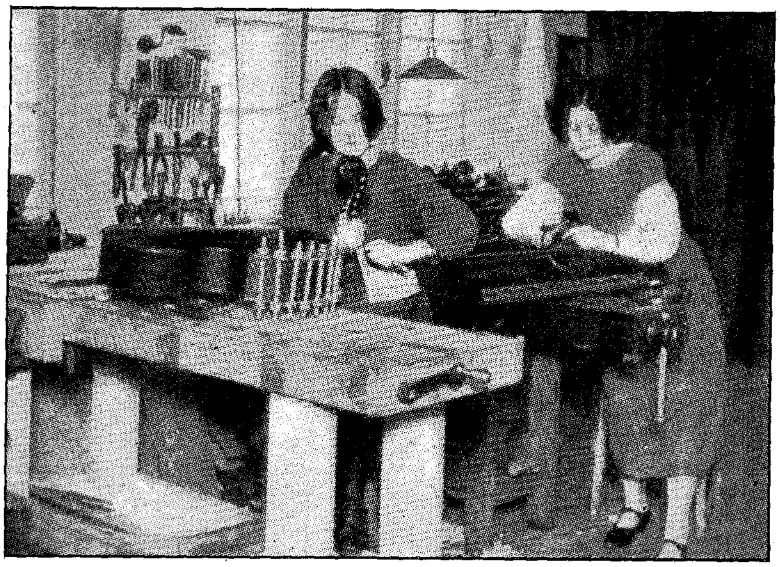
"Four were devoted entirely to English music of the period, four to Bach, one each to French and Italian works, one to Haydn and Mozart, and one to a mixed program. The music, of course, was faithfully rendered in the style and manner of the composers, and on the instruments originally intended.

"We are apt to regard a Dolmetsch concert as a 'quaint' occasion, and to let our pure enjoyment of the music be mixed with what one might term a literary appreciation, in which the critical and possibly even the humorous faculties are excited and kept alive. This militates against the real esthetic pleasure to be taken in listening to the simple beauty of this particular type of music. . . .

"Apart from Rudolf's spirited performances, the prestige of the annual Dolmetsch concerts in London rests very largely on their antiquarian interest, for, altho the music played is so rarely heard as to give extreme pleasure in itself, the actual cleverness of the performers is not exceptional. Altho the Dolmetsches understand what they play, and also the manner in which it should be played to a remarkable degree, they have no respect for virtuosity, and the untrained voice of Miss Cecile Dolmetsch sometimes, tho not often, rising above the instrumental 'accompaniments,' has given flippant critics a handle for ridiculing the earnestness with which the performers concentrate on the less pleasure-giving qualities of their concerts."

RUSSIAN ART SURVIVING

FRANCE HAVING RESUMED official relations with Russia, the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics is represented in Paris at the Exposition of Decorative Arts. To outward appearance their pavilion is "original" enough to satisfy the most exacting of modernists. What they exhibit, also, is sufficiently novel to Western Europe. In the pages of *L'Illustration* (Paris) occurs a résumé of Russia's artistic status, particularly as it is affected by the rise of the Soviet Republics. As a preliminary, however, we are told some facts which show that the new Russia never forgets its propagandist purpose. The inauguration of the Russian pavilion was undertaken by M. Krassin on June 4. The French Minister of Public Instruction participated, or, more exactly, he remained during the first part of the ceremonies, but some Communists by an untimely demonstration attempted to make the affair degenerate into a political gathering, despite the fact that this official participation had only been permitted in the name of art. M. de Monzie withdrew, but not before he had made an energetic protest. "It is thus that the Bolsheviks always have some surprize in store even for those who have shown them the greatest forbearance," observes *L'Illustration*, editorially. Before this "regrettable" incident occurred, the Soviet Ambassador, the organizer of the Soviet Exposition, M. Kogan and M. de Monzie defined the character of modern Russian art and pointed out the changes which it had undergone during the numerous social upheavals. This is the subject which M. Georges Loukomski treats most competently here. Among his other duties in the past he fulfilled the function of curator of the imperial palace of Tsarskoie-Selo. Quoting him:



THE WORKSHOP AT HASLEMERE

Where the Dolmetsch daughters are seen hard at work on strange seventeenth-century instruments. See the article on the previous page.

"Former Russian society, from the lowly squires, the 'boyards' (Russian noblemen) to the moujiks, always had a taste for art. Thus in the course of the centuries Russia had amassed veritable treasures of national art. Altho but little known by the Russians themselves, these treasures were carefully enough taken care of until 1917.

"Interest in Russian art of the past was shown particularly during the twenty-five years which preceded the war. Especially since 1910 there has been a galaxy of de luxe editions, of art reviews like the Starie Geody, with the collaboration of specialists such as Serge Massovsky and Baron N. Wrangelle, P. Heiner, N. Werestchaguine. Studies appeared on Russian art cities, on the castles, on the furniture, on the porcelain. Societies were founded for preserving art monuments, for archeological excavations. New collections of pictures, ikons, porcelains and cut glass were made by rich amateurs. Modern art also made immense progress, particularly the decorative art which certainly influenced the trends in art abroad, principally in France. One recalls the artistic revelation of the Russian ballets presented in Paris by Serge de Diaghileff. Russian music also made a conquest of the French public, altho the latter is very difficult to charm. In Russia itself, painting, architecture and the applied arts received a new and remarkable impetus.

"This species of renaissance in art was brought to an end, or rather slowed up, by the war. Nevertheless, the previously undertaken work of repairing and restoring historical monuments was not suspended. Publications dealing with different questions of art continued to appear. The painters, architects and sculptors, for their part, did not remain inactive, but continued to exhibit their works in numerous expositions.

"Thus one can say that the first revolution—that of February, 1917—found Russian art in a state of complete expansion. The destructive forces, which are inherent in all revolutions, were considerably deadened. The private enterprise of a group of artists, art historians and amateurs, under the presidency of Maxim Gorki, succeeded in carrying out effective measures after March 1, 1917, to forestall possible vandalism on the part of the mob. The most important of these measures, sanctioned by the provisory government, was certainly the transformation of the imperial palaces into national museums."

The Bolshevik coup d'état of October, 1917, and the insurrections which it everywhere provoked, however, resulted in some damage being done to certain monuments and works of art. But—

"Through a fortunate chance the damage was not very important and did not prove of irreparable character. The Winter Palace, which suffered most, did not contain any first-class works of art. On the other hand, it was possible to repair later the effects of the bombardment of Moscow, Kiev and Jaroslav. The specialists who took charge of this work profited by it to make a deep study of the damaged monuments. Admirable frescoes of the twelfth century were brought to the light of day at the Cathedral of Dmitri, at Wladimir. Ikons were discovered in Moscow, frescoes at Tchernigoff, etc.

REHEARSAL

'Cellos, viol-da-gamba and such absorb the Dolmetsch family in the open-air concert-room at their quaint home in Haslemere.

"In the meantime the Government itself created special commissions for preserving the palaces and museums at Petrograd and in the great centers as well as near the former imperial residences. The work which they accomplished is considerable. Not only did they succeed in saving from destruction and pillage the historical relics and works of art, of which they had assumed

> the guardianship, but they also undertook and carried to a successful conclusion a general census of the works of art contained in the palaces: pictures, furniture, porcelains, etc. This task, which was meticulously carried out, revealed the existence of a quantity of rare objects which had been forgotten for many years. It was thus possible to preserve in a perfect state the imperial palaces thus transformed into museums. Even the personal apartments of Czar Nicholas II in the Alexander Palace at Tsarkoe-Selo underwent no changes and suffered no damage. The Commissions also interested themselves in the private museums, palaces and hotels. Those among them which possest historical interest, or which contained interesting collections, were transformed into museums and placed under official protection. Thus were saved the palaces of the Counts Scheremetieff, Strogonoff, Bobrinsky, Schouvaloff and others at Petrograd, Ostroukhoff in Moscow and Khanenko in Kiev."

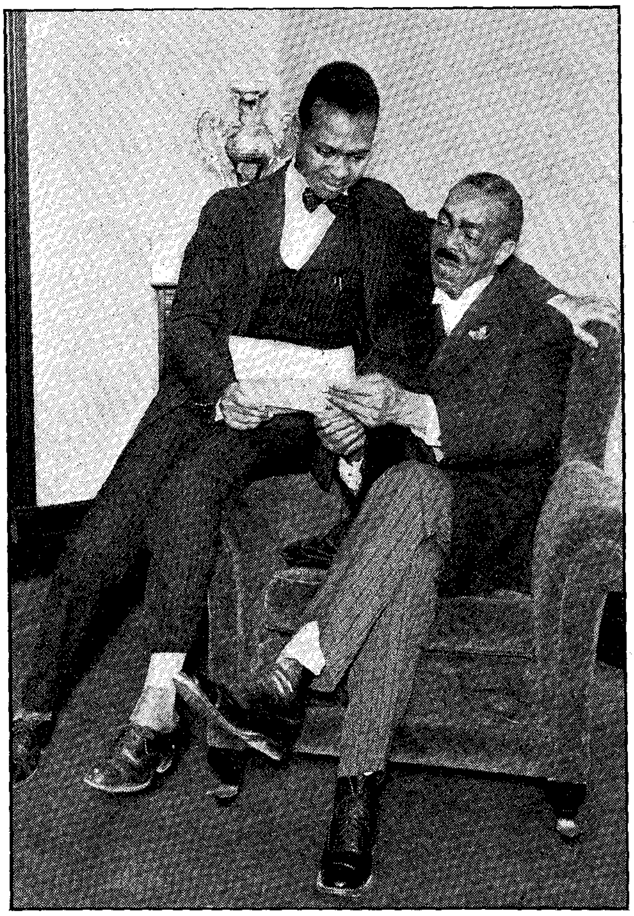
While acting as guardian of the art heritage of Russia, says Mr. Loukomski, the Bolshevik Revolution in revenge exercised a less happy influence on the development of modern art:

> "Times of political troubles are generally unfavorable to artistic inspiration. The Russian Revolution was no exception to this rule. The new masters of Russia, who thought to create an entirely new state, a new society, a new morality, naturally gave their preference to artists who were following the ideas of a new art. It was thus that the first years of the Soviet régime witnessed the multiplication of the futurists, the 'suprematists,' the 'constructivists,' the 'no-subjects,' at the risk of smothering all other less turbulent manifestations of modern art. It was a time of unrestrained propaganda through the picture, the advertisement and the billboard. On the occasion of revolutionary festivals, the cities covered themselves with strange decorations which stupefied the populace. Statues in plaster, in stucco and in wood grew like mushrooms in every corner of the streets. Fortunately for art, all these Karl Marxes, these Lasalles, these Rosa Luxembourgs, these Ouritzkys, defaced by the rain, disappeared very rapidly. They were childish in their execution and unhealthy in their inspiration."

THE NEGRO AS AN ARTIST

THE NEGRO AS "A POSSIBLE ARTIST" has never before excited such acute interest, says one of their number, Mr. Countée Cullen. "Literary, musical and theatrical doors are opening for him at the touch of the knob." What the negro is to jazz and dancing needs no explaining. In the higher forms of music there is Roland Hayes and latterly Marian Anderson, who was the only singer chosen out of some hundreds of contestants at the auditions for appearances in the Summer Stadium Concerts. She drew one of the largest audiences and acquitted herself with honors and applause. Mr. Cullen himself is a recent prize-winner in the field of poetry; but he writes of all these things with just a touch of skepticism. "With some people this interest is a fad, transient as Mah Jong or any other momentary escape from boredom. With others it is a serious attempt to delve into a mine of rich and varied ore." Of the latter, Mr. Cullen counts a book from the University of North Carolina Press on "The Negro and His Songs," by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. It is done, he says in *The Survey* (New York), with "a scholarly acumen for detail, and a dispassionate notation on the specimens." Mr. Cullen's own comments also indicate a point of view:

> "Since even the most cultured and emancipated negro can not plead absolute dissociation from his Southern brother, however fettered, and since these songs are indigenous, root products, chips from the rock out of which the race was hewn, they may be taken broadly as an index to the race life with the emphasis on the South. The negro's inherent tendency to sing at all times, as well as his earnest, heart-and-soul performance, is proverbial; and so a careful analysis of these songs furnishes light on the race not otherwise to be gotten. When the Southern unlettered negro sings in that low mournful tone with which he has made the modern 'blues' songs so completely his own vehicle—
>
> You hurt my feelin's but I won't let on
>
> or when he announces, less elegantly but more forcefully—
>
> Got de blues but too damn mean to cry
>
> his complaint assumes larger proportions than a personal attitude. He is voicing in his limited and untutored way a wholesale race reaction to oppressive conditions. The racial stand of bearing and forbearing, with the silent determination to overcome, is no less clearly exprest by him than by those who put their trust in modern princes, in religion, and the arts.
>
> "Negroes, whom distressing conditions and daily disillusioning experiences have made extremely bitter, are often heard to say, with more than a surface significance and with no reservations—'A white man is a white man every time.' To those of us who harbor a belief in the divine fatherhood and human brotherhood such a doctrine is disturbing. The same thought, less poignant and apt to be overlooked in its comic setting, is in the Southern negro's song,
>
> Well, it makes no dif'unce how you make out your time,
> White man sho' bring nigger out behin'.
> If you work all the week, and work all the time
> White man sho' to bring nigger out behin'.



P. & A. photograph

A NEW POET

Countée Cullen and his father, the Rev. Frederick A. Cullen. The son lately won the Spingarn prize for poetry produced by a Negro.

> "The singer is aware of conditions against which he can not effectually protest, but finds satisfaction in showing there is no wool over his eyes."

The section of religious songs is naturally larger than the others, and considering the appeal which the "spirituals" make in current concerts, Mr. Cullen's comments are particularly interesting:

> "It is to be doubted that the African ancestors of the American negro worshiped their pagan deities with the same zest and credulous dependence that the transplanted negro bestowed upon the Christ whom he so completely took over to himself. Man, whatever his pigmentation, seems scarcely ever as religious in prosperity as in adversity. So the Southern negro, once having adopted the Nazarene, keeps Him and His commandments to the letter, since emancipation for him has been really no more than a change in nomenclature. The Northern negro is, in general, less religious for the obverse reason.
>
> "This observation is by no means to be taken as critically destructive. Whatever emotional attraction the negro has lies

in his religious intensity, which keeps him from becoming apathetic under the enervating influences of too intense a civilization. Moreover, the negro's finest esthetic and artistic properties seem to spring from this fountainhead. The young negro writers of to-day owe much of their heritage of color and sound, of dramatic sensitivity, and rich imagination to these very properties in the Southern negro's sacred songs. If the spiritual fire of the shoutin' Methodists and Baptists, to which two sects most negroes both North and South belong, can evoke such a vivid picture of conversion as:

My feet got wet in de midnight dew,
An' de mornin' star was a witness too,

or so subtle an innuendo as:

You may talk about me just as you please:
I'll talk about you when I git on my knees,

a safe conjecture would be that Jean Toomer's color and dash, the severity of Claude McKay's denunciations, the white heat of Walter White's intense novel, and surely much of Langston Hughes's abandoned fervor, hearken back to this enthusiasm. And modern jazz, with its verve and high-pulse beat, is negro religion turned into another channel.

"Of course, it is an extreme gesture that the negro makes when he sings (probably with a bulging cheek):

Give me Jesus,
Give me Jesus,
You may hab' all dis worl'.

"Mr. Odum and Mr. Johnson find that there are more vulgar songs among the Southern low-type negro than among other people. If this be true, a layman's apology for it, or explanation, may be suggested in the fact that people under severe strain often find relaxation in a good round of cussin'—not necessary, but apparently natural. And barring the Israelite, with whom he so often identifies himself in his songs, the negro surely bears the palm of ill-treatment.

"The fear has been exprest that the negro spirituals are passing deathwards. Such an apprehension need give little concern. The negro considers these songs his most precious gift to the American artistic field, and if he frowns upon them at all, it is when they are too elaborately tricked out in an artificiality that robs them of their sturdy simplicity. These songs interpret the negro's life with the accuracy of an index-finger, and not even the most violent alterations of superior art or jazz shall completely subdue them."

The negro literary renaissance is not confined to New York, tho, naturally, since so many negroes from the South have come to live here in recent years the stimulus of city life has brought out more literary expression here than elsewhere. Upon this the New York *World* comments:

"Seven hundred negro writers and artists competed for the Amy Spingarn prizes, awarded at a Harlem meeting under the auspices of *The Crisis*. It was not the only occasion in recent months when eminent white authors have joined in praising the fruits of the new negro literary movement. Older writers, like Stanley Braithwaite in criticism, Du Pois in the essay, James Weldon Johnson in poetry, rose to distinction slowly and singly. But since 1920 there has come forward a group remarkable for its vigor, originality and racial flavor. In fiction it includes Jessie Fauset and Walter White, whose novels, 'There Is Confusion' and 'The Fire in the Flint,' are able studies of race problems. In the short story it has produced Jean Toomer. It counts such poets as Claude McKay, the Jamaica-born author of 'Harlem Shadows,' and two of the Spingarn prize-winners Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes. These and others are gaining the negro a recognized place in contemporary letters.

"In this literary movement New York may feel a special pride. We have 175,000 colored residents packed into the Harlem district, or 100,000 more than in any Southern center. Here a people whose American history till a generation ago was exclusively rural have been given the stimulation and cultural advantages of the metropolis. They have now a number of their own intellectual, social, and financial leaders to guide them. The response to the new environment is already striking, and promises to affect the negro all over the United States. Other arts—music, with Burleigh, Roland Hayes and Nathaniel Dett; the stage with Paul Robeson—have welcomed negroes, but perhaps naturally they find their fullest voice in literature."

BABBITT BOILING HOT

THE BABBITT HAS TURNED; he wears his colors with pride and defies the intellectual to prate his worst or show anything better in the way of achievement. *The Nation's Business* (Washington) started it in the June number and followed it up in July by a call to arms, urging the "Babbitts" to take the insult no longer lying down. The writer, Mr. Harper Leech, drew up a series of indictments against the intellectuals who have made merry over his habits and foibles, his "money-grubbing," his "go-getting," his Rotarian interest in the home-town, his lunches mingled with addresses on uplift. Mr. Leech called time and then exhorted Babbitt to stand up for his rights. "In this country," he declares, "muckrakers for money lie about business with impunity day after day, year after year. Does business display any organized resentment?" The answer:

"Not that you can notice.

"If business, big or little, expects to wield permanently any political influence commensurate with its importance in the social scheme, it will have to quit taking insult 'lying down.'

"The politician, noting present conditions, can form only one conclusion—that business men are not a good bunch to tie to.

"The political boss who fails to stand by his friends ceases to be boss, that's all.

"The discerning young man entering public life as politician or publicist soon finds that there is a better chance for political preferment in demagogy than in frank dealing with disagreeable facts, and more money in muckraking than in constructive discussion of public problems.

"If he turns to fiction and drama, he will find it thoroughly permeated by the spirit of Babbitt-baiting. If he reads the serious reviews and the current output of books dealing with economics and politics, he will find the same tone dominant. From the platform and pulpit he will get the same notes. He can not fail to observe that the money of rich men and women is freely given to causes in harmony with this literary and intellectual trend.

"When will business learn to stand together, to meet organized attack with organized attack? When will the business man no longer submit smilingly to the kicks of the Babbitt-baiters?"

This, then, is the grievance. But we find that all Babbitts are not equally grieved. One of them signing "R. S. H.," gives some of his reflections in the September *Nation's Business*, also accepting the badge and wearing it with something like pride:

"Somehow I had failed to read 'Babbitt' when it was a popular best-seller, but after reading Mr. Leech's article and the editorial in the June *Nation's Business*, I decided that I must know something more at first hand of this gentleman.

"I started in to read 'Babbitt' feeling that at the end I might see a great esthetic light and come out hurling my Rotary button from me and denouncing the Chamber of Commerce and all its works. And here I am, convinced that

'I want to be a Babbitt,
And with the Babbitts stand.'

"I found that I rather liked that fellow *Babbitt*. There were a lot of things about him that I didn't like, of course—and it was these things that Mr. Lewis, who has a pretty gift of caricature, thrust forward. Between and behind these traits, tho, there are a lot of things about the man that were engaging, and some that were downright admirable.

"After all, the character of the original *Mr. George F. Babbitt* is no longer an issue. His name has become merely a convenient tag by which the scornful intellectual may save his intellect the strain of real examination and analysis of American business and the men who run it. It is so easy, you know, to dismiss the whole thing with a languid word—'Oh, he's just a Babbitt.'

"It is a curious fact that the American business man has allowed the men who believe, passionately and without discrimination, that the world is all wrong to somehow impose upon him an inferiority complex. He has accepted, meekly and without question, the disagreeable implications in such phrases as 'business is business,' 'money grubbing' and now 'Babbitt.' Unhappily for a lot of Babbitts, they have tried to conform themselves to the views and wishes of our best little circles of intelligentsia."

There is something of bitterness in the retort made in Babbitt's behalf in the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The intellectuals know that the business man is an inferior order of human animal, full of bromides and platitudes, whose mental operations are fully contained in 'yours received and contents noted.' He is a Rotarian, a Babbitt, a 100-per-cent. American, a go-getter, able to handle dollars—an operation which seems to be attached to hopeless imbecility—but otherwise juvenile.

"The intellectuals can find something to respect in proletarian thought. They would have more use for a convention of piano-movers than piano-makers. A business man's gathering is rated as something which enables the men to pin red ribbons on themselves, laugh vacuously, call out 'Come up to room 410, Bill. We have everything,' and try out new golf courses.

"If the business man enters politics, he is a sinister influence. It is orthodox pink doctrine that no business man could be interested in politics except to try to corrupt government for his own gain. In this he is always Big Business. Then the public should climb telegraph poles or hide out in the brush while the reformers go gunning and bring in the hide for the barn door.

"In his family life the business man is an old fogy to his children and a check book to his wife. He is something that fusses when the kids have the cars out all night, knocking down the concrete traffic posts, when daughter comes home at 3 A. M., and when a basket of empties is cleaned out of Reginald's dresser. He is something that eats breakfast by himself to get to the office by 8:30, and makes the servants sore by getting them up.

"If he with other business men try to arrange sports for the public, they are brutes, and the women tell them so. To the drys they are scofflaws who keep the rum-runners and bootleggers busy and prosperous.

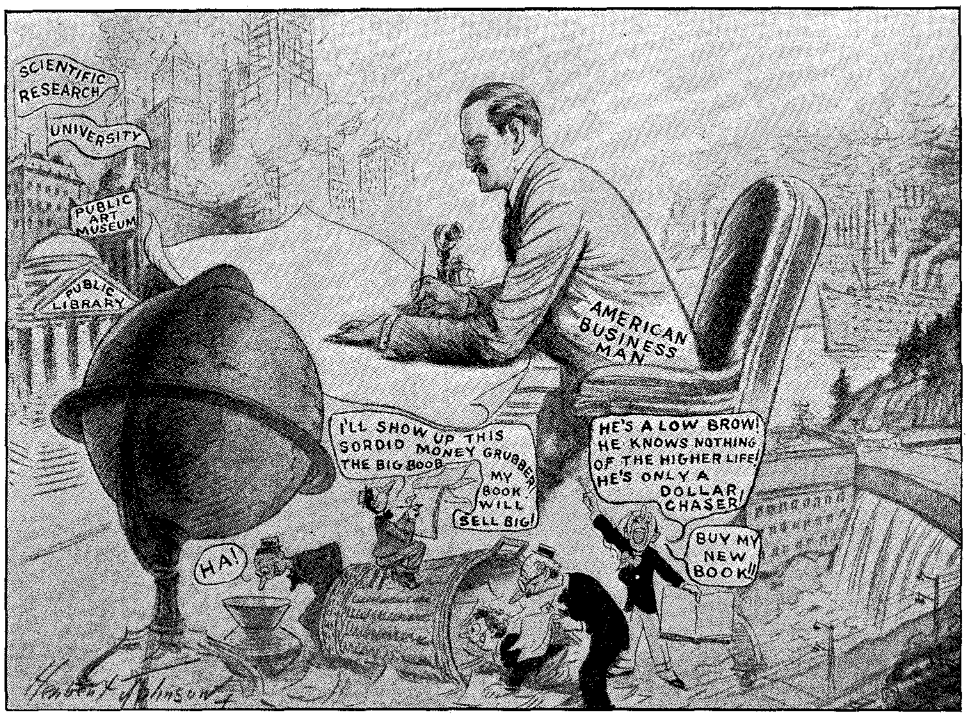
"If there ever was a human worm viewed from various angles, it is the business man in this country. And when he isn't a worm he's a reptile, and he can pay his money and take his choice. He has been letting this go on because he is too busy to defend himself. He has to be busy. He has the whole country resting on his shoulders, and if he weakens everybody is miserable. He keeps the country going. He endows the schools which produce the intellectuals. He provides work which buys the shoes, the steaks, the house furniture and the automobile. He builds cities and gives agriculture a market for its produce, just as he gives it the tools of its trade. He is why the farmer is not living on just what he raises and getting his clothes off his own sheep and traveling on his own feet or behind his own horses.

"When he gets sick he makes a doctor rich for life, and he endows the hospitals and the laboratories, and makes it possible for science to keep other people from getting sick. He promotes invention and sends out all the machinery which makes life comfortable and enjoyable. Yes, he commercializes everything and makes it possible for it to exist, even the theater, and particularly grand opera. His reward is a mandatory chair in a box and a bill at the jeweler's.

"He builds and fills art institutes and libraries. He pays most of the taxes, and is roundly cussed out as a tax-dodger. He supports charity and is called soulless.

"If he were not what he is the people of the country would be taking in each other's washing for a living or trying to sell shoe-strings on the curb, and they would not have any clothes to wash or any shoe-strings to sell.

"Nevertheless he will continue to get his whenever he expresses an opinion or lifts a finger. It's probably a good thing it does not worry him much."


SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH
UNIVERSITY
PUBLIC ART MUSEUM
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN
I'LL SHOW UP THIS SORDID MONEY GRUBBER! THE BIG BOOB
MY BOOK WILL SELL BIG!
HE'S A LOW BROW! HE KNOWS NOTHING OF THE HIGHER LIFE! HE'S ONLY A DOLLAR CHASER!
BUY MY NEW BOOK!!
HA!
Herbert Johnson

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THE GIANT AND THE PIGMIES

—Herbert Johnson in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Echoes of the battle reaching England cause the writer of the "Londoner's Diary" in *The Evening Standard* to deliver a little stroke at Mr. Lewis:

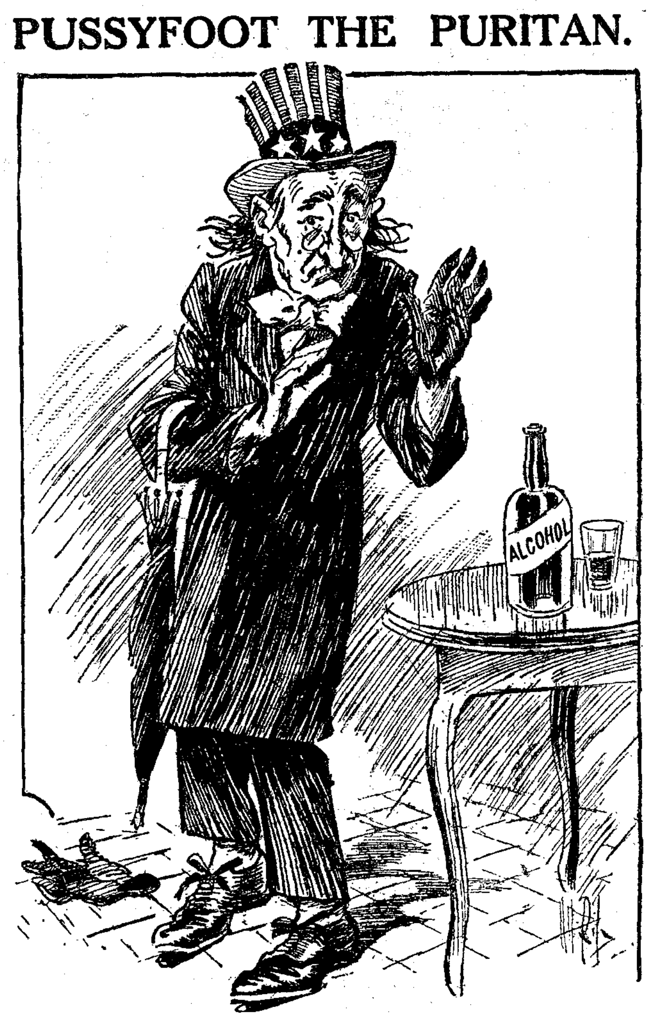
"This battle between the literary men and the business men of America is an extremely interesting phenomenon, symptomatic of a kind of sociological self-consciousness in a people whose social types are developing and changing with great rapidity. But it is not, I think, a very embittered struggle, else why should the business men, as they obviously do, buy Mr. Lewis's books?

"He himself is not without business instincts, and no one who has seen him at work on a novel, complete with eyeshade and typewriter, can fail to be struck by the contrast between this efficiency and the traditional methods of literary composition."

THE COVER—The art of the Netherlands declares itself at once on a glance at the picture carried by this week's cover of THE LITERARY DIGEST. The painter is a Belgian of the last century, tho the subject of his work here harks back to the best period of Flemish art. Hendrik, Baron Leys, was born in 1815 in Antwerp. He began his study of art in his native place, but later went to Paris where he came under the influence of the French Romanticists. From here he went to Holland where he produced pictures after the manner of the Dutch genre painters. This was not enough but he must spend certain years also in Germany, absorbing the influence of Dürer and Cranach. He stood high in his native city, and his death, on August 26, 1869, was marked by universal mourning. A statue was erected to his memory on the Boulevard Leys. To him is attributed the revival of the national art in Belgium by the return to the ideals of old Flemish and Dutch masters. "He was a fine colorist and a good draftsman," says the art editor of the "New International Encyclopedia," "in his first style, showing delight in careful detail, while in his second style, his work is as severe in outline as the paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with the simplicity of the early Flemish and German masters, even to their faults in drawing."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A BRITISH THRUST AT AMERICAN RELIGION



BRITISH RIDICULE OF THE AMERICAN PURITAN

"'Tis not the *drink* I object to, my brothers.
"But I hate the *pleasure* it gives to others!!!"
—*The Morning Advertiser* (London).

A SLAM AT AMERICAN RELIGION by *The Church Times*, the leading "Anglo-Catholic" organ of the Church of England in London, is keenly resented by *The Living Church* (Milwaukee, Wis.), recognized as representative of the High-Church wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. *The Church Times* in a two-column editorial characterizes American religion as Puritanism that has allied itself with Capitalism. "This American Puritanism," we read, "with its Calvinistic tradition and Methodist emotionalism, has probably been less affected than any other form of Christianity by modern ideas. Like the old Calvinists it still holds that God is chiefly glorified by hard work and money-getting, and that to restrain social pleasure is a sacred duty." Prohibition and the "unintelligible" war on evolution, according to this editor, make the English imperialist begin to suspect America; "once we have rid our minds of the illusion that America is in any sense of the word an English country, our relations with her may become more friendly, and, in any case, we may learn some useful political and religious lessons from the developments of this strange people."

Remember that the English stock of colonial New England "very strongly stood for the Puritanism that England in the main rejected," culminating in a "mad panic of wholesale demonism and witch-burning," continues this expositor. Mixed races brought in varieties of Protestantism; the Church of England was established in aristocratic Virginia; but Puritanism endured as the real religion. "At the very time when the colonies were slipping from English rule, Methodism also made its entry, and gave to American Puritanism its emotional character and its corybantic rites of which the Holy Roll Jazz is a modern example. Few of the elements of culture that we associate with Catholicism or Anglicanism ever penetrated into America in the days of its formation."

The Civil War and the great European immigration which followed it, we are told, changed America in many ways. Capitalism made gigantic strides, and in estimating the forces of Puritanism allied with it, we read:

> "It must be remembered that, as Mr. Nickerson has pointed out, the Methodist and Baptist denominations in America consist of unlearned people. 'Even their ministers are usually uneducated.' On the other hand, they are, he allows, 'industrious, zealous and devoted,' and they wield great influence. The immigration into the land of millions of foreign Catholics has only affected these men by way of repulsion, and many of them are allied with the Ku Klux Klan against it. For liberty these ministers care nothing at all. They have for too long a time been in power to remember the days when their forefathers in another land were an opprest minority. Like all Puritans, they believe that by the police force the world can be regenerated. It must also be remembered that this American Puritanism relies for its influence with the masses on the crude methods of revivalism. Coarse emotional oratory from the pulpit, drilled processions of women and children, added to the dollars of the capitalists, won the South to Prohibition. Against these forces, the more cultured elements in American society are powerless. Before the Civil War the 'Quality,' which was anti-Puritan and Episcopalian, ruled in the South. It has now, so far as political influence goes, collapsed before those whom America describes as the 'hard-shell' Baptists, and 'shoutin'' Methodists."

Now the Tennessee trial shows that a new situation has arisen, in which *The Church Times* sees "old-fashioned Puritanism, flushed with its victory over the liquor traffic, turned on Darwinism," and from this state of things—

> "The first lesson is that America has little in common with England politically or religiously. To speak of her as a sister and Anglo-Saxon nation makes us ridiculous. The other lesson is that America is struggling to develop on religious lines which to Europeans are incomprehensible. We must watch for what may be a tremendous issue."

The Living Church replies vigorously that this British contemporary's final repudiation of any kinship between England and America "works both ways." If there is little in common, politically, religiously, culturally, "then be it so. In some respects this is a severe indictment of England." For, as we read,

> "America has ideals that, obviously, *The Church Times* does not share. She has problems that, obviously, *The Church Times* does not understand. She has a history in which *The Church Times* is curiously misinformed. At least our peculiar American brand of culture is such that an editorial such as this relating to a friendly foreign nation would be impossible in any American journal of high repute. Our peculiar American brand of religion is such that we do not tolerate the creation of Christian bishops by mandate of Jews, infidels, or heretics. As for our moral standards, we wish they were higher; but we are not altogether ignorant of the standards of other nations, and American

influence in the counsels of the nations on the side of morality has generally not been secondary to that of any other nation; witness the international conferences on opium last year."

It is a view of little men, according to *The Living Church*, that sees in Americans an inferior brand of Englishmen, bound to reproduce English life. This paper says further, that in the *Church Times* editorial "the amount of error included is colossal, and the entire perspective is a caricature." We read:

"That no witch was ever burned in New England or elsewhere in America, tho perhaps twenty were barbarously executed at Salem and vicinity, is thoroughly established. For an editor in the land in which witches were executed by the thousands to cite the twenty executions in New England as peculiar to a distinct and inferior form of civilization is to tread on rather delicate ground.

"Even the American experiment in Prohibition is an adventure in seeking to promote social and economic betterment which large-minded men, sympathizing with its purpose, tho they may deem it a mistake, must necessarily view with respect. A great nation limiting its own liberty in the interest of promoting the welfare of the whole people is, indeed, a new thing in world history. Let *The Church Times* be a little cautious how it seeks to withdraw Anglo-Saxon sympathy from this experiment, and let it bear in mind that America claims exactly the same right to interpret Anglo-Saxon culture that is claimed by Englishmen. The culture of the race is not their exclusive possession.

"If American Puritanism, which was wholly of English creation, was unlovely in many of its aspects, as we suspect it was, so is that English Toryism which lost the American colonies in the eighteenth century, and, a century and half later, has still not learned why. Americans undoubtedly have national ideals and even a national culture that are entirely their own. Some Englishmen, splendid in their understanding statesmanship and intelligent sympathy, are glad to claim kinship with the men and women of these ideals."

"AMERICA FIRST"—IN LEWD LITERATURE

THE PUBLISHING AND READING of salacious magazines in America have increased to such an extent, we are told, that this country bids fair to take the lead in lewd literature away from France. Some scores of short-story magazines, it is said, are exploiting strictly sex emotions with a libidinous appeal that constitutes a grave social problem. To stem the tide of this pornographic output, and to stop it entirely, if possible, a conference of reform organizations, women's clubs, literary societies and government law-enforcing agencies to attack the problem is said to be under tentative consideration by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Writing in *The Clipsheet* of the Board, Mr. J. Frank Chase asserts that the combined yearly circulation of twenty of the largest magazines which devote their pages to exploiting sex comes to the huge total of 55,560,000 actually published. The average copy sold is read by four persons, according to the opinion of large distributors, writes Mr. Chase. Hence, he tells us, it follows that there are in all human probability 222,240,000 readings of sex-thrill magazines in the United States each year. He goes on:

"We have called these 'libidinous.'

"We mean by libidinous just what the Latin word *libido* means. It is an excitement of the lower physical passions. The behavioristic psychology maintains that every thought has a physical response.

"'The test of obscenity is the tendency of the matter charged to awaken lewd and libidinous thoughts in the minds of the young and inexperienced into whose hands the publication might come.'"

Some progress in suppressing magazine salacity has been made, especially in New England, by the Watch and Ward Society, which was able to keep from circulation the sex-thrill magazines a year before "the revulsion came which has swept from Washington, D. C., to Spokane, Washington, and found a response in every State in the Union, eliminating the sex-thrill magazines from thousands of the news-stands." Scarcely a day goes by, we are told, that a well-equipped clipping-bureau does not find from fifty to seventy-five clippings from newspapers throughout the country treating the subject editorially. Already some of these salacious magazines have gone out of business, says Mr. Chase, and everywhere their circulation has been reduced—

"But the reform will not be lasting and effective until it is taken up by the Federal Post-office at Washington, and the preventive remedy of the Federal law is applied.

"The Postmaster-General has the right to issue 'stop orders', denying the use of the mails to indecent magazines. He does not need to wait for a prosecution. He can issue a 'stop order' as soon as he is convinced that the matter printed is illegal. If his order is not obeyed, he can proceed to prosecute for 'depositing obscene matter in the mail.'

"The whole weakness of the present situation is that the post-office waits for a criminal case to be decided, and then, if there be convictions, issues a 'stop order.' When the case has gotten through the courts it is relatively useless to issue a 'stop order.' The opportunity is gone.

"The post-office is losing a mighty opportunity for good by reversing the order of the remedies set out in Federal law, viz., the preventive remedy and the punitive remedy. First let them apply the *à priori* 'stop order,' and then the court prosecution; where now they apply prosecution, and later the *à posteriori* 'stop order.'

"If we can concentrate on the post-office and induce officials to use the wise provisions of Congress which have been on the law books for forty-six years, the indecent assault upon the growing imaginations of our boys and girls will be checked for all time."

Paris used to hold the palm for pornographic periodicals, writes Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*. But now, he tells us, there are in this country more outspoken periodicals than any to be found in Paris or London. Figures he has obtained from news-dealers themselves, says Mr. Kent, prove his statement; and he tells us:

"In one small city in Ohio, of approximately 25,000 inhabitants, out of 110 weekly and monthly periodicals on sale, sixty-eight were either out-and-out devoted to 'sex stuff,' or were so close to the border-line as to be almost over it. In another city of the same relative size, 1,800 copies of a single monthly, devoted exclusively to sex experiences, are sold of each issue. It is the biggest single seller of them all, and, says the dealer, 'mostly to women.'

"Then there are a whole flock—fifteen or twenty—monthlies of the 'Hot Dog,' 'Red Pepper,' 'Whiz Bang' type, which add to the suggestiveness of the French a coarseness and vulgarity that are entirely American. All of these periodicals are openly and frankly pornographic. They carry no advertising and are shipped to the dealers by express, so as to avoid going through the mails. They are of the type that have to be read by stealth and hidden in the desk.

"The significant and alarming feature, however, is the extraordinary way in which these publications multiply. The more there are of them the greater the demand. It is apparently not possible to satiate the appetite of those who buy and read them. No better evidence of this is needed than the fact that since January at least a half-dozen new ones have made their appearance on the stands. A look at the shelves in a well-stocked news-store these days, in any American city, big or little, makes you want to apologize to the French for the things you have thought about them. As fast as one of these little things gets out and on its feet, another one is launched. At the present rate there will be a hundred of them in a year. The principle upon which they operate, apparently, is that there is no such thing as sex satiety in literature.

"The rapid and remarkable rise of these publications—it has all occurred within the past eighteen months—is certainly the most sensational development in the publishing business on this side of the water in the last five years. Yet it has seemingly attracted little attention either from the daily newspapers or from the decent magazines. It is an unenviable distinction, but we do seem to have taken the lead in lewdness away from the French. It is not a pleasant thing upon which to reflect."

TEACHERS AS PEACEMAKERS

"SCHOLARSHIP HAS NO RACIAL EARMARKS," being neither white, yellow, brown, nor black, and from the world's vast army of teachers much may be hoped for in promoting world peace. And, in fact, this is the aspiration of the international educational conference recently concluded in Edinburgh. History, geography, literature, the arts and sciences, are the same the world over. Only the methods of teaching them differ, and the educators, as their actions and resolutions are interpreted by the Rev. Walter W. Van Kirk in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), have come to realize that the foundation of international peace must be laid in the schoolroom. The Edinburgh conference was reported day by day in the press, and Mr. Kirk has summarized its deliberations in brief.

"HAVING EYES, SEE YE NOT?"

By Norma Hendricks

I WONDER why God made the trees to bend,
Never unmoving, rhythmic with the wind.
Men's pillars, rigid rock laid end on end,
Are still and dead. But glad trees and their kind,
From quivering aspen leaf to tallest pine,
Are breathing deeply, breath on breath with God.
What fools we are! In doubt we beg a sign,
When all about us, even in the clod
Of earth beneath our feet, God's bared heart throbs.
The whole world's holy ground, but we tramp past
With booted feet, scornful and scoffing mobs
Of clay, blindly rejecting to the last.
God moves upon the surface of the deep,
And man but stirs a moment in his sleep.

—*The Christian Century.*

But first as to a few facts. In 1923, we are told, the National Education Association of America called together a world conference of educators in San Francisco. A temporary constitution was adopted, and the delegates entered into a covenant with God to cooperate for the elimination of racial and national misunderstandings. It was decided to meet again in two years. That first biennial meeting took place in Scotland's capital. The World Federation of Education Associations had become a reality. Thirteen hundred delegates from at least thirty nations heard President A. O. Thomas declare in his opening address, as it is reported by Mr. Kirk:

> "Education has become a cause. Its purpose is the same in all countries. If we would have a thought of the well-being of the future, we must weave the right sort of environmental influences around the children and teach them the virtues the world needs. Whatever we would have appear in the life of the nation, we must first put into our schools. While we are each of us vitally concerned in the advancement of our own country, we must of necessity be interested in the advancement of all. Just as invention and discovery have brought the world into small compass and developed a community more highly sympathetic, so we must establish and abide by international, social, commercial, and diplomatic traffic rules.
>
> "This necessitates an international attitude or mode of thinking which we call the 'international mind.' The peoples of the earth must now live together, and we, the teachers of the world's children, must prepare them for these new relations. This does not mean that the new world citizen must be unmindful of his own country, that his patriotism must be discarded, any more than by making a man a good neighbor would require a man to forget his own family.
>
> "We as teachers must do our best to develop in the hearts of the rising generation the spirit of brotherly love and the attitude of the good neighbor. We must practise the Golden Rule among nations as among individuals. We are the keepers of the young and can direct their interest and their attitudes. The greatest problem before the world and the aim most devoutly to be wished is universal and perpetual peace. Education would be a 'slacker,' were it not willing to do its part."

These declarations, writes Mr. Kirk, were received with spontaneous and genuine applause. "The cultivation of international friendship through the functioning of truth had become the order of the day. Heresies and superstitions, all the pet theories of the blind and the mad reckonings of trouble-makers were one and all to be dragged out into the open and ridiculed into silence." As their deliberations are "boiled down" by Mr. Kirk, these educators decided that—

> "Boys and girls, from childhood until maturity, were to be shepherded as citizens of the world. Divisive influences were to be minimized. The forces that unify were to have a prominent place in the text-books of the future. Universal elements in the study of history, geography, literature, biography and the arts were to be made available to the school-children of every land. Greatness was to be construed in terms of character and service to the world brotherhood. The halo of history was to be transferred from the head of the militarist and placed with reverent hands upon the head of the benefactor. International correspondence among the children of every land was to be encouraged. Exchange of students and teachers was to be developed on an unprecedented scale. All these activities were intended to promote understanding between peoples of different races and nations. The philosophy underlying the whole conference was that where mutual understanding was fostered, the danger of armed conflict would to a proportionate degree become increasingly improbable."

Every resolution, we are told, embodies as its chief objective the fostering of international friendship through education. In the field of international relations it is declared that "the World Federation of Education Associations is of the opinion that it is the function of teachers to help their pupils to realize that the world is a unity, that nations and peoples are interdependent, economically and otherwise, and that true nationalism is not inconsistent with true internationalism." When the teachers of every land are animated in their teachings by such a lofty idealism as this, comments the writer, the future can not but hold a large measure of promise. Mr. Kirk, who seems to have been struck by the absence of political and credal divisiveness at the Edinburgh gathering, and by its whole development toward an international perspective, says that one of the most significant actions of the entire conference was the adoption of the "Herman-Jordan Peace Plan." This plan provides for the creation of a number of important commissions whose inquiries will be pursued under the authority of the Federation. Of the program, Mr. Kirk tells us:

> "One commission will investigate the present teaching of history the world over, reporting also on text-books used, their virtues and their delinquencies from the standpoint of international amity, and stressing the need that history, whether elementary or advanced, should be just and true so far as it goes.
>
> "Another commission will consider the possibility of a continuous effort to commit the visible influence of the Government of the United States to definite activity in behalf of peace by means of a Bureau of Conciliation in the Department of State, or a Peace Council connected with the same department. A similar effort, it is understood, will be made in every other country. The cause of peace will then become one of the official major concerns of organized government.
>
> "Still another commission will attempt an answer to the question 'Is war a cosmic necessity?' Inquiry will also be made into the 'standing incentives to war,' and the relation between 'preparedness' and the frightful recurrence of military conflict.
>
> "The investigations of these commissions will prove vital to the cause of peace. When the conclusions thereby reached are incorporated in the language of text-books and taught to each succeeding generation, the possibility of peace on earth will pass into the realm of the practical.
>
> "All hail to the educators of the world for what they have done and still promise to do for the advancement of international friendship and good-will! The day of human brotherhood draws nearer and nearer."

Good soup -

It almost goes without saying that people eat soup because they like it. But don't overlook the fact that you really want soup because you need soup.

Soup quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion. Eat soup every day if you wish to get the most enjoyment and the most benefit from all your food.

See how a delicious plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup gives a new sparkle to your dinner tonight!

The pure tomato juices and rich tomato "meat" strained to a fine puree, blended with fresh country butter, seasoned with delicate nicety by Campbell's chefs.

What a wonderfully appetizing start-off for the meal!

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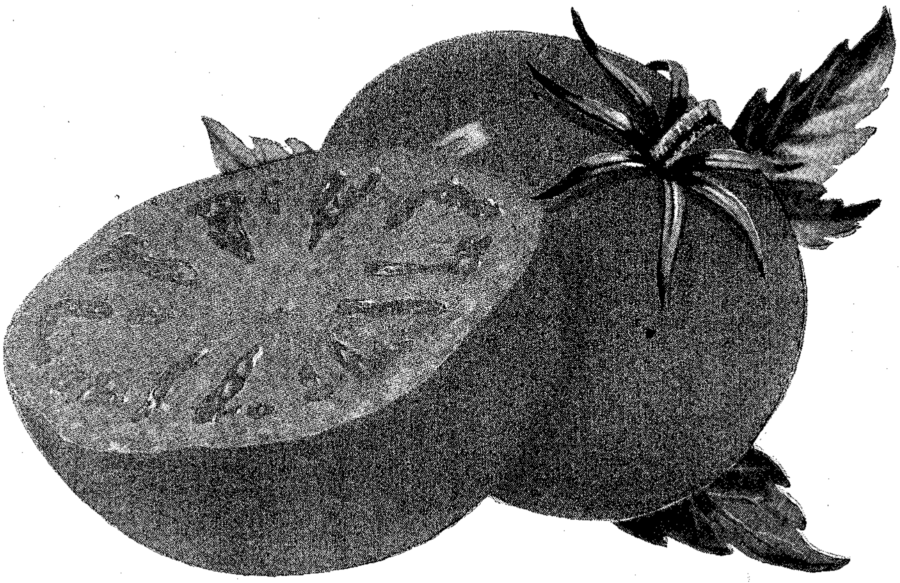
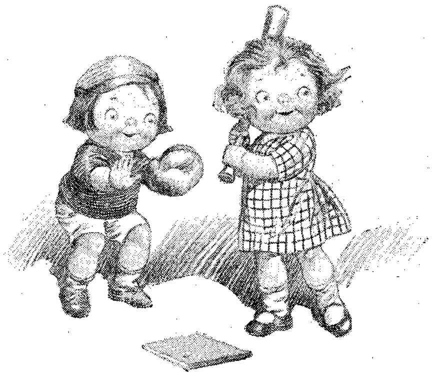
Good appetite -





Here's a happy exhibition—
Campbell's Kids in competition.
Ribbon winners in nutrition—
"Soup for you" is their ambition!

Good health!

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

ENGLAND appears to be forgetting and forgiving, and renewing her old sentimental love for things German, as *The Nation and the Athenæum* furnishes evidence.

GILES VON BOCHE

By Helene Parry Eden

We bought him in St. Giles's Fair,
A kindly, rollicking, bold-furred bear,
With a twinkling eye (you never saw merrier)
And a sandy jowl like an Irish terrier;
And Dinkabel said, as the gypsy's hook
Fished him down from the stall's top line—
In response to her long and speaking look
Of sheer cupidity—"Giles is mine."
"Giles," of course, for the famous fair,
And then "von Boche" for his place of origin,
For although the owner of such a bear
Would properly be the last to forage in
Her favourite's past, in Giles's ear
They had placed a ticket discreet to confirm any
Doubt of his provenance, printed clear,
And the text of the ticket was "Made in Germany."
And all the way home we framed the story
Of Giles's youth in a blaze of glory:
His forebears, famous in fight and song,
And his parchment pedigree nine miles long;
The quarterings wrought on his cradle quilt
And his little porringer parcel-gilt;
The diamonds set in his brush and comb,
And all the delights of his ancient home
Whence the gypsies stole him, the rightful heir,
To sell him to us in St. Giles's Fair;
His father fierce with his shining saber,
And his nurse's lullaby (air by Weber),
And the mother who still bewails his loss
In a turrety, tapestried Rhineland Schloss
Set in hills of fantastic shapes
With a beautiful vineyard full of grapes.
And Dinkabel said as the talk sped thus,
"Do you think, as our house is so very much less, it is
Fair to expect him to live with us?"
And I said, "If his heart is as soft as I guess it is,
You have only to hold him as close as you do
And gaze at him still with eyes equally blue,
And he'll stay and be glad of the barest necessities."

* * *

Bear necessities, what they be
Nobody knows, but this I see
That Giles of the Rhine has settled down
In a small stone house in a small stone town,
An affable bear in a woollen *béret*
And a tassel-tied coat. Becoming? Very!
And men who fought on the Marne and Aisne
Wink at the Hun come back again,
In the guise we knew him ere blood and bluster
Tore and blotted the tranquil picture
In the present century's third sad lustre.
Who shall threaten or contradict your
Right, my Giles, to a mild prosperity
In the gentle lap of a new posterity
To whom hymns of hate are a crime unthinkable?
Stay then, and gladden the eyes of Dinkabel,
Little and sweet, who loves every hair of you—
Surely our land can put up with the pair of you!
And if, at Geneva, Peace looks lonely
And sighs, a-weary of wise orations,
We will lend you both (but for one week only)
To plead her cause with the League of Nations.

Adventure Magazine provides a kind of *raison d'être* for itself and its popularity in this:

ADVENTURE

By Harold Willard Gleason

His desk is by a window; just a streaky patch of sky
That frames the smoke of ferry-boats and squat tugs drudging by.
But now and then his dim eyes glimpse a gray gull poised on high.
Forgotten then the ledgers dull, the cob-webbed desk, the strain
Of deathly daily drudgery; and through his eager brain
Sweep images of whitecapped blue; free breezes' wild refrain;

The magic of a deck aslant; the sting of salty spray;
The witchery of moonlight's gleam across a palm-fringed bay;
The tinkle of a temple bell in languorous Mandalay;

The flash of knives in narrow streets; the buzz of thronged bazaars;
The rhythmic swing of chanteys roared by bronzed and carefree tars;
And then—the creaking office-door restores his dungeon bars.

All day he chips malignant rust from anchor-fluke and chain,
Obeys the will of hazing mates, nerves dulled with drink and pain,
And ever-luring visions pass across his aching brain;

A cottage with a rose-framed door; a buxom red-cheeked wife;
A patch of ground to putter with, a sheltered job "for life,"
A haven from dread sun, chill rain, from Tyrant Ocean's strife;

A corner in a quiet inn; cool drink; old friends, to stare
Wide-eyed at tales of brawl or storm; clean sheets; grain-scented air;
The glamour of a city's streets; the market-place; the fair;

The lowing herds at evensong; the twittering lark at dawn—
And then a hoarse voice hurls him back, and bids him labor on. . . .
And thus Adventure calls to man—Fate's puppet and life's pawn.

Something too much of gloom pervades the poets; optimism is a discarded vesture. As our duty is to reflect "current poetry," we can not omit this in *The New Republic*.

DISINHERITED

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

I

Back of the stately mirror and its gleam,
A dim projection of that ordered house,
He saw, clairvoyantly, the rotten beam,
Heard mortar crumbling and the busy mouse.
A film of dust, impalpable as mist,
Gathered on balustrade and chandelier;
Time was for him the grim antagonist,
Ever alert, whose other name was Fear.

Sitting one winter night before the fire,
He heard the spiders whisper as they spun:
"Another web! Another web begun!"
He heard a myriad enemies conspire
Against his House, and least of those who spoke,
The worms gave thanks for so much seasoned oak.

II

It was a useless battle that he fought.
Bedded in Utrecht velvet, moths grew fat;
The silver that a master smith had wrought
Turned into pewter, and the wine went flat.
Nobody cleaned the mirrors any more;
Mice, bolder than the candle glimmer, wove
Their lacy patterns on the polished floor,
And all that feeds on dissolution throve.

Looking beyond those walls, he saw crash in
The ancient universe that had been built
On the secure gentility of gilt,
Of grace and lineage and self-discipline—
A laggard who had asked the world to wait,
Whose only sin was Being Born Too Late.

Fears arising from within instead of assaulting from without form the theme of this little dramatic lyric, in *The Lyric West* (Los Angeles):

FEAR

By Jennette Edwards

"Aren't you afraid to stay alone
In a house so high on a hill?
The wind must come rattling the doors
And shaking the window's sill."
"No, I am not afraid."

"Oh, peddlers and tramps roam the road
(They fill my heart with dread):
Have you not heard of these evil men
And of girls they have misled?"
"Yes, I have heard."

Then viewing the family portraits,
My elderly visitor sighed:
"Once they dwelt here," she rose to go,
"But all of these have died."

A tramp knocked on my kitchen door,
I gave him a bit of bread:
"May God and Mary bless you!"
Were the evil words he said.

The wind raced round the hill and the house,
I laughed at its blustering:
Winds try to be obstreperous
When the earth is quick with spring.

Now a redbird clung to the window-pane,
He pecked with quaint delight;
He flew away, then back again
And pecked 'til I came in sight.

I read a book, I baked a cake
To help the day to pass;
But always I heard the redbird's beak
Tiptoe the window's glass.

The sun climbed over the top of a hill,
The west was a bright brocade;
Only the redbird stayed with me,
Dear God, I was afraid!

There is a rather quaint conceit here about kings and poets. Poets hardly need envy kings, and few kings, we venture to think, in spite of David and Solomon, envy poets. But the London *Spectator* is responsible:

CROWNS

By W. H. Davies

Love's touch is soft, and Death
Is gentle, when he takes
A sleeping child's light breath,
Before it wakes;
But neither Death nor Love
Moves softer than I move.
Great is my ecstasy,
Till generous I
For common pence have sold
The world my purest gold.
No man that's blind
Has ears more quick to hear;
No man that's deaf and dumb
Has eyes more sharp and clear.
No wonder then that kings,
Envying the man who sings,
Aspire to wear his crown
And scorn their own;
No wonder kings aspire
For crowns not made of gold,
Which—though Time's born a thief—
Escape his hold.
Two kings have won—
David and Solomon.

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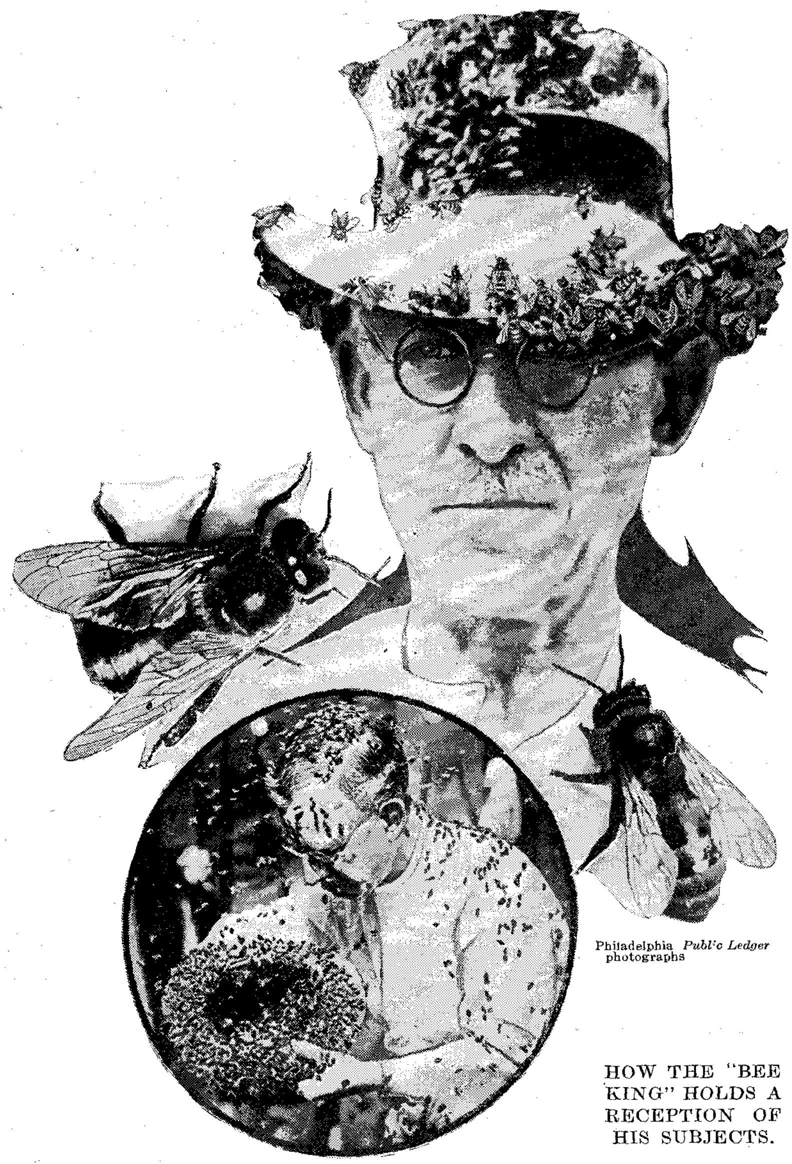
PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

THE MAN WHO WEARS A SWARM OF BEES IN HIS HAT

"JUST CONVINCE THE BEES of your good intentions, and they can be handled as safely as kittens"—such is the formula prescribed by E. R. Root, "the Ohio Bee King," who has astonished audiences all over the country by his success in training those fiery insects to make their stingers behave. Among important organizations before which he has appeared with his swarming pets, we learn, are the American Entomological Society, the California Horticultural and Bee Society, and the Chicago Bee Keepers' Association. Moreover he has used his honey-makers to illustrate lectures that he has delivered for fifteen years at Ohio State University, and recently he made a triumphant Chautauqua tour with the busy little buzzers. Also Mr. Root is an acknowledged authority on bees and honey, we are told in an article by Eva H. Clark, and "in recognition of his services to the apiary world has been made vice-president of the Apis Club of England." And he edits a magazine—*Gleanings in Bee Culture*. It is related that he "has washed his hands in hundreds of bees," and that "he has often put them nonchalantly in his mouth." Miss Clark adds, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:* "And all without incurring their enmity!" We read further:



Philadelphia *Public Ledger* photographs

HOW THE "BEE KING" HOLDS A RECEPTION OF HIS SUBJECTS.

Persons frequently criticize the bee exhibitions given by Root, saying that his bees are especially prepared, or doped.

"I finally met the challenge one day," smiled Root, "by offering to handle the worst bees that could be found in the State. A bee man was found who said that his bees the day before had 'et him up.' I demonstrated to the audience that I could handle even these with bare hands and face."

Just before a lecture given at Barberton, Ohio, it was announced that Root would give the Kiwanis Club, before which he spoke, a dollar for each time he was stung. A colony of very wild and vicious bees was brought in by a local man, and Root handled and tamed them.

"And the result?" I asked.

"I was not stung by the 'vicious bees' at all," quietly returned Root. "I didn't lose a dollar."

"But how do you account for all the bees returning to you just when you wish?"

"Oh, that!" Root's eyes twinkled. "When the other bees fly into the air, the queen bee remains in the box. The bees fly around and start to swarm. When I see they are about ready to return to their container and to their queen, I simply wave my hand. But the bees return to me because they miss their queen, not because I wave my hand. However, to handle 5,000 bees before the footlights without a cage and without any one getting stung is in itself a trade, as you will find out if you try it."

Another stunt of Root's is to "feed" the bees. He makes them form in line like a lot of little pigs and they quickly lap up the syrup which he sets before them. They consume a half pint in fifteen minutes. After the meal Root caused the bees to dance, a thing which they will do after feeding. "The dance," Root said, "is a joy signal to their fellows."

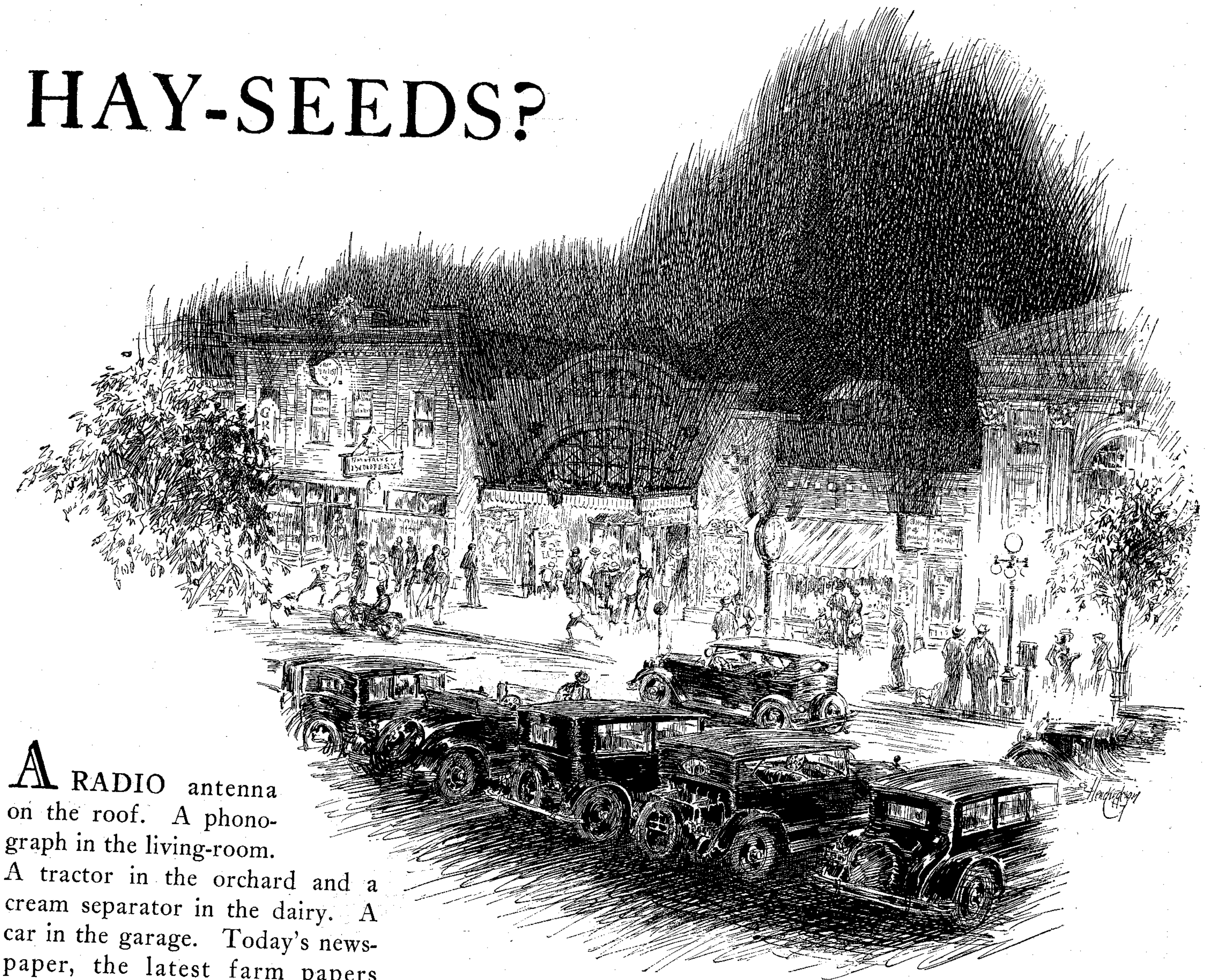
Only once, we are told, has the bee-master's confidence in his protégés been betrayed, and that was under unusual circumstances. As we read:

Some time ago he was lecturing at Cleveland, Ohio, and, following his usual custom, he asked that some one in the audience lend him a hat. "I did this," explained Root, "because some one would have been sure to think there was something tricky about the hat had I used my own for the stunt. There was something peculiar about the hat which was handed up to me, however, and I knew as soon as I saw it that I was in for it. For the hat was old and soiled and the band inside was badly streaked with perspiration. However, I had to go through with it, so I put the hat full of bees on my head and no sooner was it on than I felt what was like a hundred little pin pricks in my scalp. Bees are cleanly little creatures and they were only resenting, in their own way, what we human beings would have disliked very much could we imagine ourselves in similar circumstances. They did not like the odor of the soiled hat. Never again have I used any one's hat but my own for that particular stunt."

During his lifetime study of bees and their habits Root has learned that queen bees are rather like women of the human species in some respects. "For instance," he explained, "two queen bees do not get along peacefully in the same hive at the same time. Mother and daughter may, however, live together peacefully for some weeks, but mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, never. When two queens get to fighting they not only try to sting each other, but they will pull each other's hair in real woman fashion."

Bees as well as women, it appears, lay great stress on the little

HAY-SEEDS?



A RADIO antenna on the roof. A phonograph in the living-room. A tractor in the orchard and a cream separator in the dairy. A car in the garage. Today's newspaper, the latest farm papers and the new magazines on the table. Electric light. Labor-saving stoves and churns. . . . Looks like the farmer has been to town, doesn't it?

But that is only half the truth, for the town has gone half-way to meet the farmer. The small towns along his roads are growing steadily, under his patronage. The main roads into cities are becoming cities themselves. He is no longer isolated. Paved highways link him to his neighbors, to modern schools and first-class stores. Hundreds of thousands of farmers now drive to the movies in less time than it takes a New Yorker to get from the Bronx to Wall Street.

Channels of trade distribution that once ended in the larger towns, are now extending in every direction. The farmer is now a prospect for practically every product common to the metropolitan market. His purchases are high in quality and modern in style. His credit is good. His business is valuable.

There are six million farmers. There is more money invested in farming than all other industries combined. Advertising that carefully considers the preferences and limitations of this market has proved extremely profitable. And its value as a base for future selling is incalculable. For the farmer has only begun to break free from his environment. Secure his confidence today and you will fortify your trade-mark with a protective circle of conviction that will resist tomorrow's competition. A protection that will stand, to use the farmer's own expression—"horse-high, hog-tight, bull-strong."

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formalities of convention. It is seldom, according to Root, that a strange queen bee can be liberated in a queenless colony without being formally introduced.

Much like the splendor of Old World courts is the dignity of ceremony and pomp which attends the queen bee in her palace. For around her sits a group of worshipful worker bees, always facing the queen. These ladies-in-waiting usually consist of the younger worker bees and their duty is to wait upon their sovereign.

Many other interesting facts are cited by the bee king. A queen bee can lay her own weight of eggs in one day, says Root. She will lay, in the first two months in the spring, from 300 to 1,000 eggs in a day; and in the next month, or just before the main honey flow, she may average 2,000 eggs, and on some days 3,000 eggs. Thus, strange as it may seem, a single queen bee can be the mother of 100,000 workers, or undeveloped females, in a hive. If the old bees did not die off at the age of a month or six weeks in the height of the honey flow, she might have twice that number.

The temperament and habits of bees, and the economic law under which the hive is governed, are then touched upon. We are told:

There are three kinds of bees in a hive—the worker bee, the queen, and the drone. The worker bees gather honey, nurse the young bees and do all of the housework around the hive. The only function of the queen is to lay eggs and so produce new bees. Quite useless would be the drone, for he does no work at all, were it not for the fact that he mates with the queen. He brings in no honey, and so might be called a consumer and not a producer.

Bees realize that the drone is somewhat of a parasite, so they have adopted the policy of Capt. John Smith, who said, when some of his Jamestown colonists refused to do their share of the community work, "Those who do not work shall not eat." For after the main honey flow the drones, or male bees, are always killed off by the bees themselves, unless the hive is queenless or has an unmated queen.

Contrary to general opinion, the sweet water which the bees gather in flowers is not honey. It is called "nectar" by bee-keepers. Honey itself is the nectar of flowers gathered, evaporated and modified by the bees, Root told me. Nectar, or the sweet as it is found in the flowers, is chemically the same as cane-sugar; but when the bees store it in their combs, and seal it over, it is then real honey. It consists of what is known as invert sugar, or about equal parts of levulose and dextrose, which means that it is in a form so that it can be absorbed without change into the human system.

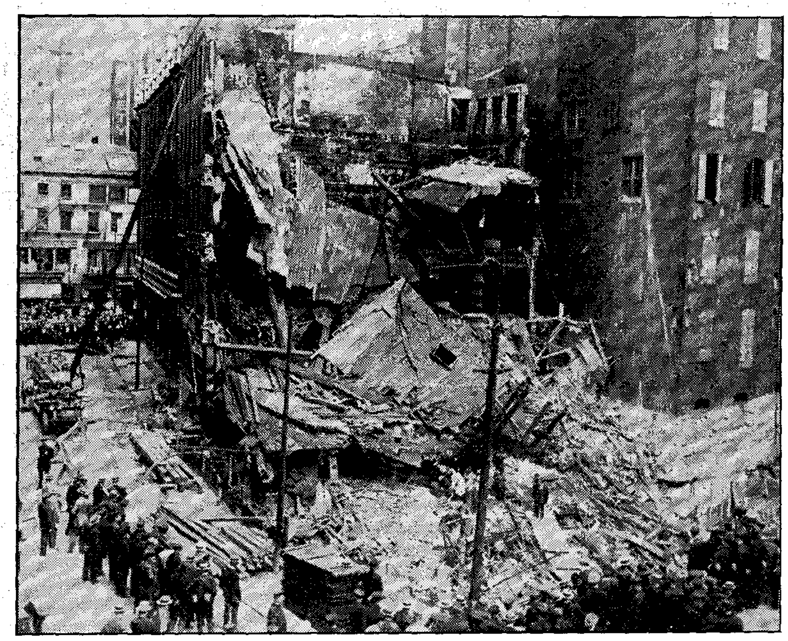
"Then," I remarked, "according to what you have just said, bees do not gather honey, they make it. What do you mean when you say that the bees evaporate and modify the collected nectar?"

"The transformation of nectar into honey is a most interesting process," replied Root. "When a bee returns laden with nectar it may rest for a while or roam about the hive a bit. Finally, however, it deposits the nectar in a cell. When the afternoon draws to a close the bees have what is called 'a period of fanning'—that is, they spread themselves out over the comb and fan the air with their wings. This causes the air to circulate through the hive and so evaporation of the water in the nectar is secured. When the evaporation of the water content is accomplished, the heat created by the bodies of the bees cures or ripens the stored-up honey. Unless the bees plan to eat the honey at once, they then seal over the cells full of the sweet liquid.

Actual weighings, the "Bee King" declared, have shown that "it takes about 20,000 bees to bring in a pound of nectar, which is about four times the bulk of honey."

ON WITH THE "CHARLESTON!"

"THE DANCE THAT DEMOLISHED a building," as some writers name the "Charleston," has received the approval of the Dancing Teachers' Convention, in session recently at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. Against it was quoted the accusation that its stamping rhythm had caused the disastrous collapse of the Pickwick Club in Boston, whereby forty-four people were killed and many injured. Following that catastrophe, the Boston building department received a request from the Mayor's office to issue an edict barring the "Charleston" from public dance-halls. But the extraordinary popularity of the new favorite among dances was not abated, we are told, by its presumed guilt of the Pickwick Club slaughter. "Practically all dance teachers in New York and other cities of the East," we read, "are forced to teach the Charleston." One teacher is quoted as saying that "while she did not greatly relish the Charleston, she thought a modified form of the dance, minus superfluous jazzing, would add life to an occasion," and that the Charleston "was distasteful to her only as it is danced by very young and overexultant flappers." In an article syndicated by the International Feature Service we read:



International Newsreel photograph

WAS THIS BUILDING "STAMPED DOWN" BY "CHARLESTON" DANCERS?

A view of the wrecked Pickwick Club, in Boston, after the collapse that cost forty-four lives and a large list of injured.

From coast to coast the "Charleston" has caught the country swaying to its curious rhythm. No dance, since jazz first came into vogue with the "bunny-hug" and the "turkey-trot," has created such a furore. Enthusiasts ecstatically stamp to its syncopated measures, while others, equally in earnest, denounce it. But the controversy that is carried on everywhere concerning this latest mania has failed to stem its tide of popularity. America is "Charleston" mad.

After recalling the facts of the Boston tragedy, the article continues:

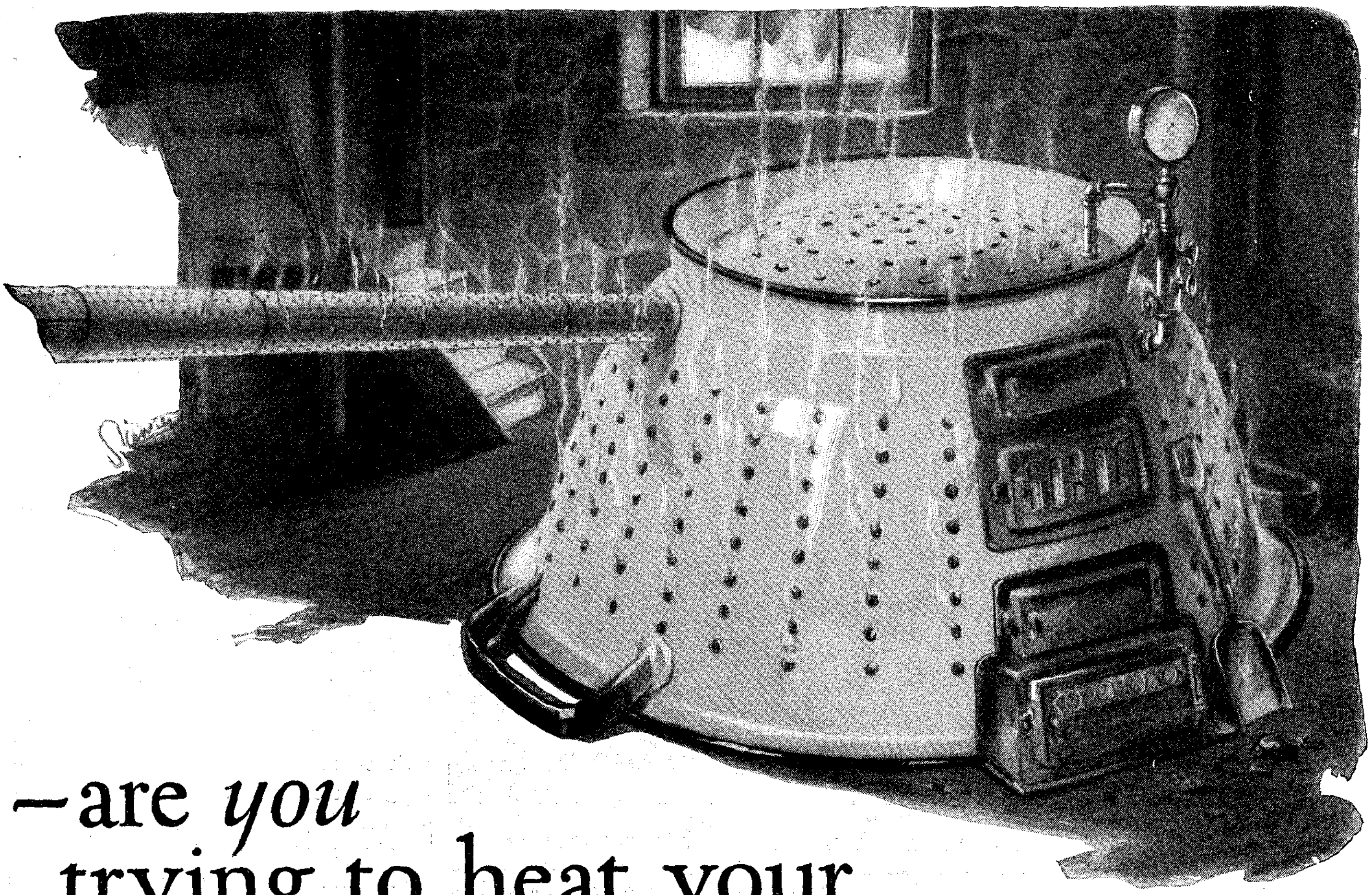
There were many similar cases cited to substantiate this supposition. The description in the Bible of the taking of Jericho tells how, when the seven priests, preceded by a force of armed men, compassed the city seven times "the wall fell down flat." Even to-day when soldiers march across a bridge they are required to break step, for engineers assert that the strongest bridge built can not withstand the strain of rhythmic vibration. A violin chord, if tuned to exactly the right pitch, will shatter a vase. It is regarded by some, therefore, as not only a possibility but a fact that the "Charleston" was responsible for the Boston tragedy.

But for each one who believes the "Charleston" to be a dance of death, there are thousands who blithely trip its measures and proclaim it the most harmless, tho fascinating, stunt that has yet been introduced.

Emil Coleman, famous orchestra leader, who has played at the Montmartre, Club Lido, and other fashionable night haunts of New York City, to admiring throngs of smart patrons, declares that the "Charleston" is the most characteristically American of any of the modern dances. According to Mr. Coleman, the peculiar accent in time is the musical expression of the native temperament.

The "Charleston" is said to have originated on a little island off the coast of South Carolina. From there it found its way to the city of Charleston, where it was first taken up by the negroes. It became so popular among them that they inaugurated it in the much-frequented night clubs of Harlem, New York City.

Bee Jackson, well-known dancer, is said to be the first white girl to feature the "Charleston." She saw it danced in "Runnin' Wild," the colored musical show that became the rage of



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TAKE a look at your furnace and heating system to-night. It may look like a perfectly good heat machine but in reality it may be a tremendous heat sieve—leaking heat all the way from furnace to radiator.

It is a sieve if your furnace and pipes are bare and it is hardly better than a sieve if they are covered with ragged or worn pipe covering or even if they are neatly covered with insulation that is too thin.*

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Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel is an insulation for furnaces and heating pipes with a truly remarkable record for saving fuel. Owing to its unusual construction of "closed-off" air cells, it saves more fuel per dollar of cost than any other covering. This means that it will very quickly pay for itself.

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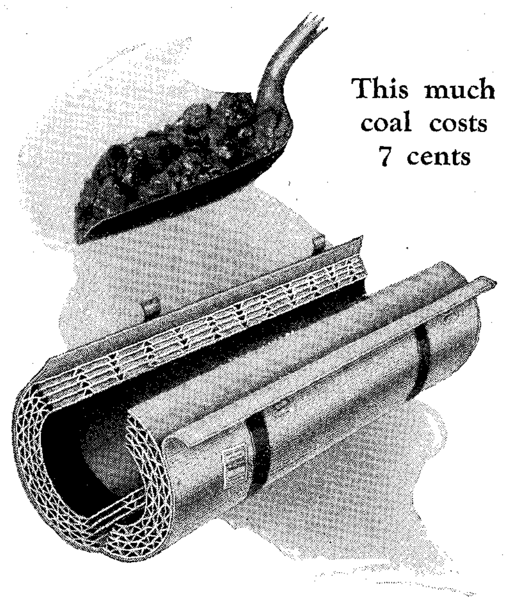
To cover your furnace and heating pipes with Improved Asbestocel is a far less expensive job than you probably think. It costs no more than the price of the few tons of coal that the insulation should quickly save. So have a plumber or heating man estimate on applying Improved Asbestocel. Do it now while your furnace is shut down—and begin this fall saving the fuel you formerly wasted.

Our booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel," contains many valuable hints on fuel saving. Send for it.



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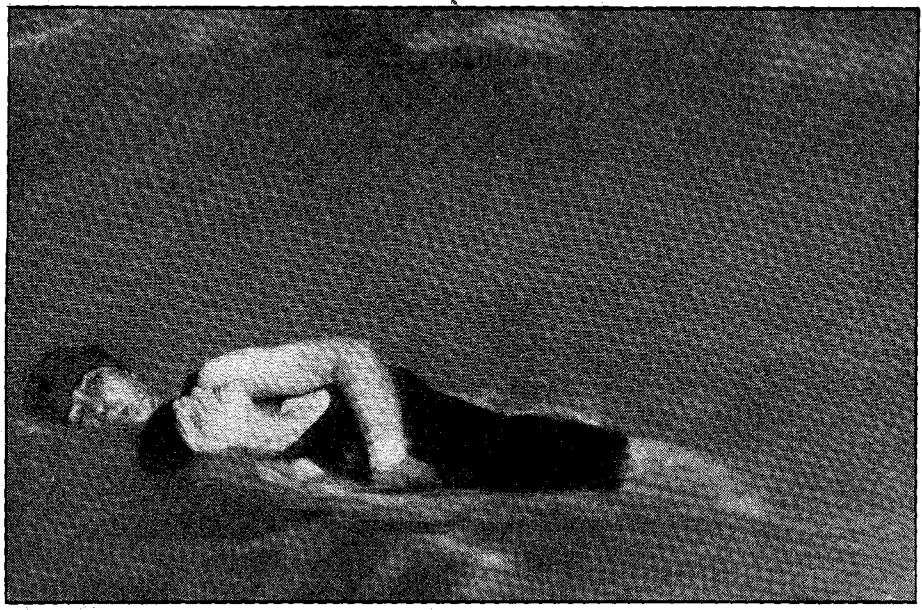
* To test the thickness of your insulation:
Drive a nail or knife into the insulation on your furnace. The furnace insulation should be at least one inch thick.
Remove a section of pipe covering. One-half inch is too thin. It should be three-quarter inch, or better still, one inch thick.

Broadway, and immediately decided to learn it. She took lessons from Lyda Webb, dancer at the Club Alabam, and soon became an expert. She first put on the dance on Broadway in February, 1924, when she appeared in "The Silver Slipper." Later she introduced it at the Club Richmond and the El Fey Club.

According to Miss Jackson, the "Charleston" is a very smooth dance when properly performed. People who are inexperienced, she says, do a sort of clog, which is not, according to her, the correct way to dance the "Charleston." Miss Jackson uses the original "Charleston" music from "Runnin' Wild" and "Georgia Brown" for her numbers.



Photographs by courtesy of the Kansas City *Star*.

THE SIDE-CARRY, "MOST PRACTICAL OF LIFE-SAVING HOLDS"

The orchestration for the new "hoofing" mania is distinctive. According to Emil Coleman, the time and rhythm are the same as in the fox-trot, but the accent, being oddly placed "between beats," makes the curious syncopation that has so violently taken the country by storm. In the fox-trot the accent comes on the first and third beats; whereas in the "Charleston" it occurs on the first beat and an eighth before the third beat. It is that little eighth "off-beat" that fascinates the lovers of jazz so that they just can't resist this latest terpsichorean craze.

Another distinctive feature of the dance is that it is "flatfooted."

For the benefit of those optimistic persons who feel themselves capable of learning to dance by correspondence course, the following information is given:

> Oscar Duryea, American authority on modern dances, describes how it is actually performed. The position at the start is as follows: Man's left foot behind the right, left toe at the heel of the right, both toes turned out—his partner's right foot in front of her left, her right heel at the toe of her left foot, both toes turned out. The man raises the left foot and at the same time raises on the toe of the right, turn both toes in, twisting on the ball of the right foot. With the feet in this position, both toes are twisted out, with the man's left heel in front of his right toe—his partner's right heel in front at her left toe.
>
> The man raises his left foot, at the same time rising on the ball of the right foot, and twists both toes in, then puts his left foot behind the right one, and on the balls of both feet twists both toes out—his left toe behind at the right heel. His partner raises her right foot, at the same time rising on the ball of her left foot and twists both toes in, then puts her right foot in front and on the balls of both feet turns both toes out—her right toe in front at her left heel. A toddle movement is taken throughout all the "Charleston" steps, on the foot on which the weight happens to be.

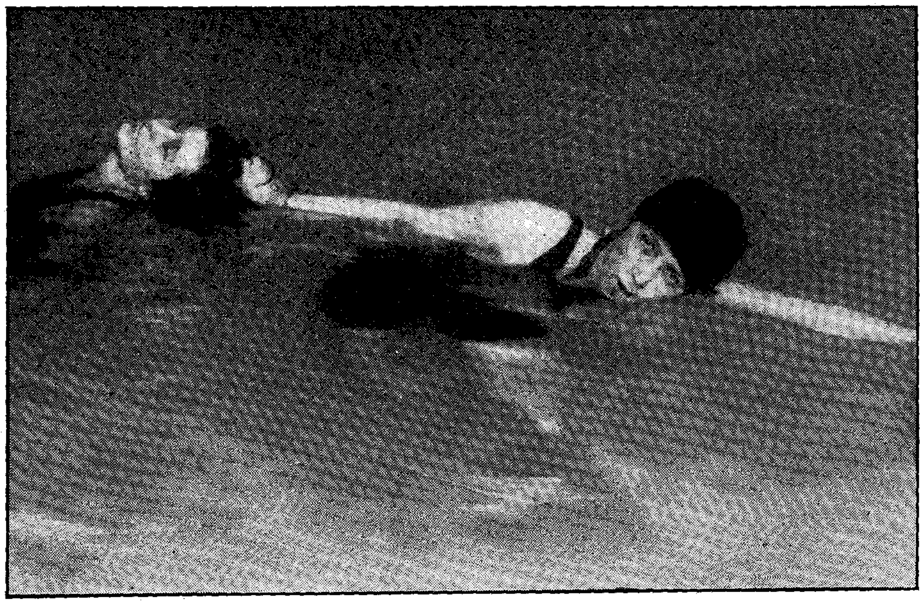
SCHOOLS FOR LADY LIFE-SAVERS

WHEN A FELLOW IS IN DANGER of a watery grave nowadays, we are told, he is liable to owe his life to the gallantry of some lovely young woman who comes plunging to his rescue. For emancipated woman is not content with winning prizes and "making a brave stagger at the English Channel with a jazz band," but is studying assiduously the best methods of saving the lives of drowning persons. Nor is this useful aquatic cult confined to the seaboard by any means, we learn. Wherever there is a river, a lake, "or even a sizable swimmin' hole," the life-saving zeal of the American girl may find an arena for study and practise. According to William G. Brock, swimming instructor of the Kansas City Club, the women consider that "their swimming education isn't complete" without a thorough grounding in life-saving. And the Kansas City *Star* quotes him as saying:

"It's the greatest thing on earth for the women, and it is of the most intense practical value. It will give them an asset that will stand them in good stead all of their lives. Last and most important of all, it makes them of more utility to the world at large. I don't mean to sound dramatic or stagey when I make that statement, but it is the plain, unvarnished truth. Let a woman who has a knowledge of life-saving be at a swimming-pool or a bathing-beach and she is a security to every one within her sight."

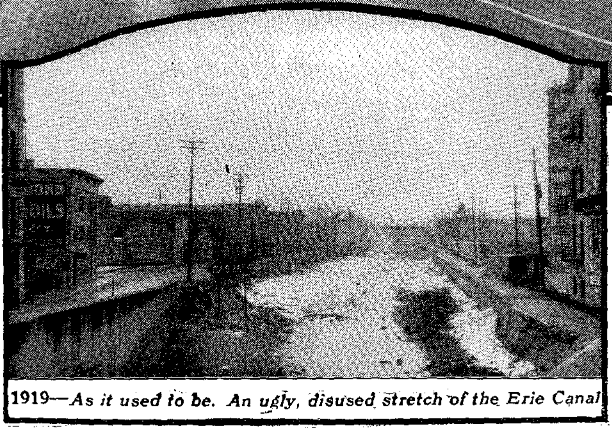
When asked what was taught in his life-saving school, Mr. Brock replied, as we read:

> "How to get out of death-grips—how to recover a heavy object that is under ten feet of water—how to carry drowning people to shore—how to resuscitate them when they have been rescued from the water.
>
> "You know, many of the old ideas that we have about drowning are pure bunk," he continued. "They have been passed down to us like the story of George Washington and the cherry tree or Paul Revere's ride, and we believe them with equal sincerity. It would be heresy not to.
>
> "For instance, you hear that a person comes up only three times and we have been thrilled by many a tale of a heroic rescue 'when the man was going down for the third time.' That 'third time' fantasy is all bosh. It doesn't mean a thing. It depends

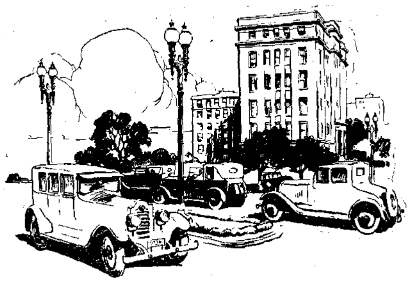


THE HAIR-CARRY IS EASY—UNLESS THE VICTIM IS A BALD MAN

1925—*As it is today! Erie Boulevard, a splendidly lighted and paved main thoroughfare in Schenectady*



1919—*As it used to be. An ugly, disused stretch of the Erie Canal*

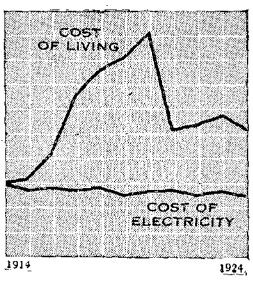


A ditch in 1919—*a boulevard today*

IT is hard to believe, but true. The ugly ditch shown in the picture marked "1919" and the broad, well lighted boulevard shown in the upper picture are one and the same. Do such improvements cost money—or do they actually save it?

The answer is most encouraging. Good street lighting reduces accidents and is a deterrent of crime. It attracts and encourages trade and enhances the value of homes.

And yet, with all its benefits, and with the increase in property valuations which it brings, good street lighting costs as little as $1.50 to $2.50 per capita per annum.



What an impressive lesson is here for all forward looking towns! People and traffic and profits all follow the pathway of light!

No other municipal improvement can pay for itself so quickly as do well lighted streets. Thanks to the progressive efficiency of the electric light and power companies, and of the illuminating engineers of the General Electric Company, the cost of electric light today (as you see from the little chart at right) is actually less than it was before the war. Use more electricity indoors and out.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

upon the individual how many times he comes up. The more he thrashes around and keeps fighting, the more often he will reach the surface. If a person stays down at the end of the third time, it means that he has stopt fighting, either through fright or fatigue.

"Few deaths in water really are from drowning. They are from suffocation. Persons don't drown from getting large quantities of water in their lungs. The most water that a drowning person inhales is probably a tablespoonful. It is not too much water that kills them, but too little air. Suffocation has caused the deaths. Persons who have tried to swim long distances under water have died sometimes, and the snap judgment has blamed heart failure as the cause. Suffocation really was the reason. The first thing to do with a drowning person is to give him artificial respiration. Get his lungs to working and your battle is half won."

Mr. Brock said a class should be taught the commoner methods of life-saving, just as girls in Red Cross classes, in women's colleges, etc., have been taught them the country over during the last few years.

"There are any number of different things that they could learn that would be useful to them," he pointed out, "but if they know the 'hair carry,' the 'side carry,' the 'tired swimmers' carry,' and a couple of ways of breaking the strangle-hold they will be able to pull almost any drowning person out of the water.

"The 'hair carry,' of course, is simple in the extreme. It is just a matter of getting a firm hold in the hair of the person you're saving, and striking out for shore with the other arm. It is very hard to use on men tho, of course, while bald-headed men never would be brought ashore if their rescuers knew no other means of life-saving.

"The 'side carry' is supposed to be the most efficacious of all, because the victim is supported on the hip by the rescuer's side. The girl who is doing the rescuing reaches across the shoulder and chest and places her hand under the further armpit of the victim. Then she gets her hip under the victim's back and the victim's shoulder-blade under her own armpit. Then she strikes out for land, using the scissors kick and the side-arm pull, keeping the victim's head out of water and holding her firmly in place by putting her elbow against the victim's shoulder.

"The 'tired swimmers' carry' enables one person to drag two others to safety if they will use their heads and obey her instructions. The one in front must float on her back and push her arms straight against her rescuer's shoulders, while the one in back must float face down and hold on to the shoulder-straps of her rescuer's bathing-suit.

"There are two kinds of strangle-holds, the one in which the rescuer is caught from behind and the one in which she is caught from the front. If she is caught from behind, the rescuer should duck quickly under water, grasp the left arm of the victim at the wrist and elbow with her right and left hands, respectively, and push up sharply, at the same time slipping downward. This is an infallible method of getting out of the trap.

"If she is caught from in front she should catch the victim's left arm with her own right one, and jab it upward—at the same time pushing the drowning person's face away with the left hand and jerking downward with the same movement. This also is infallible."

Brock says there should be taught the various methods of approaching a drowning person—from the front, from the rear, and from under water. The rear approach is the safest from the point of view of all concerned, but it is not always feasible. To make a surface approach really requires quicker and more dexterous work than to make an under-water one, the instructor says, because the victim sees the rescuer coming and—probably frantic with fright—paws and grabs at him and deters his work a hundredfold, besides endangering the rescuer.

Unless, of course, the rescuer is equipped with a more powerful physique, so that he or she can overpower the drowning person regardless of any struggles the latter may make, the scientific knowledge of how to save life in the water is absolutely necessary.

The ancient saw about a drowning man clutching at a straw is only too true, we are told, and "the inexperienced rescuer is too often a victim of that tendency on the part of the sinking person to clutch at anything." We read further:

Life-saving methods have now reached such a fine point that breaks for various holds have been worked out so that there is no reason for a lack of success in rescue work.

One of the prime requisites of a good life-saver, instructors point out, is a strong kicking stroke. This must be developed to a state of power where the swimmer can propel herself through the water without the use of the arms. It is necessary to know this in addition to any of the fancy arm strokes.

Much of the burden of swimming falls on the legs, anyhow, and a properly developed leg stroke will tend to improve swimming form, endurance and speed to a point where it will be a source of pride to the possessor.

A good swimmer, with a powerful leg stroke, can continue swimming under almost any circumstances. Cramps, the most dreaded of seizures, are not dangerous. The good swimmer can get along either by the arms or legs, if either is damaged. Cramps are dangerous only when the swimmer loses her head and stops swimming.

Several of Kansas City's high schools offer swimming courses now, and Mr. Brock believes the time will come when such training will be compulsory in all public schools.

"It's the rule in many schools and colleges in the East right now," he says. "The person who knows how to swim properly never is afraid of himself or herself on the water, and the person who knows a few simple rules of life-saving is always prepared for any emergency that may arise and may some day find her big opportunity facing her and be the cause of saving the person out of the whole world who is dearest to her."

Among the colleges which require swimming tests are Yale, Illinois, Dartmouth, Brown, the Naval Academy, Vassar, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Exeter and Andover. These are only a few of many.

One thing that has prevented a greater spread of swimming courses in schools has been the lack of facilities. Until recently a natatorium was considered a luxury, and an expensive one at that. Now the attitude has changed. Swimming pools by the dozens are being installed over the country and the day does not seem far distant when virtually all institutions will be able to offer students the opportunity to learn and practise swimming.

The need of swimming instruction is shown by the number who can not pass the most elementary test when they enter college. A canvass among the colleges indicates that from 50 to 60 per cent. of the first-year men are helpless in the water. No statistics appear concerning feminine students, but it is admitted that their percentage of inefficiency is still higher, altho the modern girl is overcoming the disparity.

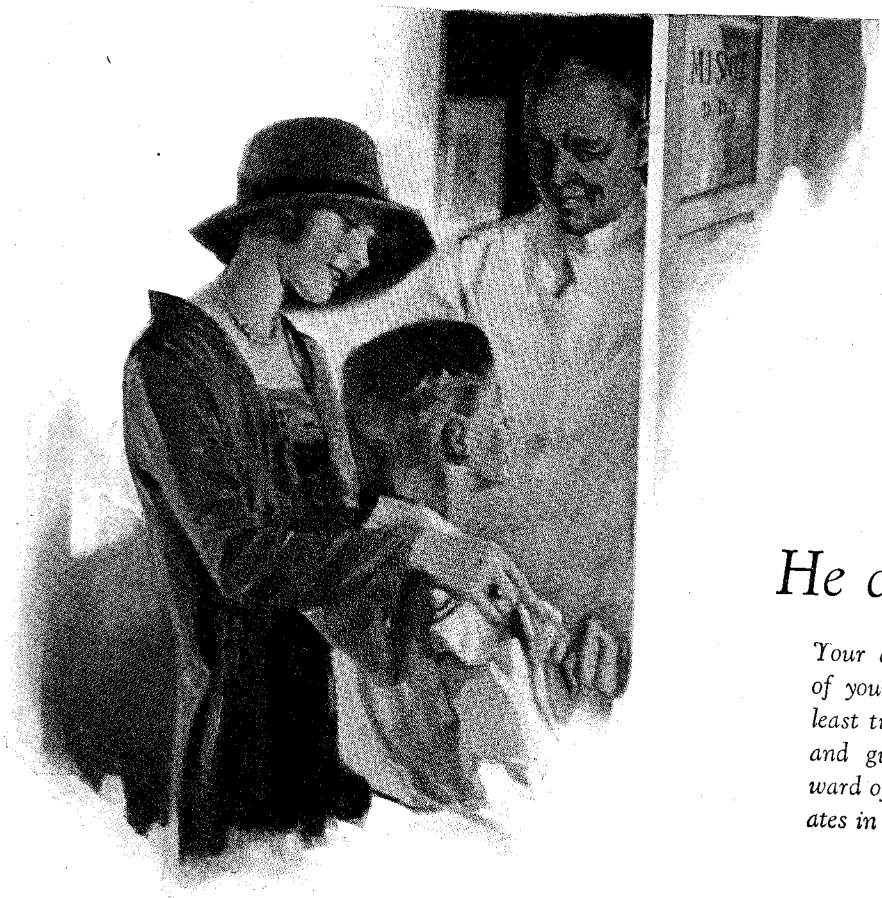
The average girl of to-day can do most of the things a boy can. She can volley a ball like a flash across a tennis net and can drive straight down the fairway off the tee on a golf course. She can wheel a motor-car along a country road at a 60-mile-an-hour clip, and she can dive into a swimming pool and—five times out of ten—beat her masculine escort to the far end, with the aid of the fact that he probably is out of training, has been smoking too much, or any of the five or six other accompanying causes.

HOW A SORCERER BLUFFED A SURGEON

A DUEL OF CHALLENGES between an Egyptian fakir and an eminent French surgeon seems to have left the mysterious wonder-worker in possession of the field, according to the Paris correspondents. The fakir, Tahra Bey, had been astounding the French capital by his apparently magical feats of thrusting knives and swords through various parts of his body, without serious injury or effusion of blood. "From all indications," we read, "Tahra Bey enjoys these feats. He proudly boasts that he possesses the peculiar art of healing wounds at will and controlling the flow of his blood." And we are further told by the New York *Herald Tribune*, in a dispatch from Paris, that these and other seemingly miraculous feats on the part of the Egyptian led to an amusing controversy "with a well-known doctor, over the question of allowing the latter to perform some little operation without the use of any anesthetic." The correspondent continues:

When the project was first broached of the doctor doing a little cutting on his own rather than allowing the fakir to have all the fun of both cutting and being cut, Tahra Bey was ready and willing. Then he reported in the public press—in which all the proceedings received full publicity—that, being somewhat indisposed, he would appreciate a postponement of the experimental operation. The doctor laughed with scorn, and all skeptics exulted. But a few days later the fakir announced that he was then at the disposal of the medical profession and was confident of his ability to withstand pain, to stop at will the flow of blood and to knit up any wound that might be inflicted by surgical knives. Then the doctor hesitated and finally withdrew his offer to operate, explaining that the ethics of his profession would not permit him to follow his original plan. Tahra Bey smiled quietly.

But talking about operations and sticking knives into himself are not the only tricks of this astounding fakir. At his first séance, given before a select and specially invited audience of



He didn't hurt a bit!

Your dentist is an important guardian of your health. If you consult him at least twice a year he can keep your teeth and gums healthy, prevent decay and ward off serious sickness that often originates in the mouth.

4 out of 5 wait too long!

As you walk along the street and mingle with the crowds remember that four persons out of every five who pass the age of forty will contract dread pyorrhea either through carelessness or ignorance.

At the first sign of tender bleeding gums go to your dentist at once for an examination and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and used in time Forhan's will prevent pyorrhea or check its progress. Ask your dentist about Forhan's for the gums. He will undoubtedly recommend it as your regular dentifrice.

It contains a percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which has been used by dentists for the last 15 years in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is the sensible dentifrice to use because it cleanses the teeth and at the same time protects you against pyorrhea which claims four people out of every five.

You can't afford to gamble with your health and happiness. Don't wait for pyorrhea's symptoms. Stop at your druggist's for a tube of Forhan's and start playing safe today! All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

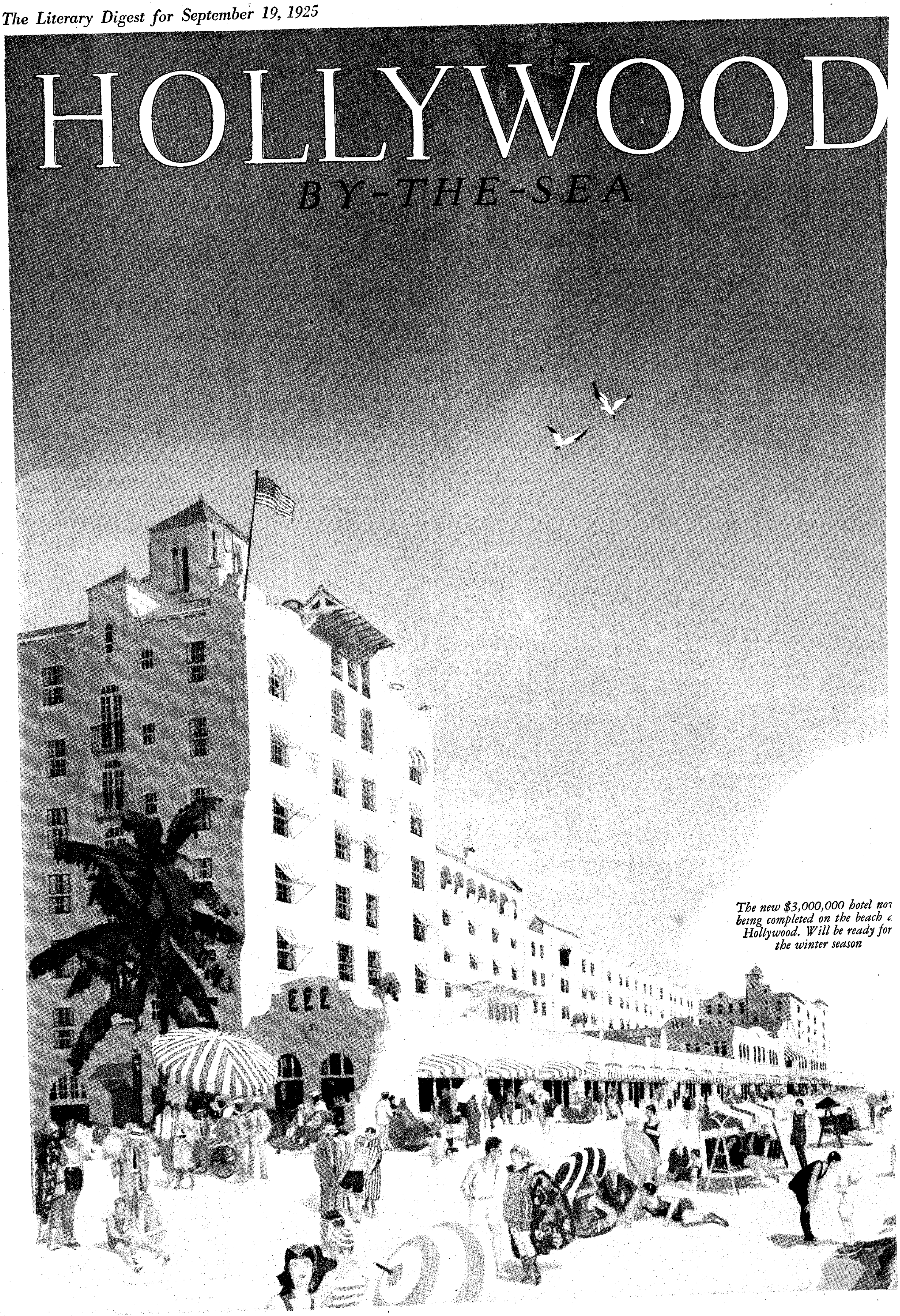
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea


HOLLYWOOD
BY-THE-SEA

The new $3,000,000 hotel no
being completed on the beach a
Hollywood. Will be ready for
the winter season

in FLORIDA

ON THE FLORIDA EAST COAST, twenty miles above Miami, lies Hollywood-by-the-Sea—a thriving, growing town of more than 4,000—a town where dreams are linked with deeds—where play and work go hand in hand under sunny skies—and comforting breezes prevail every month in the year. . . . In Hollywood people are MAKING their living—and *living* while they make it.

Hollywood faces the broad Atlantic—lies directly along the beach—owns eight miles of it. There is nothing in front of Hollywood but the Ocean—with the friendly Gulf Stream, three miles off-shore, rolling lazily along—tempering the breezes to your liking, both winter and summer.

Here is a play-ground and a work-ground—one or both, as you please. Here, already, are modest homes, more pretentious homes, a church, school, bank, theater, retail shops and stores, and the other business establishments required to supply your every need. Already there is a country club, an eighteen-hole golf course, a bathing casino with more than 800 private dressing rooms, and the three-mile Broad Walk, on the beach. . . . Awaiting your pleasure are surf-bathing, cruising, boating, fishing and wonderful roads . . . A place of dreams come true—where other big projects like the deep-water harbor, are already under way.

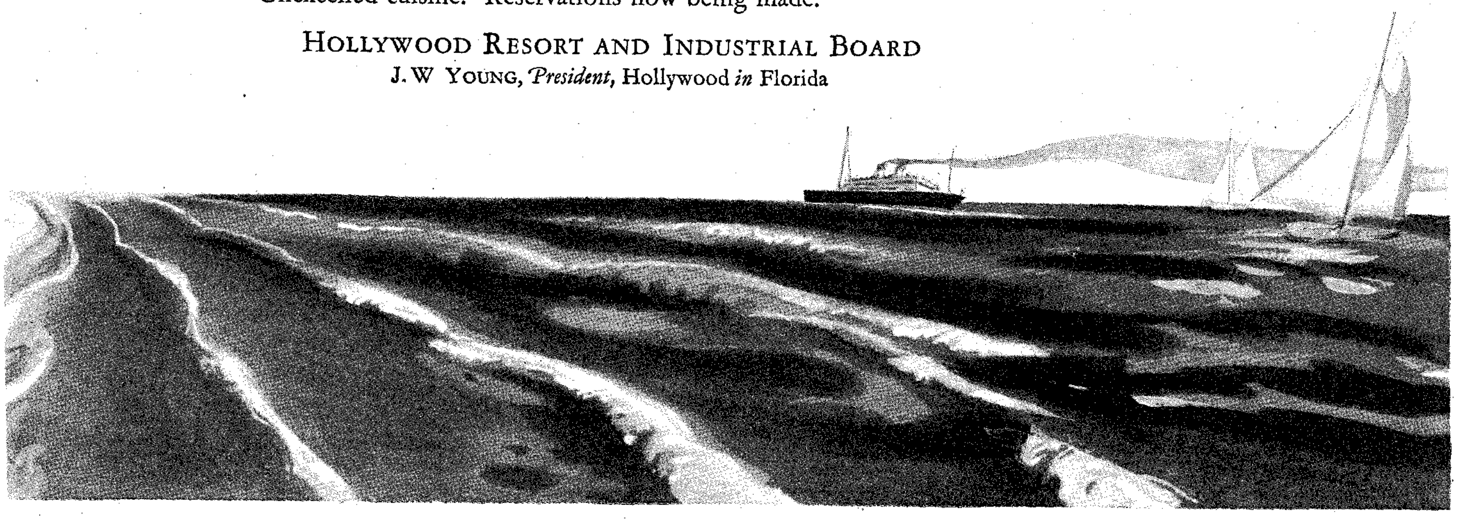
Visit Hollywood-by-the-Sea when you are in Florida. On the Florida East Coast Railroad and the Dixie Highway.

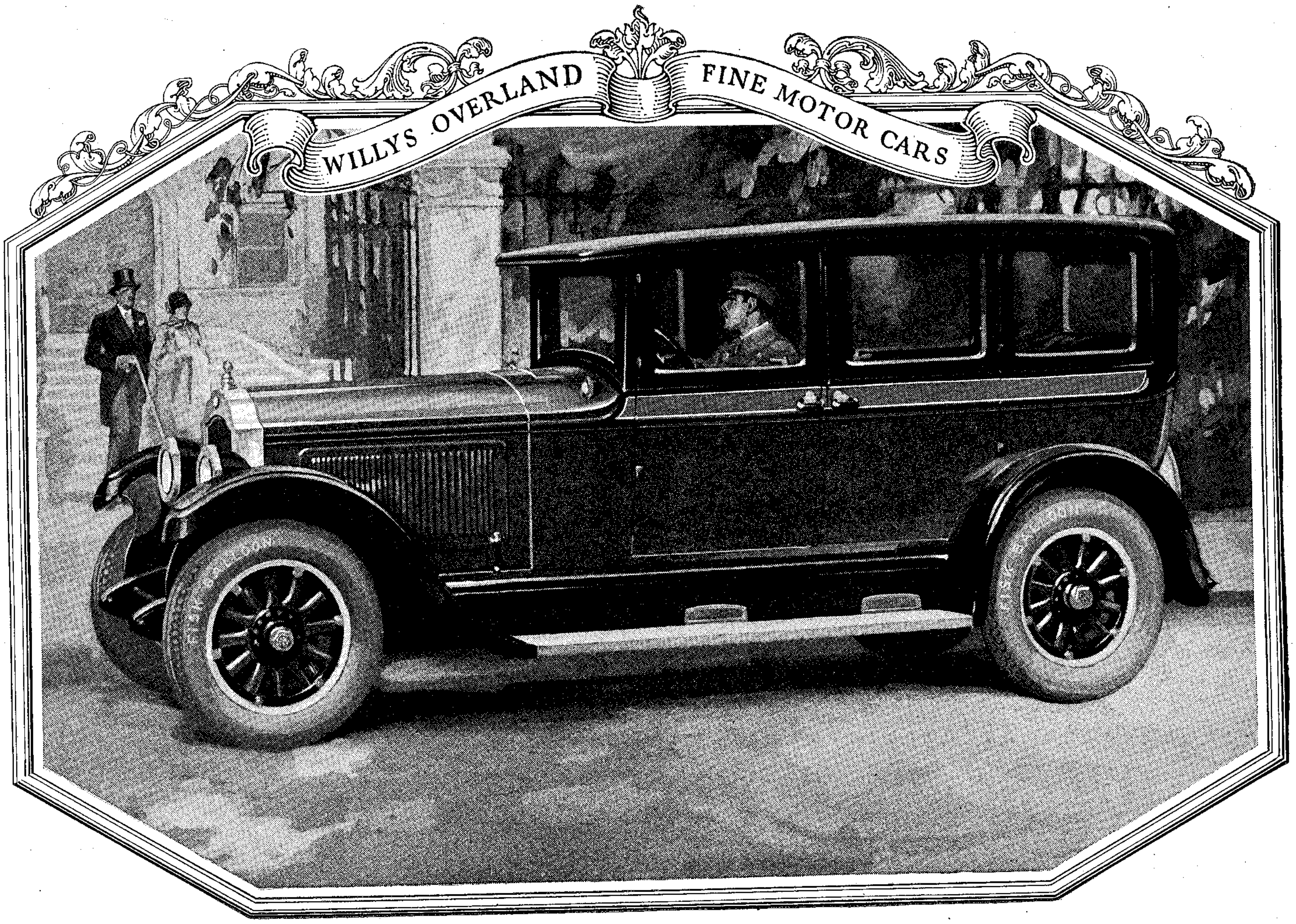
$3,000,000 Hotel Ready for Winter Season

The new Hollywood Hotel will be ready for guests for the winter season. It is Hollywood's fifth hotel. It fronts directly on the beach, is of concrete construction, fire-proof and will offer every modern facility and appointment for your comfort, pleasure and convenience. Lounges, gardens, shops. Luxurious rooms and suites—a majority overlooking the sea. High-speed elevators. Unexcelled cuisine. Reservations now being made.

HOLLYWOOD RESORT AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD

J. W YOUNG, *President*, Hollywood *in* Florida





One of the few cars about which it truthfully may be said that nothing could be added to make it more acceptable to the owner . . .

A CAR that brings you all there is of luxury, richness of appointment and comfort, an operation so remarkably quiet that one in the driver's seat might intelligibly converse in a whisper with other occupants of the car . . .

And your pride and pleasure in your beautiful Willys-Knight Six will grow increasingly with the years. Its patented sleeve-valve engine does away with carbon troubles. There are no valves to grind. All moving parts *slide* or *rotate.*

That is why it runs so smoothly, and wears so everlastingly. That is why, instead of a gradual tapering off in engine efficiency, your 60 horsepower Willys-Knight Six actually gains in power and in performance with every mile.

Six-cylinder models from $1750 to $2295; F. O. B. Toledo.
We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

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WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST

> "tout Paris," he mystified all comers with a most amazing stunt. After conveniently falling into a cataleptic fit, his assistants placed the rigid body in a horizontal position suspended without support except for trestles placed under his head and feet. The next move was to place a stone, which must have weighed from 50 to 100 pounds, on his chest. Then the most sturdy of his aids took a sledge hammer and to the accompaniment of flying sparks and women's screams proceeded to pound the rock until it split. The fakir seemed to enjoy it all thoroughly.
>
> Another stunt, paralleling the sword and knife-sticking experiments, was resting upon a bed of nails with his body perfectly bare. What added piquancy to the scene and brought cries of alarm from the women of the audience, was that one of these same active aids clambered upon the prostrate body and took a few graceful dance-steps.

The miracle-man's culminating feat, we are told, was to fall into a cataleptic trance and allow himself to be buried alive. The account goes on:

> He was placed in a coffin, which, in turn, was placed in a large box, which was then completely filled with sand. After some twenty minutes the fakir emerged fresh as the proverbial daisy and explained to the audience that he only remained buried twenty minutes out of courtesy to his guests, as he might have stayed hours, days, weeks, as far as he was concerned.
>
> Tahra Bey, drest in flowing white robes, a turban on his head, a face like that of a saint, is an imposing figure. He claims mysterious powers and a control over his body that allows him to do absolutely what he will. He is said to be a Coptic Christian, but his feats are those of the Mohammedan and Hindu fakirs throughout the world.

LENIN'S TOMB A RIVAL OF LOURDES

AS THE BONES OF SAINTS are credited with miracles of healing, so the remains of Lenin, in his Moscow mausoleum, are credited by simple-minded Russians, we are told by a recent correspondent, with mysterious power to cure the ills of the flesh. A graphic description is given of the daily procession to view the Soviet leader's remains, housed in the imposing mortuary temple in Red Square. From early morning, we are told by Walter Duranty, there is "an irregular progress of special delegations—workers' and peasants' groups from the country, visiting foreigners, etc."—but the evening, between eight and nine o'clock, he adds, is "reserved for the people of Moscow." In a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, the correspondent continues:

> The rain was falling heavily, and the high electric arc-lamps reflected a thousand puddles amid the cobblestones of the great square, throwing into stark relief the reddish white wall of the Kremlin like a cliff, with the whole square and the pyramid of the mausoleum at its foot. On the outskirts of the square the high spires of the churches and monasteries and the Kremlin towers were faintly outlined against the sky. Atop the highest central tower fluttered a red flag, illuminated by the light from below like a flame against the blackness of the sky.
>
> At 7:45 the already long line of waiting people, a thousand or more in number, began winding across the square from the low, iron railing round the mausoleum. On the other side of the square, along the front of an ancient-style but modern building, which is the chief government department store in Moscow, there is a similar long line waiting patiently for permits.
>
> There is no pushing or noise and very little conversation. Most of the crowd are young—17 to 25 years old. They advance slowly and are admitted to the permit bureau in groups of a dozen.
>
> In front of me was a typical Communist girl in a black leather jacket, with a red handkerchief round her head. She had visited the mausoleum, she said, six times in the last three months. She found it difficult to explain just why—partly in tribute to the dead leader—but more than that. She said it helped her somehow—life isn't always easy—and—and—it helped her.
>
> The average simple-minded believer in any faith would speak much the same of a pilgrimage to a saint or a temple.
>
> The permit bureau was conducted by uniformed soldiers of the Political Detective Administration. They gave passes without delay on the production of identity papers, but foreigners were also required to sign their names in a book. Mostly the visitors, in groups of four to six, were from factory, club or school.
>
> By 8:30 I had joined the line at the mausoleum, now shorter as the soldiers hurried us through fifty or more a minute. The guard at the gate took the rain-soaked pass swiftly and automatically, repeating in a low voice, "Admit six—admit ten—admit two." Under a sort of flat table supported by columns at the top of the mausoleum four lights glowed in yellow, and other yellow lights showed up the deep black letters, "Lenin," carved above the low entrance.
>
> There was no sound as the public descended the shallow staircase, red-carpeted and red-walled, save the slow shuffle of feet and the purr of the electric fan in the central chamber below. At the foot of the staircase four chemical fire extinguishers on the wall struck an incongruous note.
>
> We turned to the right into the little square cellar where Lenin lies in khaki tunic with the Order of the Red Flag on his left breast on a simple couch beneath a glass pyramid and mounted on a low gallery running around three sides. Sentries with fixt bayonets stood motionless at the head and foot.
>
> The walls of red and black were unrelieved save by the purple-and-gold splash of a single large flag and the little brown stain of a wooden thermometer. The electric fan purred louder and the soft light filtered yellow and brown through the marble bowls.
>
> Lenin's body has remained quite unchanged since my last visit over a year ago. It seemed very small and lonely among all the faces staring so intently as the people sidled round.
>
> No one spoke as we filed up-stairs again and out, but there was a queer collective sigh, as if all of us had been holding our breath.
>
> The throng streamed across the square to the gate where stands the most famous religious emblem in Russia, the minute shrine to the Iberian Virgin, ablaze with lights, silver and gilt ikons, and colored stones. A little group bowed before the figure and prest on devoutly to the narrow door.

Mr. Duranty remarks that the Lenin cult "has made big strides in the past year." And he gives a glimpse of the sanctity attached to Lenin's picture all over Russia. We read:

> In every government administration, every school and factory, in all the clubs of peasants, soldiers and workers, and even in the railroad stations and restaurants there is a "Lenin Corner," with big photographs of the dead leader draped with fir branches, flowers and red and black ribbon, and with a selection of his works and other communistic literature. In theory it is a place for quiet study of the basic principles of communism's creed; in practise it is almost a shrine.
>
> Indeed one "Lenin Corner" in Tiflis was found to have a tiny subdued electric light glowing before Lenin's picture—a sheer modernized replica of the sacred lamp which orthodox Russians keep ever burning before the holy ikon. This electric light was immediately ordered extinguished, but the spirit that prompted it remains.

BEECHER "A FIGHTING PARSON"

A PICTURE OF THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher "putting the gloves on" with Theodore Tilton, and engaging him in a lively boxing bout in the office of *The Independent*, is the startling contribution to history offered by John Bain, Sr., in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*. He introduces it as an "amusing incident" that occurred during his own connection with that publication, and relates that it took place "at the time of the Heenan and Sayers fight in England, when everybody seemed crazy to become skilled with boxing-gloves and dumbbells." Mr. Bain continues:

> The printers spent part of their lunch hour with the gloves, and were engaged on one occasion when Beecher and Tilton appeared on the scene and seemed pleased with the proceedings. Beecher said to Tilton: "Theodore, I will bet you an apple I can beat you with the gloves." The challenge was accepted and the printers gladly formed a ring and provided an umpire. The coats of the combatants were thrown on the imposing stone, and they went at it tooth and nail.
>
> The first round was mainly devoted to sparring for an opening. Beecher was short and stout and had the punch. Tilton, with his long arms, was aiming for Beecher's jaw and a knock-out. In the fourth round Beecher sent a sockdolager into Tilton's breadbasket, which brought the recipient to his knees and practically ended the contest, as Tilton had to be helped to his feet. Time was called, and the compositors ran to their cases and the editors to their desks. No blood had been shed, and the best of humor prevailed.
>
> No one foresaw the bitter struggle in court these two men were to have shortly after this, which drew the attention of the whole civilized world while it lasted. Beecher was a giant intellectually, and the work he did in saving the Union has never been properly appreciated. Mr. Tilton had talents of no mean order. He was a pleasant man to deal with, and deserved a better fate in his ending.

Make your Razor Blades last longer

Try this lather and see the difference—

AN improperly softened beard is bound to dull the edge of the keenest razor. The more thoroughly softened your beard is, the easier the razor cuts, the longer the edge lasts.

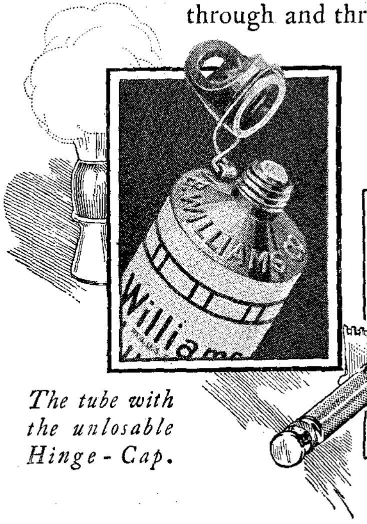
Here at Williams, we have studied this softening process for years. The whole secret of Williams lather is that it does a real job of beard-softening.

It instantly takes hold of the oil-film on each hair. It breaks down that film, brings moisture in direct contact with each hair so that every part of it is softened through and through.

And yet Williams lather, powerful beard-softener that it is, leaves your face so soft and soothed that its daily use is beneficial to the skin.

You can prove that Williams will give longer life to your razor blades by making a week's test of Williams. We will send you a free trial tube for the purpose. Simply fill out coupon below or mail us a postcard.

The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.



The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap.

Mail this today for FREE sample tube

The J. B. Williams Company DIGEST 9 19-25
Dept. 29-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap)
....
....

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. 150-drop test bottle free. Write Dept. 29-B

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

HOW A RED BLANKET GAVE BIRTH TO PINK LEMONADE

A CIRCUS water-trough into which a red blanket had chanced to fall was the original source of the historic beverage dear to canvas-top audiences. This lively contribution to the history of the accidents of great inventions is made by Joseph S. Jordan in chronicling the passing of William H. A. Tobey, "the king of circus fakers," contemporary and admirer of P. T. Barnum, advance man of the first "Wild Man of Borneo" and lecturer on the "Cardiff Giant." Writing in the New York *Evening World*, Mr. Jordan tells us:

Pink lemonade was first introduced when Tobey was with the Forepaugh Circus. They had come to the great American desert and water wasn't to be had for the love of circus tickets. The man who made lemonade was in despair and saw all his profits gone for the season. Tobey was walking through the stables and learned that the horses refused to drink their water. A red blanket had fallen into the horses' tank and the water assumed a pinkish hue. It was absolutely essential that fresh water be had for the animals, and the order was given to throw out the colored liquid. Tobey sought the lemonade man, put him "next" to the situation, and that night beneath the canvas the air resounded with cries of "pink lemonade."

The new drink was an instantaneous hit and pink lemonade became as well known throughout the country as ice-cream.

Mr. Tobey died in New Bedford, where he was born; home of Yankee sailors and whalers, adventurous spirits and spinners of yarns. They tried to make a drug-store clerk of him in the home town, but he preferred rolling stones to rolling pills and took to the road. His father had the drug store and he went back to New Bedford when he was twenty-two, landing there in time to get a job as advertising agent for Sears & Garrett's Show, comprising the Wild Man of Borneo, six cages of animals and a nest of snakes. The Wild Man of Borneo went all over the United States and Tobey became the wild man of New Bedford. For thirty-five years he was with the circus, side-shows, one-night stands and every kind of enterprise with the gipsy flavor.

Mr. Tobey's fame appears to have rested largely on his heroic labors to popularize that great creation, the Wild Man of Borneo. As we read:

The Wild Man of Borneo was one of the best advertised "freaks" that ever went wild through the country, and Tobey was credited with being the fellow that made him wild. They joked about it on the stage, they had stories about it in every newspaper; they had it in song and accepted it in the family. When they didn't talk about it, they sang:

"Oh, the Wild Man of Borneo has just
come to town;
The Wild Man of Borneo has just come to
town.
The Wild Man of Borneo (rising inflection)
has just come to town,

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

GILLETTE BLADES
King C. Gillette
Gillette
NO STROPPING NO HONING
MADE IN U.S.A.

ITS daily dividends in shaving comfort and a well-groomed look make your investment in Gillette Blades seem infinitely small by comparison. The shaving satisfaction these blades give in daily service is proof positive of their indispensable merits. The finest of blade steel and production processes perfected by the most thorough research and experiment, are, through the practical experience of twenty years of blade-making, responsible for giving the Gillette Blade *the finest edge that steel can take.*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Gillette New Standard
In gold plate, $6.
In silver plate, $5.

MADE IN U.S.A.
TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
NEW STANDARD

Gillette
SAFETY -Gillette- RAZOR
BLADES

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons" —a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM
Permutation Process
MENNEN

the
non-removable
top

Sorry!

LAST Spring I asked for a name for the new wonder capless top of the Mennen Shaving Cream tube. I offered a prize of $100.

I'll never be the same man again.

The names came in by hundreds, thousands, mail bags full. When the contest closed, I had no office—it was a storeroom for names. 140,000 of them. Nearly a ton of paper. Twenty-one miles of letters, end to end. If I studied each name for one minute it would take 280 ten-hour days to go through the lot. And many are so good I want to admire them for hours.

I've had to get help. Mr. Mennen is helping. So is our sales manager. We hired a big advertising man to help.

I know just how you feel. Each morning as you give the magic cap a quarter turn and miraculously the silver tongue of Cream oozes through the solid head of the tube, you think of that perfect name you sent in, wonder what you'll do with the $100 and wish to blazes I would hurry up and send the check.

Honestly, I'm doing the best I can. It's sifted down to a few hundred stem winders. Please be patient. Don't write. We'll be able to make the final selection very soon. Somebody will positively get the $100 in time to buy a Fall suit or the Winter coal. And he will have the satisfaction all his life of having named the most ingenious, trouble saving, amazing device introduced to shavers since the days of shaving mugs—as startling in its way as was the perfection of Mennen Shaving Cream to hard soap sufferers.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

The Wild Man (falling, still falling inflection) has just come to town."

Every time the Wild Man was mentioned, a grin and a wink went with it. It was the proper thing to know all about the Wild Man. Of course, he was a fake. Sure! Everybody knew that, but everybody listened when the "wise guy" was explaining the fake. When Tobey was around he always looked injured when anybody said anything about a fake; yes, got indignant and walked away where he could laugh by himself with nobody to "catch on."

Tobey was a worshiper at the shrine of the great Barnum. He hugged his old saying that the world loved to be humbugged, and went out to help the Barnum illusion. For thirty-five years he helped to make fun and enjoy it. He never was serious except when he had a headache. He was in the museum business, in the show business, the animal business. He was with Adam Forepaugh's Circus and in business for himself.

He had been engaged for Yankee Sullivan's Circus, but before he set foot under the canvas, the assassination of Lincoln shook the country and fun was a drug on the market for some months. He got into Concord with his own Wax Works in 1858, at the time of the big military muster in that town. The town was filled with fakers and showmen and collections of wax figures. There wasn't a chance for his collection of only twenty figures. But Tobey hadn't been in the circus game for nothing. He hung out a big sign, "Admission Free. Pay as you come out if you like the show. If you don't like it, and say so, it costs you nothing."

His show was jammed the first night, the people of the sticks pouring into the free entertainment. They went out another way, and at the exit were two men with two big black snakes in their arms. The snakes were harmless, but they looked like boa-constrictors to the bumpkins. And the men who held them roared to the crowds, asking them how they liked the show. Everybody said they liked it and everybody paid to get out.

Old Tobey laughed till he died about the Cardiff Giant, the most monumental fake of the ages. The world was talking about the dinosaur and prehistoric man, and a farmer dug up the well-preserved remains of the Cardiff Giant. It was a terrific looking specimen of the stone men, and not only the boobs fell for it, but men of science followed the big fellow wherever he went, and scientific papers as well as the newspapers devoted columns to it in all seriousness. The management consented to a hole being drilled in the back of the head of the prehistoric monster by scientific men, when a mean fellow out West told how it was made out of gypsum and how he helped to make it.

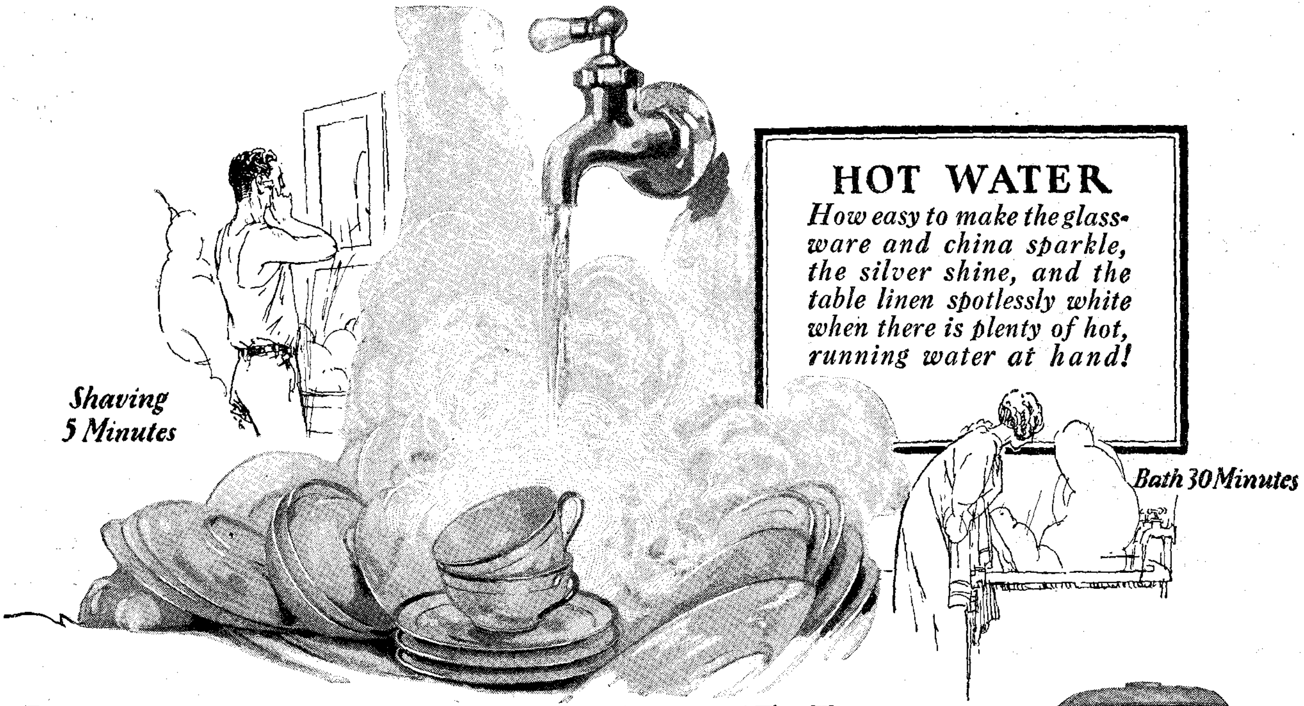
Tobey was at the head of a minstrel show once and it looked as if it were going to be stranded in an up-State town in New York. A popular fireman was to be buried the next day and there wasn't much time in the town for minstrels and other foolishness. Tobey found out that the only band in town was away at another town and wouldn't be back for the funeral. He proffered the minstrel band for the ceremonial and the band marched all over the town, but that night there was a full house for the minstrels.

HOW ENGLISH NAMES TRAP AMERICAN TONGUES

A BEWILDERED American groping among the pronunciations of English family names is depicted by Brander De Rennes, who makes a number of quaint contributions to the lexicon of "English As She Is Pronounced." He acknowledges that his sporting blood was aroused, and that his visit to England became a "still hunt" for weird pronunciations. Every specimen he captured was clapped into a "little black book," and from that receptacle he now draws forth a selection for exhibition in the Dearborn *Independent*. Concerning which he writes:

> I had never suspected that such idiosyncrasies in pronunciation existed, and I fell into a good many pitfalls before I got out of the country, and got a good many shocks from first to last.
>
> I had a little business to do along with my pleasure, and an American friend in London gave me a letter to an English business man. I say a "friend"; but he was not at all a friend, else he would have pronounced the Englishman's name for me; but the truth of the matter was that he wanted me to get caught. He'd been caught himself, and he wanted to let another squirm. The Englishman's name was Colclough. I pronounced it as it was spelled when I addrest Mr. Colclough, and he blandly said, "Pronounced Cokely, if you don't mind." Of course I didn't mind in the least; but I was awfully shocked.
>
> Mr. "Cokely" was a good sort in spite of his name, and he gave me several business cards, but without pronouncing the names on them. I took them unsuspectingly, never dreaming that there were any more freaks in pronunciation, and thinking "Cokely" only a coincidence. I found out soon after, however, that it was a habit and not a coincidence.
>
> One of the cards read Messrs. Haren & Harenc. I pronounced it Harenc, giving every letter its due; but I was up against shock number two when the clerk superciliously pronounced it Haron.
>
> I was beginning to wake up. I looked at the other cards carefully, and they seemed very innocent. One read Hayhurst & Hough, and the other Ralph & St. John. They were dead easy; there could not be anything to twist about them; they had a good American appearance. No pitfalls there! So I sailed in on the first one, and when it came back to me Hurst & Huff, it was a worse shock than the first. Then I got fresh and just low-down American, and said, "What's the matter with the Hay?" and the fellow, who attached an R to all his A's, said, "I beg your pardon?" And then I remembered that one must not expect a sense of humor to appear in England, and I said blithely, "Oh, nothing, nothing," and he looked a little dazed and amazed, and, of course, set me down as one more of those crazy Americans.
>
> I was getting timid by this time; so when it came to speaking Ralph & St. John out loud, I trembled a little. Of course, there was only one possible way to pronounce the two names that I could think of, but still I was not quite sure, so I shirked my duty and just merely asked if "these gentlemen are in." The boy in buttons and no chin said Mr. "Rafe" was out, but Mr. "Sinjin" was in. So I saw Mr. "Sinjin"; but I could hardly speak, I was so dazed.

The writer confesses that he found his



HOT WATER

How easy to make the glassware and china sparkle, the silver shine, and the table linen spotlessly white when there is plenty of hot, running water at hand!

Steaming Hot Water

in 10 minutes without gas

Perfection Kerosene Water Heaters now make possible the comfort of running hot water in every home.

No more lugging the heavy teakettle. No more disappointing, lukewarm water from an old-fashioned water-back. No scarcity of hot water.

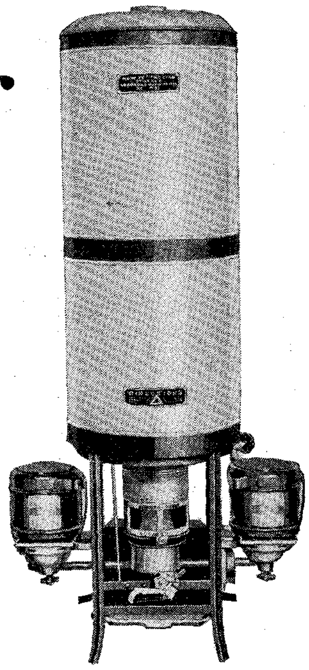
The Perfection Kerosene Water Heater will supply plenty of hot water quickly and economically. In 5 minutes it heats enough water for shaving. In 10 minutes enough for washing dishes. And in 30 minutes plenty for a bath.

So, even if your home is situated in a gasless district, you need no longer sigh for the convenience of running hot water. This recent invention, the Perfection Kerosene Water Heater, makes it possible in every home.

Two models work practically automatically. After you once light these heaters you can forget them. For as soon as the tank is full of hot water a thermostat turns out the flame. Perfection models 431 and 421 are the *only* kerosene water heaters which have this economy and convenience device. The model illustrated has a special "Stay-Hot" tank. Like a huge thermos bottle, it keeps the water hot for 36 hours after the flame is out.

All Perfection Water Heaters are equipped with the same speedy, gas-like burners which are used on the well-known Perfection Stoves. There are four models, varying in style and price. One of them will surely meet your requirements.

Join the thousands of satisfied users of Perfection Kerosene Water Heaters. For further information, clip the coupon and mail it to us today.



This model has a 30 gallon "Stay-Hot" storage tank, which, like a giant thermos bottle, keeps the water hot 36 hours after the flame is out. It's equipped with a Giant Superfex Burner, a thermostatic shut-off, and copper coils. Ask for model 431.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7528 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION

Kerosene Water Heaters

Every Owner of a Home Without Gas owes it to himself to investigate these new heaters which give the satisfaction, dependability and economy of a gas water heater, with kerosene. Mail the coupon today.

The Cleveland Metal Products Co.
7528 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:

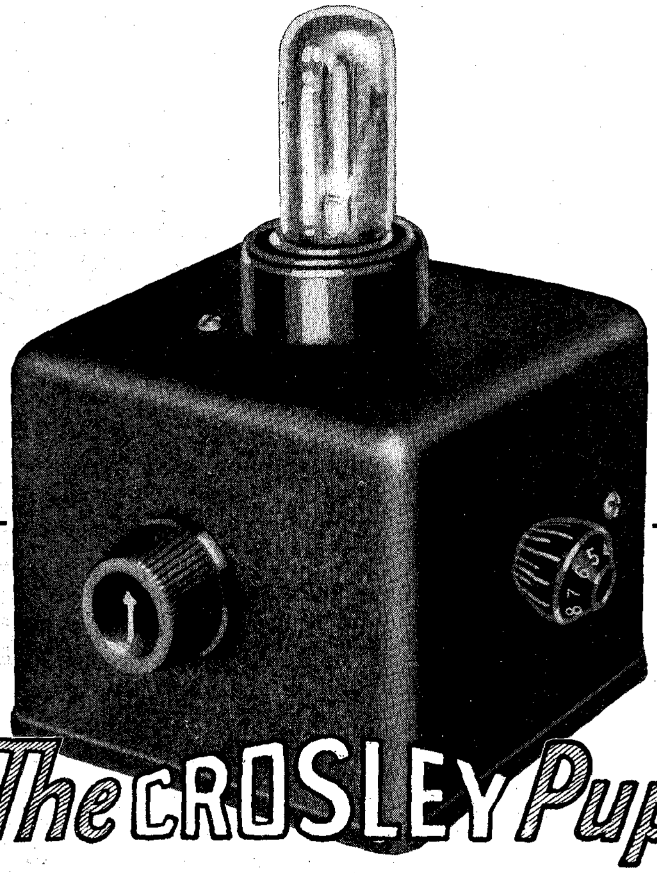
Send me full information about your Perfection Kerosene Water Heaters.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

☐ *I have running water*
☐ *I do not have running water*

Startling! Revolutionary! *These*



Crosley is the world's largest builder of radio sets and has built up a tremendous volume by offering the highest quality receiving sets at the lowest prices. More than a million satisfied users is the strongest testimonial of Crosley quality, simplicity, durability and value.

$1000 Grand Prize!

Pedigreed Puppies and Larger Crosley Radios as Monthly Awards

Who will send Crosley the best verified report of reception with a one-tube radio between September 1st and March 1st of next year?

Who will send the best report each month?

$1000 prize for the best report for the entire period. A real live pedigreed puppy each month as first monthly prize and larger Crosley radio sets as other prizes.

Contest open to all, except Crosley employees, no matter where you are or what set you own or use, factory or home built. Reports of reception must be verified. Judges may ask for affidavits.

Full details of the contest and entry cards are packed with each Crosley Pup or may be obtained from any Crosley dealer or upon application to The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio. Try for the prizes as many times and as often as you like.

Remember! The Crosley "Pup" is offered as a real selective, long range receiving set. It requires one dry cell, one B battery block, one WD 12 tube, a pair of head phones and antenna. Other similar one-tube Crosley receivers bring in stations from coast to coast, with frequent reports of trans-Atlantic reception in the United States.

The CROSLEY Pup

It's a Sky Terrier

A Genuine Armstrong Regenerative double circuit receiver

Radio, with all its romance, knows no more magic name than Crosley.

From the time that Powel Crosley, Jr., first enabled millions to build their own sets by offering parts at a fraction of existing prices—down to the present day, radio progress and Crosley achievements have gone hand in hand. Now Crosley announces not only vital improvements in radio performance—but in the Crosley "PUP" offers this finer performance at the lowest price in radio history.

This compact, efficient receiver is a development of the famous Crosley one tube set, with which Leonard Weeks, of Minot, N. D., heard the MacMillan Polar expedition while the rest of America listened in vain.

The employment of the double circuit not only reduces radiation to a minimum, but radically improves selectivity. It can be tuned through local stations more readily.

Under average conditions, its radius, with head phones, is 1500 miles or more.

You can use the "PUP" to check the performance of your larger set; to entertain the youngster whose curious fingers cannot resist the lure of dials and switches; to install in the maid's room, or even in your office—for the air is full each day. You can take it on canoe trips, picnics, outings, and on your business journeys—for it's only half the size of a shoe box.

Engineered and built to the strictest standards of Crosley quality, this genuine long distance set can be offered at the phenomenal price of $9.75 only because of its simplicity and Crosley's tremendous manufacturing facilities.

$9.75 WITHOUT ACCESSORIES

ADD 10% TO ALL PRICES WEST OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 and priced from $9.75 to $60.00 without accessories.

Crosley owns and operates WLW first remote control super-power broadcasting station

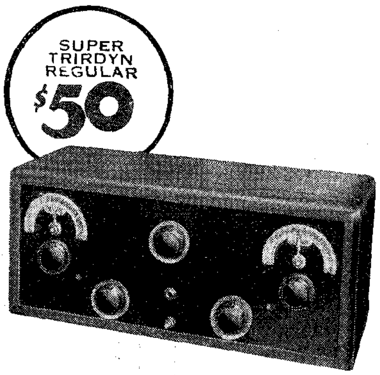
CROSLEY

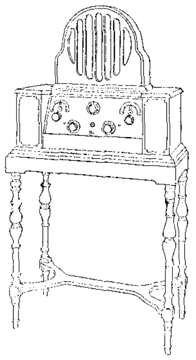
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI

new developments of Powel Crosley, Jr.

3 Tubes Do the Work of 5 in These New SUPER-TRIRDYNS!

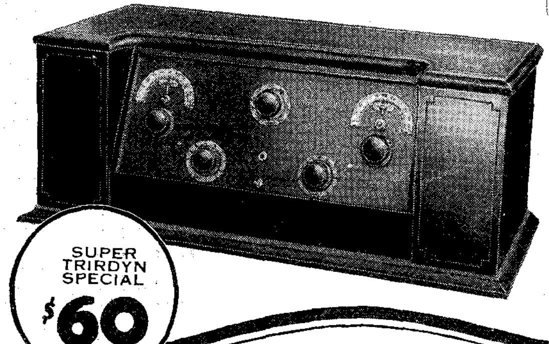
You have not heard the perfection of radio reception until you have listened to these two new Super-Trirdyns. There is no radiation. Distant stations come in clear and sharp on the loud speaker and can be accurately logged. Solid mahogany cabinets of exquisite beauty and design.





DE LUXE COMBINATION

At the extreme right sketched in outline is the new Super-Trirdyn Special De Luxe Combination. It consists of a handsome solid mahogany table, the Super-Trirdyn Special (batteries self contained) and the Musicone De Luxe. Sold separately if desired. Table $25. Musicone $27.50. Combination $112.50.



Other CROSLEY RADIOS for Every Pocketbook

In the Crosley one tube sets, one tube does the work of three making possible the enjoyment of real long distance reception with dry batteries. Model 50, without accessories $14.50. Model 50 Portable, without accessories $16.00.

More than 150,000 Crosley two tubes 51's have been made and SOLD in less than two years. Local and nearby stations on loud speaker always and distance up to 1500 miles under average conditions. Model 51, without accessories $18.50. Model 51 Portable, without accessories $23.50.

The Crosley three tube sets embody the Armstrong regenerative circuit and two stages of audio frequency amplification. Distant stations come in on the Musicone with exceptional clearness and volume. Model 52, without accessories $27.50. Model 52 Portable, without accessories $32.50.

BETTER PERFORMANCE—BIGGER VALUES!

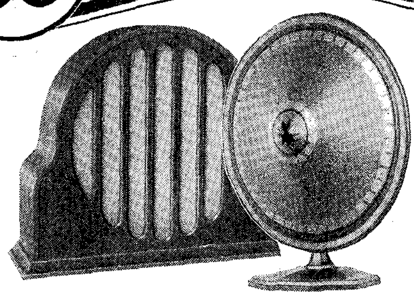
The new low-priced models shown below represent radical improvements in selectivity, performance, appearance and value. More selective control and improved receptivity have been achieved by the use of the new worm type tickler, the new Crosley vernier plate condenser and the double circuit. Radiation is thus reduced to a minimum. Both are genuine Armstrong regenerative circuits, the 51 with one stage of audio frequency amplification; the 52 with two.

New 2-Tube 51
Special De Luxe

Beautifully finished mahogany cabinet—sloping panel, new style controls—engraved metal dials—cabinet will hold all necessary dry cell batteries. Priced without accessories.

New 3-Tube 52
Special De Luxe

Exquisitely finished mahogany cabinet of latest design. Popular sloping panel, new style controls and art metal dials. Cabinet will hold all necessary dry cell batteries. Priced without accessories.



Crosley Musicones

Rapidly Replacing Other Types of Loud Speakers

The Crosley Musicone reproduces the full tonal range of the human voice and music without distortion, over tones, or chattering. It requires no adjustments nor additional batteries. Listen to the Crosley Musicone once—and you will never be satisfied with the best loud speaker you have ever heard. Covered by basic patents. $17.50

The Musicone de Luxe

The Musicone has been artistically combined with a clock case of beautiful mahogany with a grilled screen. *Price of Musicone de Luxe* $27.50

RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI

See the Crosley line at your dealers or write for full descriptive catalog.

Oysters Are Nature's Health Food

This delicacy from the sea is recommended by Government experts as "easily digested, nutritious and wholesome, and rich in elements of importance in our diet."

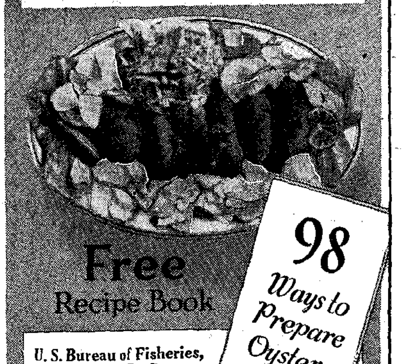
Read the Government Booklet: "Oysters: An Important Health Food." The coupon below will bring a copy free.

Dr. J. W. Turrentine, eminent scientist, addressing the American Chemical Society, said: "Half the girls living in a belt extending from New York to the Rocky Mountains have incipient Goiter, and the number so inflicted is increasing with the growth of population." He said that growing children should be given daily four millionths of an ounce of Iodine. This may be obtained, he said, by eating daily either 2½ ounces of Oysters, 24 ounces of sea fish, 260 ounces of fresh water fish, 200 ounces of eggs, 440 ounces of lettuce, 500 ounces of milk, and 2,400 ounces of wheat.

Oysters are self-sufficient as a diet, but non-fattening

ORDER THE OYSTER
for your health's sake

OYSTER GROWERS AND DEALERS
ASSOCIATION of NORTH AMERICA



U. S. Bureau of Fisheries,
Washington, D. C.
or
Oyster Growers & Dealers
Ass'n, 1115 Conn. Ave., N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 1-345

Please mail me free booklet "98 Ways To Prepare Oysters" or "Oysters: An Important Health Food."

Name..
Address..
City..............................State..............

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

new pursuit "like learning English all over again." And the difficulty of pronouncing names of which he knew the spelling was matched by the impossibility of divining the spelling of names whereof he knew the pronunciation. As we read:

> I met a lovely woman, who was introduced to me as Mrs. Bewly, and I lost my heart to her; but that's another story. I found out afterward with another terrible shock that she spelled herself Beaulieu. I said, "How can you do such things?" and she never knew what I meant. But, Bewly or Beaulieu, she was adorable.
>
> I played golf with a fine chap at St. Andrews, and called him Claverse, and—alas!—spelled him Claverse; but he did the trick as Claverhouse.
>
> A Mr. Bly turned out really, according to his card, to be a Mr. Blythe, and Mr. Cunsbro came out very handsomely on paper as Conisborough.
>
> It seems that the average American knows all about the eccentricities of such well-known names as Cholmondeley and Belvour and Buccleugh and Mainwaring and Marjoribanks and Madeline; but I didn't. I pronounced them as they were spelled, and was duly astonished when they were translated for me like this: Chumley, Beever, Mannering, Marshbanks, and Mawdlin.
>
> I bought some golf clubs of a man named Klore; but he spelled it Clogher. The milliner who made a hat for my mother had a nice shining sign over her shop that read Bethune; but I knew she called herself something else, you couldn't fool me, and, sure enough, upon inquiry I found the trick was Beeton.

Mr. De Rennes did not burden his little black book with much geographical nomenclature, leaving other travelers to chronicle such eccentricities of speech as "Marribun" for Marylebone, "Simmary" for St. Mary, and so on. Nor does he linger over the observation that the pronunciation of "Greenwich" to rime with "spinach" is not uncommon in Greenwich, Connecticut, or Greenwich Street, New York. But he does tell us:

> Gladstone's old home is spelled Hawarden, but pronounced Harden. I felt sorry for that; for I liked to think the Grand Old Man was above such things; but they all get the habit in England, it seems, for there's that other grand old man, the Earl of Wemyss, who calls himself Weems.
>
> A Mr. Ruthven was in a shooting-party with me. He called himself Riven. A little girl with a face like an angel, and the manners of half a dozen angels, told me her name was Muriel Sillenger, and I asked her slyly to spell it for me. It turned out to be St. Ledger. "It's a pity!" I said right out loud. She said, "What is?" with her angel eyes upon me, and I answered with a deceptive smile, "That you don't belong to me," and she never knew how sorry I was for her.
>
> The most beautiful woman in England is Lady Pole-Carew, and do you know her Ladyship pronounces it Pool-Cary!
>
> And these are only a tenth of the strange perversions in my little black book. Now who do the funnier things with the English tongue, the English themselves or the denizens of the "States"?

FRY YOUR OWN BACON IN CITY'S PICNIC KITCHEN

THE park picnicking problem has been solved in Omaha, we read, by the establishment of a "mother's kitchen" in the public park, with every facility for nature lovers to cook their own rations. Thus at the Omaha family picnic, as described by Genevieve Fox in *The American City Magazine*, "father can have a real meal instead of a hand-out," and "mother can have a rest from dish-washing," while the children ride on the merry-go-round or gambol o'er the green. We read:

> In this kitchen—three sides of which are open to the breezes—two huge coal ranges invite the picnicker to cook a square meal. Fires are kept burning from early morning until evening all summer long. Tin dishes are provided for the picnickers—coffee-pots in family sizes, frying-pans, baking-pans, tin plates, knives, forks and spoons.
>
> As you sit at the long tables under the trees and eat to the accompaniment of the thrushes' song, there comes no disturbing thought of sordid tasks to come. The sign over the cupboard modestly requests the picnicker to return his dishes. And that is all one does have to do—return them and let some one else wash them, bacon fat, coffee-grounds and all.
>
> As one would naturally expect, picnicking is popular in Omaha. It was an evening in early May when I cooked bacon and eggs over one of those coal ranges—a little ahead of the official picnic season. It was not a Saturday or a Sunday, either. But both ranges were full of coffee-pots and frying-pans. "Sometimes we have as many as four hundred here on a summer Sunday," said the little woman who presides over the community kitchen. "I have to have some one to help me wash dishes, then. Of course, they don't all come at once, tho. They begin coming at five or six in the morning and they keep on coming till after sunset." Auto tourists going through the city stop for a good hot meal. Golfers from the municipal golf course near by make use of it. Hikers can roam over the prairie unencumbered with dishes and end their tramp with hot coffee.

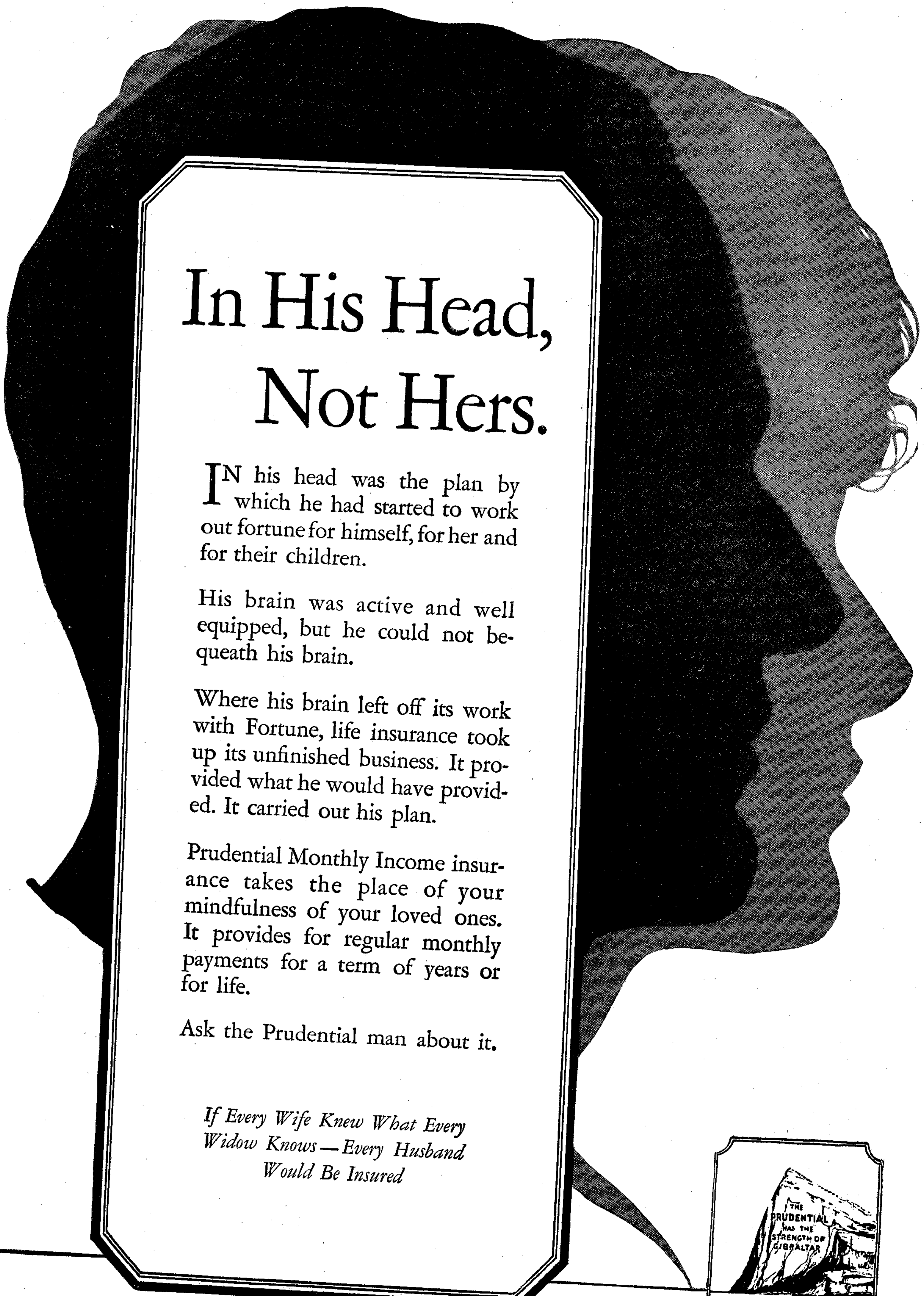
Wanted a Mentor.—"If you have only worked in simple families you wouldn't do for the high-class requirements of my establishment!"

"But you could tell me what to do, madam!"

"No, I want somebody who is able to tell me that!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).*

Repaired and Decorated.—Common Pleas Judge Irving Carpenter is holding court in the court-house, having been in the painters' hands for two months. The judge is recovering from a surgical operation performed at Cleveland in the interim.—*Wakeman Item, in Wellington Enterprise.*

The Fan's Triumph.—
Here lies the remains of a radio fan,
Now mourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.
—*Williams Purple Cow.*



In His Head, Not Hers.

IN his head was the plan by which he had started to work out fortune for himself, for her and for their children.

His brain was active and well equipped, but he could not bequeath his brain.

Where his brain left off its work with Fortune, life insurance took up its unfinished business. It provided what he would have provided. It carried out his plan.

Prudential Monthly Income insurance takes the place of your mindfulness of your loved ones. It provides for regular monthly payments for a term of years or for life.

Ask the Prudential man about it.

If Every Wife Knew What Every
Widow Knows—Every Husband
Would Be Insured

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

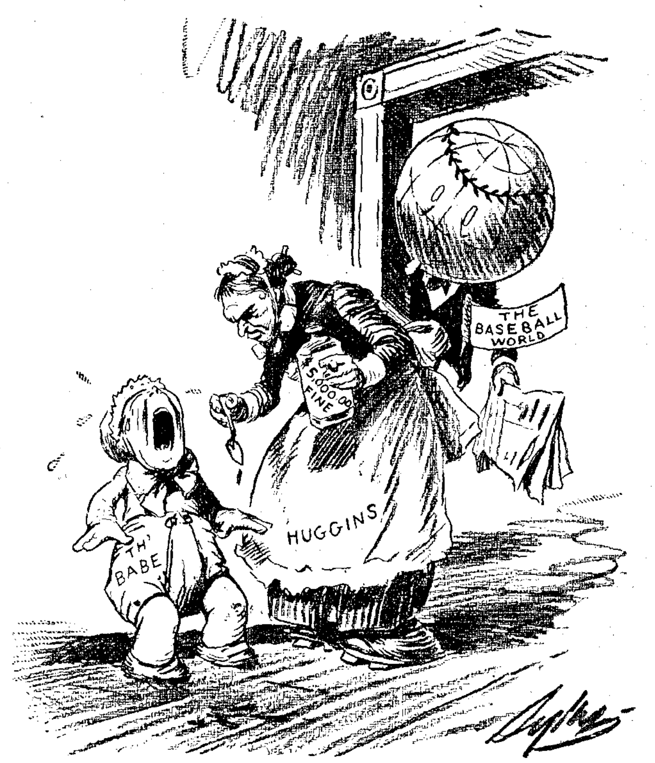
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

SPANKING BASEBALL'S BABY AND PETTING ITS PARAGON

THE NAUGHTY BOY AND THE GOOD BOY of the National Game—Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb—jumped into the glare of publicity "on one and the same day," as an editorial writer points out. Ty Cobb, the Admirable Crichton of baseball, "was hailed as First Citizen of Detroit, after twenty years of professional baseball in that city." On the other side of the picture, which recalls to some writers Hogarth's "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," and to others the highly moral "History of Sandford and Merton," the mighty Babe Ruth was fined $5,000 and indefinitely suspended, apparently for keeping late hours and committing other infractions of managerial discipline. In commenting on which some sporting writers jump quite heavily on the popular scapegrace, while an energetic minority take his part and vow that "the Babe" has been spanked too hard. And meanwhile the stalwart Mr. Ruth himself has been reduced to tears of repentance and promises of being a better boy in future. The New York *Times* draws attention editorially to the coincidence of Ty Cobb honored and Babe Ruth dishonored on the same day, and exclaims:



A BITTER DOSE

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

> In the phrase of O. Henry, "sic rapid transit" the glory of the diamond. On it national heroes are created with more rapidity and louder acclaim than anywhere else in this country, yet how precarious their position, how fickle the popular favor on which they live! The roar of applause in the bleachers turns with incredible ease into howls of disapproval. And hands that one year are waved in greeting to a mighty man of the baseball field, the next will show their thumbs turned down on him. It requires more than skill at the game, more than physical prowess, for one of these heroes to prevent his head being turned by easily won and glamorous success. Where most of them fail is in remaining modest, in properly judging the fleeting nature of their fame, in seeing the necessity of keeping in good bodily trim, and of saving something for the rainy days certain to come after the fair weather. But this means that a professional baseball player of the highest eminence ought to have a strong character as well as keen eyes and perfectly coordinated muscles. That, however, as the run of them go, would be asking too much.

The spanking of the redoubtable Babe took place in St. Louis, under circumstances set forth in a dispatch to the New York *World* as follows:

> George Herman ("Babe") Ruth, famous home-run king of the New York Yankees, was fined $5,000 and suspended indefinitely by Miller Huggins before the game between the Yankees and the St. Louis Browns, this afternoon. "General misconduct" was the reason Huggins gave for the suspension of the outfielder.
>
> Ruth checked out of the Hotel Buckingham immediately after he was suspended.
>
> Neither Ruth nor Huggins would make any comment on his suspension. The manager of the Yankees declined to go into details as to the cause of the suspension meted out to the home-run king.
>
> The first intimation that Ruth had been suspended came this afternoon when the New York team lined up against the Browns with Ruth absent. Reporters who made inquiries as to Ruth's whereabouts at first were informed that the Babe had deserted the club and gone to New York, but later, when Huggins was asked point-blank whether Ruth had been suspended, he admitted he had, and added that he also had been fined $5,000 and ordered to return to New York.
>
> Ruth took the news of his fine and suspension with comparative calm. He did not have a chance to put on his uniform, as he was handed the notice of his fine and suspension when he appeared at the door of the visiting players' club-house at Sportsman's Park this afternoon. He accepted the railroad ticket handed him by Mark Roth, road secretary for the team, and departed.
>
> During this trip of the Yanks, which according to Huggins has been featured by the Bambino's off-stage mischief, Ruth has only batted .245 in thirteen games, making only thirteen hits in forty-nine times at bat. His best flash of form was in knocking three homers in as many days during the series in Cleveland.
>
> But it has not been the Babe's slump in playing that drove the manager to his drastic action, which, by the way, was action that Huggins took on his own initiative without consulting either his employer, Col. Jacob Ruppert, or Business Manager Ed Barrow, in charge of the Club's New York office.
>
> It was Ruth's flagrant disregard of rules of club discipline, his bad hours, etc., that moved Huggins to slap him with a $5,000 fine. The last time Ruth was set down was when Judge Landis barred him for the first month of the 1922 season as punishment for playing winter ball in California, in violation of orders to the contrary.
>
> Asked to define exactly what he meant by "misconduct off the field," Huggins said that it covered a multitude of sins, and he was reluctant to specify them. It was hinted that Ruth might have been tipping the festive cup, tho liquid refreshment is none too easy to obtain at this end of the American League circuit.

Of the mighty batsman's exploits we are told:

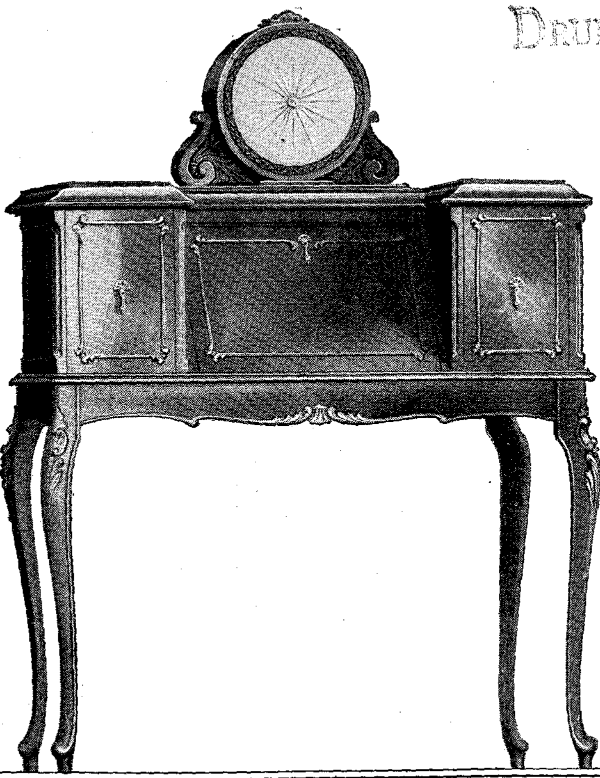
> Babe Ruth, the greatest home-run hitter of all time, had knocked out 299 four-baggers before he received word of his indefinite suspension to-day. Ruth started his home-run drive back in 1915, when he uncorked his first circuit blow in the majors with old Jack Warhop on the hill. This was on May 6, 1915, while he was a member of the Boston Red Sox and Warhop was pitching for the New York Americans.
>
> On June 2 of the same year he smashed Warhop for his second four-bagger. On June 25 he got another off Caldwell of the New York Club, and made the fourth for that year on July 21 off James of St. Louis.
>
> The following year Babe began to gage the distance and turned in eleven. This was the war year, and the season was curtailed. In 1919 Ruth turned in twenty-nine. The next year he set a mark of fifty-four for the season, and in 1921 he drove out his highest total of fifty-nine. This mark probably will stand for some time despite the lively ball.

During the ensuing few days, while Mr. Ruth, in a highly

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Ten Models
$50 to $460
Guaranteed
Unconditionally

All prices slightly higher in Canada



TYPE 400

Five Tubes. Special super-selective circuit. No antenna or ground required. No batteries; operated entirely on AC house current. A and B battery eliminators housed in steel clad box within cabinet. Connect with standard bell or cabinet type Music Master Reproducer, or with specially designed art model reproducer, illustrated. French Spinet Desk cabinet of solid mahogany, beautifully ornamented, in brown mahogany art satin finish. Price $400

Music Master Reproducer Model XIII. Drum Type. Specially designed art model, illustrated. Price . . $40

Its Beauty Satisfies—Its Tone Delights —and a Style for Every Home

A truly beautiful example of the cabinetmaker's art in every detail of design and workmanship, Music Master brings an added sense of beauty and harmony into any environment.

Designed to afford a proper medium for the interpretation of Radio's infinite variety of Music, Song and Speech, Music Master Receiver combines in one artistic unit the supreme in reception with the superbly realistic re-creative powers of Music Master Reproducer.

One of the exquisite Music Master models may well become one of your most prized possessions. There is a Music Master model to harmonize with every interior.

Ask any authorized Music Master dealer to demonstrate Music Master. See Music Master — hear — compare — before you buy *any* radio set.

Music Master Corporation
Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus
128-130 North Tenth Street
CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH MONTREAL
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

Music Master
RADIO PRODUCTS

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

The greatest values in automobile history

GENERAL MOTORS believes that Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Buick and Cadillac now offer the greatest values in automobile history.

Important improvements in chassis construction add to simplicity and performance. Refinements in body designs increase attractiveness and comfort.

Every change has been made with quality as the prime consideration. Quality is the first law of General Motors. Enormous sums have been invested in more intensive engineering, in labor-saving methods, in reconstruction—wherever a better result might be achieved.

Naturally, large economies are attainable in such an organization as General Motors. It enjoys every advantage of quantity production; it sells in every market of the world. General Motors is passing these economies on to the purchaser. This makes possible the extraordinary values now offered.

The public may depend upon these values. Every car is a car of quality.

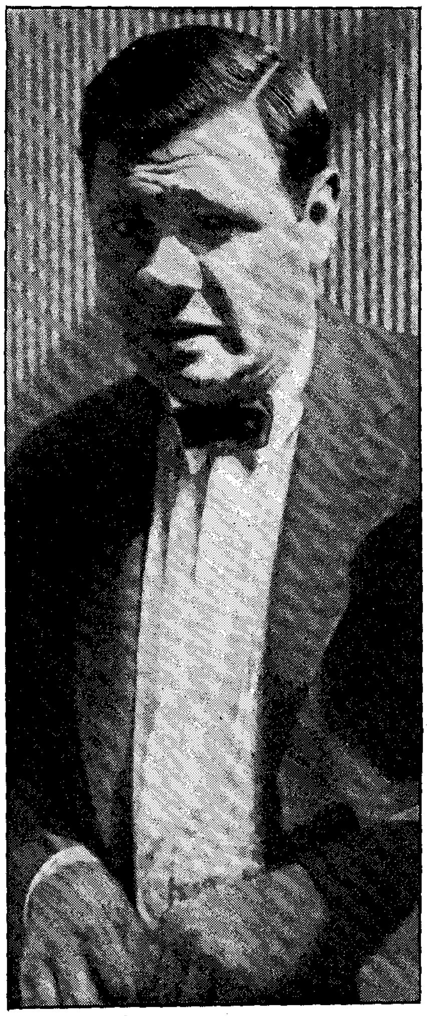
GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

General Motors automobiles may be purchased on the *GMAC* Time Payment Plan
Always lowest, *GMAC* rates are now lower still

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

emotional state of mind, as we read, was journeying to New York, pleading with Colonel Ruppert, the owner of the Yankees, and talking about appealing to Judge Landis, his case was discust far and wide. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, was quoted by the Associated Press as saying:


P. & A. photograph

REPENTANT

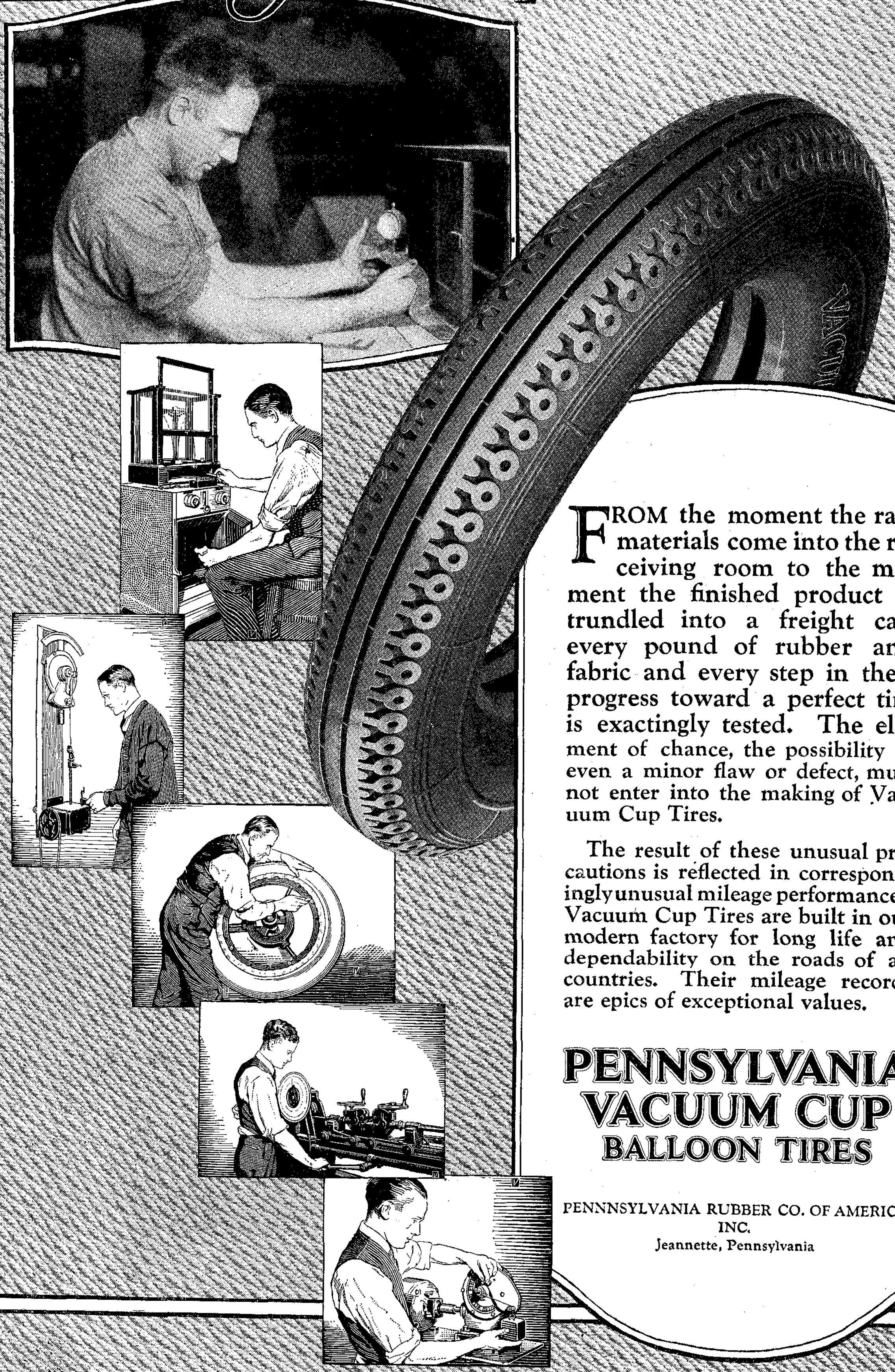
The big "Bambino" was in this chastened mood when he sought his manager's forgiveness.

> Ruth has the mind of a fifteen-year-old boy, and must be made to understand wher he belongs. The American League is n place for a player who dissipates and misbehaves. The matter of disciplining Rut has been under consideration for some time and I am heartily in accord with Manage Huggins's action.
>
> For a player receiving $52,500 a year Ruth ought to have made himself a hero instead of reflecting discredit on himself his team and the game. He has been o probation to observe training rules, an this he hasn't done. Misconduct, drinkin and staying out all night are things tha will not be tolerated by his team and th game.

Sporting writers took sides according t their sympathies or their conviction Ed Hughes, in the New York *Evenin Telegram*, remarked:

> The greatest home-run hitter the gan

Every step tested



FROM the moment the raw materials come into the receiving room to the moment the finished product is trundled into a freight car, every pound of rubber and fabric and every step in their progress toward a perfect tire is exactingly tested. The element of chance, the possibility of even a minor flaw or defect, must not enter into the making of Vacuum Cup Tires.

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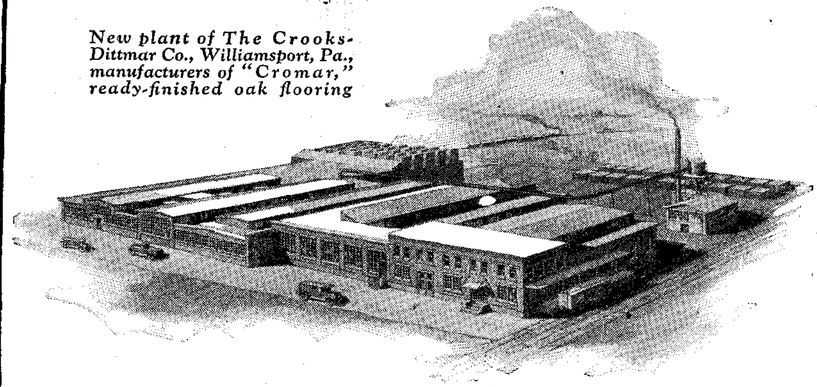

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This astonishingly low price is not an estimate, *but a guaranteed maximum cost.* It is possible first because this big plant is made up of standard Ferguson buildings of large area. Second, because the Ferguson organization both designs and erects buildings, handling all the work from start to finish. Third, because this one organization maintains ample stocks of essential materials with the most modern equipment for construction work. Fourth, because its engineers are thoroughly experienced, capable and strictly up-to-date on modern factory practice.

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Ferguson
GUARANTEED BUILDINGS

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

ever knew, the highest paid of all ball-players, probably the most picturesque, too, is reduced to a pathetic figure of apparently helpless, self-willed failure.

If so—and we trust we are wrong—the nickname of his golden days, curiously enough, fits his tin days of disaster.

He will have indeed been the "Behemoth of Bust." No more colossal collapse of athletic prestige has ever been known to the athletic world than the one which hovers threateningly about Babe Ruth.

Yet the writer, understanding this, can not somehow find it in his heart to scourge the simple-minded, lovable character of Ruth.

A deep sense of gratitude, a true understanding of what is what generally, requires some degree of imagination. Ruth, as every one knows, has never had any. He was reared in an orphan asylum and, through no fault of his own, is practically illiterate.

Some who do not possess imagination understand the meaning of gratitude by a sort of instinct.

Ruth's lone instinct that lifted him above the herd to fame was solely employed in knocking home-runs.

Other comments were more severe. Joe Vila wrote in the New York *Sun:*

Ruth's punishment may bring the big slugger to his senses. He should realize by this time that his popularity is on the wane, and that he must obey the orders of the Yankees' plucky little manager, or take the consequences. Ruth was disciplined on the twentieth anniversary of Tyrus Raymond Cobb's first appearance as a member of the Detroit Tigers. Cobb's wonderful record as a player never has been tarnished by fines or suspensions for violating the rules against dissipation.

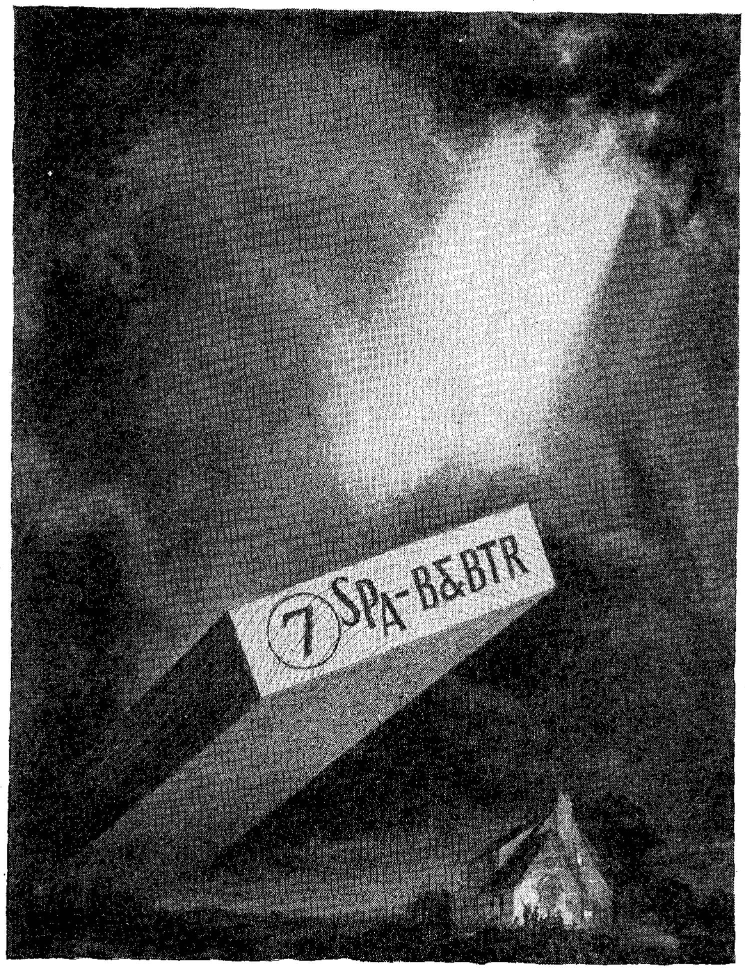
On the other hand, there was an outspoken pro-Ruth faction, consisting of Heywood Broun, of the New York *World's* staff of columnists. Mr. Broun wrote:

Evidently the big baseball controversy between Ruth and Huggins is a phase of the eternal warfare between the creative artist and the critic. Ruth makes the masterpieces and Huggins appraises them.

Ruth is an artist or, if you object to that, he is a freak in the athletic world, and the ordinary traditions of training are not applicable. Indeed, I am exceedingly skeptical as to just how far these traditions are helpful to anybody. Certainly they don't work in Ruth's case.

There was a time a few seasons ago when the Babe fell into a most alarming slump. Weeks went by without home-runs, and even the lesser hits were rare. The troubled player was prevailed upon to set 11 o'clock as his nightly bedtime hour. He abstained from alcohol and gave up black cigars. And his batting average continued to dwindle.

Fortunately, original sin was still strong within him, and after a fruitless fortnight of monasticism, Ruth broke loose. Once again he took up the things which, according to the code, he ought not to have done. Late, late at night he returned to his hotel. Next afternoon at the ball park lack of sleep was evident in his eye, but there was an inner glow. Once again Ruth had made satisfactory adjustment to his environment.



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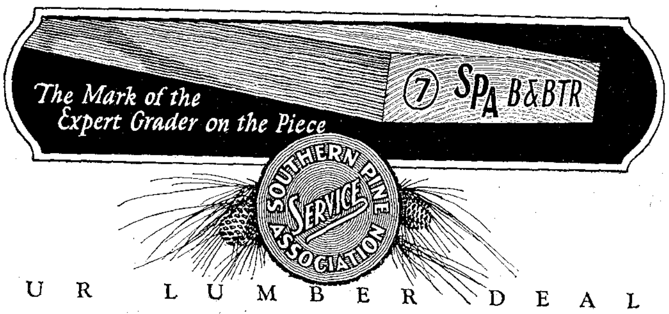
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Through days and nights his unconscious had been cramped and burdened by the noxious dictates of deluded will-power. A deficiency in libido had been reflected in a scarcity of home-runs.

But on this afternoon he smoked up to the very moment before appearing on the diamond. The demon of sainthood had been exorcised, and before the final out was called that afternoon, Ruth had twice lifted the ball over the fences, and one of the home-runs was the longest of all his mighty blows.

You can't make a Spartan out of an ancient Goth, and that year saw very little more of training, but quantities of home-runs. The fact that training in its literal sense is useless if not positively dangerous to Ruth ought to be evident by now. For three successive seasons Ruth has gone South to hike and sweat and lead the good life, and each time this effort to play a rôle unsuitable has ended up in a violent attack of influenza.

It is my theory that not one of these illnesses was truly influenza in the strict sense of the word. The Babe, I believe, was afflicted with a neurosis rather than a bacillus. His unconscious, rebelling against conduct at variance with Ruth's deep-rooted emotional instincts, produced fever, rapid pulse, and even, as on the last occasion, violent convulsions.

Why wouldn't there be convulsions? The Babe's ego was lashing out with feet and fists for freedom. And think of the repressions which have curdled within that great chest. Season after season has gone by and, save in confidence, Ruth has not been able to speak his mind out about Miller Huggins except in comparative privacy. Reporters who heard the player's frank expression of hatred for the little manager remarked on how well Ruth was looking.

Even now the day might be saved. It would be possible for Ruth to serve under Miller Huggins and yet produce home-runs in quantity. But this could be brought about only if Huggins were content to practise a patience and a fortitude which I fear is far beyond him. My suggestion would be that before each game Miller Huggins should stand at home plate in full sight of all the multitude and that Babe Ruth should thereupon advance slowly and vindictively and knock the manager down with a left-hand swing to the mouth. Such a diversion if regularly practised would make Ruth's whole day and set him into so cheerful and sprightly a mood that none of the fences would be too distant to defy his long drives.

But the repentant "Babe" refused to be egged on to further naughtiness. Acting on Colonel Ruppert's advice, we read, he apologized to Huggins and begged for reinstatement, with every prospect of having his petition granted.

And meanwhile the "good boy" of baseball receives this pæan in the editorial columns of the New York *Evening Telegram*, under the heading, "Ty Cobb Rises Above Baseball":

> Detroit has two "first" citizens. By acclamation Henry Ford is voted one, but for the second the city has picked an adopted son, a man who has given twenty

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The decimal tabulator writes figures in columns with the same speed as ordinary line-by-line writing.

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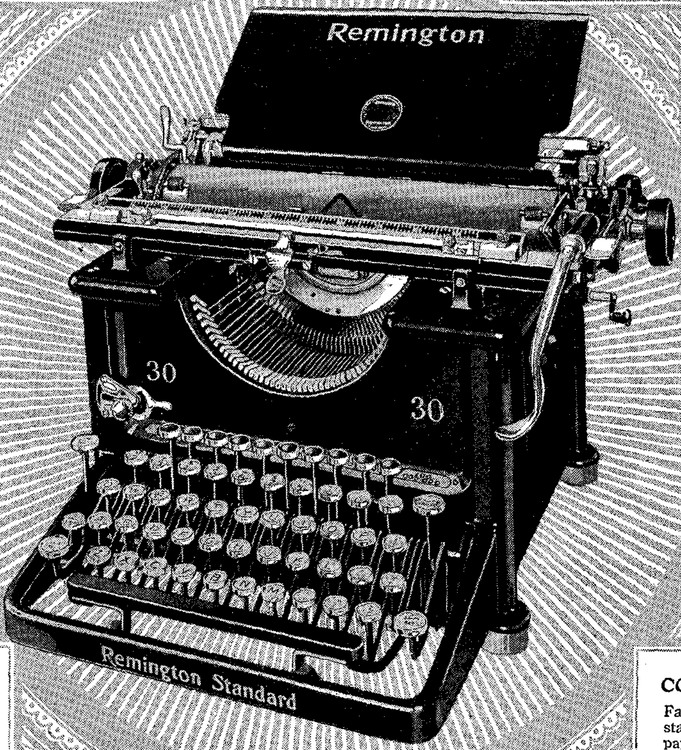

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Think what it means to own a typewriter that will perform all the usual typing tasks... that will write figures in columns with equal speed... that is instantly adjustable to write columns of figures in any desired positions on the page... that will do tabular and form work of any kind with the same speed as ordinary typing... that will manifold, cut stencils, feed paper with hairline accuracy... that will do *any kind of writing* that is ever required of a writing machine.

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Off to School

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This month sees the millions of youngsters marching off to school—happy, healthy, smiling.

When you meet the book-burdened little groups trudging along, pause a moment and reflect. Hundreds of children such as these will be victims of traffic accidents at open, unprotected school grounds this year. Some will be mortally injured, others seriously hurt, still others, permanently maimed.

Such needless sacrifice! What a pity to permit this sorrowful toll when it could easily be prevented! Cyclone Fence, enclosing school grounds, keeps children safe; prevents dashing into busy thoroughfares; provides safe exits to the street.

School authorities: Why not have Cyclone Fence installed now and protect the children that parents have placed in your care?

Cyclone Nation-Wide Fencing Service—Complete Responsibility

From the time your order is placed until fence is erected, the Cyclone Fence Company assumes complete responsibility for every detail of the manufacture and installation of Cyclone Fence.

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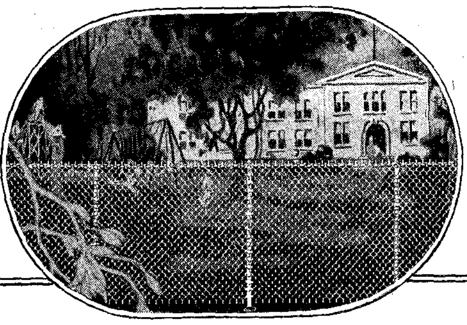


We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence for school ground use.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

years of service to Detroit on the baseball field. On Saturday, Tyrus Raymond Cobb completed twenty years of labor for the Tigers in the American League, and that night he was the honorary guest at a dinner to commemorate the event and to take unto himself the title of "leading citizen" of Detroit.

In twenty years with the Tigers, Cobb has earned for himself the rank of one of the world's greatest baseball players, if not the greatest. His feats on the diamond, his base hits, his base running, his fielding, his startling and sparkling play were displaced at the dinner board for the good he has done Detroit. He has helped make Detroit famous as much as Henry Ford and his flivver. In the United States the name of Cobb is known in every hamlet.

Keystone View photograph

TY COBB AS PATERFAMILIAS

Baseball's Admirable Crichton is here caught in a proudly parental mood.

The city of Detroit saw fit to honor Cobb and his service, and defrayed part of the expenses. The followers of baseball did the rest. The story of Cobb and his baseball life is the story of a determination to succeed, to be first in the chosen endeavor of life.

When Cobb came to the American League in 1905 he brought with him a wonderful physique and a determination to advance. His first year was spent in "feeling" out his new surroundings. Two years later he was the leading batsman in the American League. From then to the present time Cobb has always been one of the select few in batting circles. Twelve times he has led the league and has established records. He has contributed a versatility to baseball that has filled parks in the American League. He has contributed to the youth of the country a mark to shoot at, on the diamond or in business life. He came up with a determination to succeed, and has succeeded so well that he has passed out of the ranks of baseball into one of the builders of Detroit.

COCKLE-SHELLS CALL FOR CAUTION

BOAT mishaps in summer squalls have become a theme of controversy. On the one hand, "reckless people" are lamed editorially for continuing to "invite disaster in overloaded cockle-shells." On the other hand a correspondent deprecates any panic on the subject, defends the stability of "cockle-shells" when properly handled, and draws up a code of rules for the behavior of amateur watermen caught in a storm. The New York *World* opened an editorial as follows:

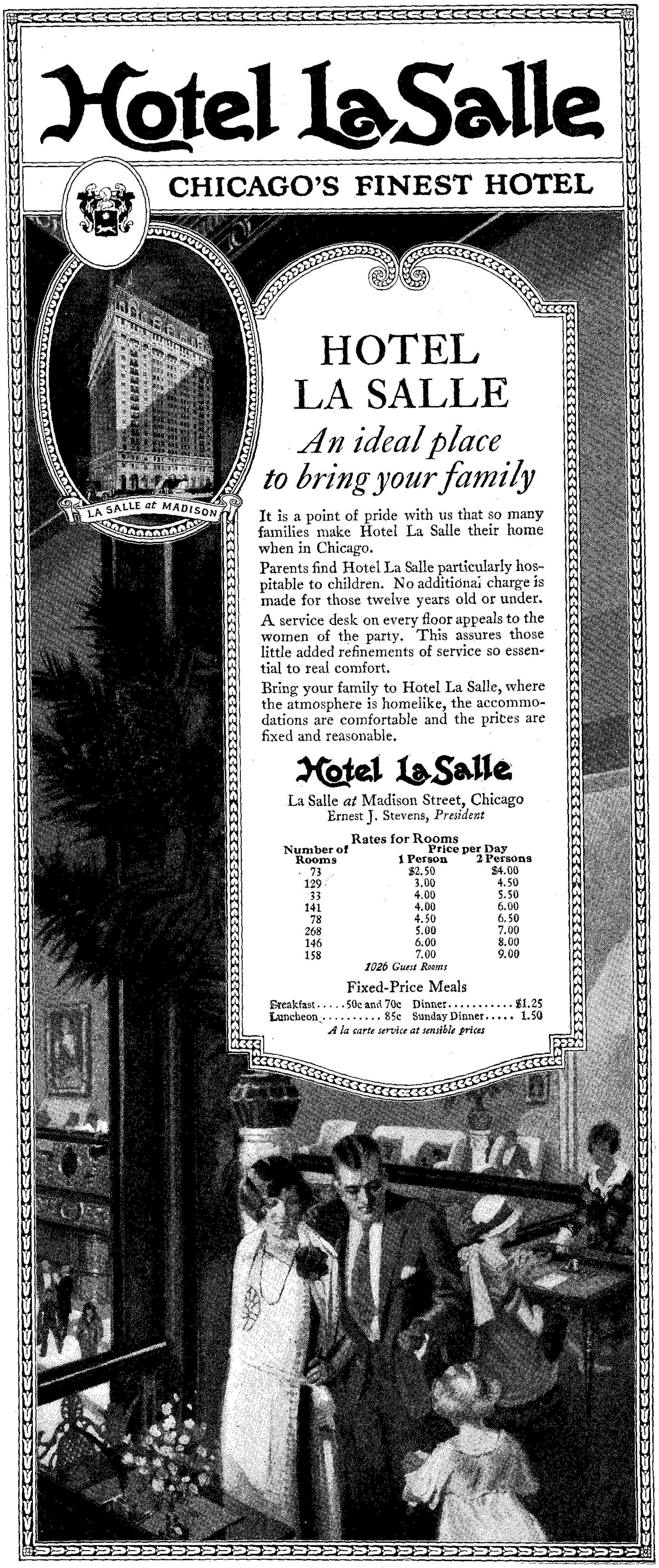
> When, out of a clear sky Sunday evening, a squall hit the waters near New York, small pleasure craft were swamped by the dozen, and only a long list of rescues, as lucky as they were gallant, kept the loss of life down to a single man. Nothing is more likely than that more lives will thus be lost before the season ends.

It went on to cite a number of boating accidents last year, drew attention to the fact that a Maine woods guide will refuse to take more than two passengers in an eighteen-foot canoe, recalled that it is common to see five or six people in smaller canoes about New York, and concluded:

> Lives could be saved to the community if people could be taught not to venture out in good weather in craft which they can not navigate in bad weather. Summer squalls do not always give notice of their intentions.

To which the protesting correspondent, Bruno Beckhard, retorts that "few sports claim so few victims as water sports," and continues:

> Any boat given half a chance will stay right side up in a storm. Drownings come from the effort to check the boat in its natural motion—the panicky lurch to the high side just as the support is moving away from that side—and the instinct to head for home instead of heading into the weather.
>
> Keep an eye on the weather. If white clouds with a definite outline show in the west, the chances are there will be a thunderstorm.
>
> The wind comes before the rain. If you see a storm coming, try to get home before it reaches you—but do not use up all your strength in the effort. You may need it later. The rain will not hurt you. If the wind catches you, turn your boat directly into the wind—and keep it there. Get to shore where you can. The wind will not last long.
>
> With the boat headed into the wind it will pitch, but not rock. If you can not keep facing the wind, turn and go with it. If for a few minutes you are across the wind, keep all the weight in the center and near the bottom of the boat. Your boat will do its best to stay right side up—if you let it.



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268	5.00	7.00
146	6.00	8.00
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Fixed-Price Meals

Breakfast	50c and 70c	Dinner	$1.25
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A la carte service at sensible prices

HAS DEMPSEY, LIKE SAMSON, BEEN SHORN OF HIS POWER?

WITH A NEW NOSE AND A LOVING WIFE, the champion bruiser of the world is a different man from the Dempsey who punched his way to that eminence, according to a writer who has had intimate opportunities of noting the change in him. While all the sporting authorities are arguing over the chances of Dempsey's ever meeting Wills or any other aspirant in the squared circle, much interest is attached to an apparently "inside" story written by Jim Tully, the former hobo and pugilist who is now nursing the beginnings of a promising literary career, we are told, while officiating at Hollywood as "confidential man" to Charlie Chaplin. Tully proclaims the probability "that Jack Dempsey has reached the beginning of the end of his fighting career," and that "the world is about to witness a new spectacle—that of its greatest bruiser being made esthetic, his fighting instinct curbed by a plastic surgeon and a woman." As presented in *Liberty*, Tully's article continues:

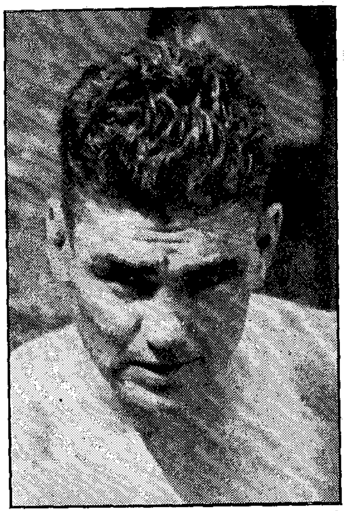
International Newsreel photograph

"MRS. DEMPSEY HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF LURING JACK AWAY FROM THE PRIZE-RING"

His recent contract with Tex Rickard requires Dempsey to meet Harry Wills, the negro contender, one year from Labor Day, and meanwhile to engage a man of lesser caliber—perhaps on the fourth of next July. As this article is written, there is also a report that Dempsey will agree to meet Bartley Madden in Michigan City, Indiana, within six or eight weeks.

These facts seem to indicate that Dempsey has lost none of his lust for battle. But we shall see.

Tho a mass of material has been printed about the Heavyweight Champion of the World, no one has yet caught the blending of the tiger and the child in him. Dempsey, like Luther McCarty, a heavyweight champion before him, comes of two races that make the ideal fighting man. He is Irish and Indian. Six feet tall, and near two hundred pounds, he is the most pantherlike man I have ever seen. He walks as if on rubber. His movements are the poetry of motion. He has been a pugilist since he was fourteen years old. This must always be remembered in connection with him. His whole psychology is that of the fighting man.


Underwood & Underwood copyrighted photograph

THEN THE CHAMPION HAD A FIGHTING FACE

Dempsey joined forces with Jack Kearns in 1917. At that time Kearns was looking about for a promising fighter, and Dempsey was one of the indifferent ring performers of the West.

His record at the time was none too impressive. In summing it up, however, it must be remembered that he fought many a good man who was unknown to fame. He held Johnnie Sudenberg, of Nebraska, to a draw. Sudenberg never went into the big money, and yet he held his own with many of the leading pugilists of his day. Fighters, like all other men, are led on to fame and fortune by certain tides which they accidentally take at the flood.

The smartest thing Dempsey ever did in his life was accidental. He made an agreement with Jack Kearns. The latter was to receive fifty per cent. of all Jack's earnings. No papers were signed.

Dempsey broke this agreement in the spring of this year. When I talked to him about it, he said:

"You see, I'm married now, and fifty per cent. is too much, as I must look after my wife."

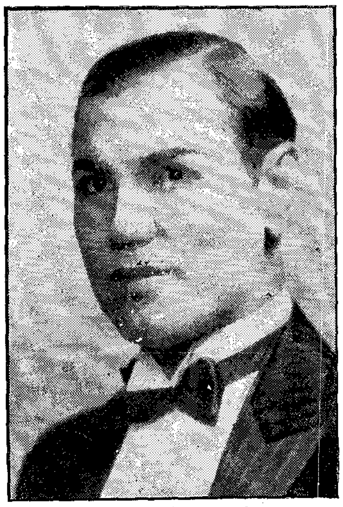
Dempsey's wife is Estelle Taylor, the motion-picture actress. She is quite capable of earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year. So there must be other reasons. The chief one, I hazard, is this: A woman has come between two men whose friendship was the greatest in the annals of the prize-ring. The mighty Dempsey can not serve two masters. He has chosen the lovelier but not more sagacious one of the two. Dempsey's wife is the power behind his knuckled throne.

Dempsey, ambitious to become a motion-picture star, recently had his nose straightened by a surgeon. It is now an imitation Greek. The first heavy fist that crashes against it will make it Irish and Indian again.

It is the history of all achievement. Every successful man wishes to be something which he isn't. Dempsey, the greatest pugilist in the world, wishes to be a cake-eating movie actor. To see this splendid animal, all grace and wondrous motion, bedeck himself in the imitation trickery of the ballroom is a sight for philosophers. Of all the crimes of the cinema, none is more ridiculous than this.

I was Dempsey's guest one evening in his Hollywood home. In this residence there is no trace of the magnificent youngster who banged his way out of oblivion. It is middle-class elegance in many colors.

Dempsey has a butler with a broken nose. He was once the featherweight champion of the Pacific Northwest. He calls his employer "Champ." The butler's name is Lee Moore, and he was a splendid little fighter in his day. He was a preliminary performer when Dempsey was in the same category, and the two missed many meals together.


Underwood & Underwood photograph

NOW THE CHAMPION HAS A "MOVIE" FACE

There is a Great Dane also at Dempsey's elegant home. This dog wanders about in a forlorn manner, as tho he feels that he, too, like his master, was born for a different destiny.

Jack's mother long ago said that, if her son were only given time, he would gather in every stray dog in the neighborhood. But Dempsey has other things to think about now.

He has come to the parting of the ways with the best friend he ever had—Jack Kearns. The latter steered him over the rocky road that led to a world's championship.

Kearns is now managing Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion.

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We make more than 500 different types and sizes of National Cash Registers. We have to. The requirements of merchants make every one of them necessary.

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3190 patents, containing more than 40,000 claims, have been taken out on National Cash Registers.

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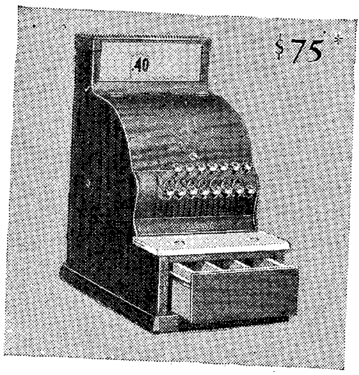
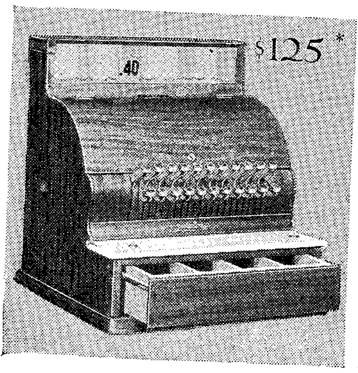
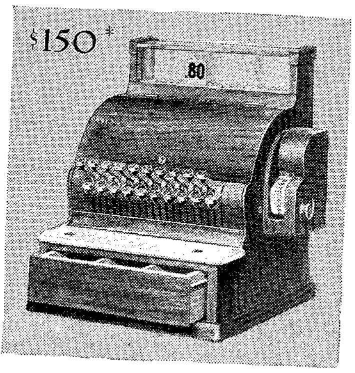
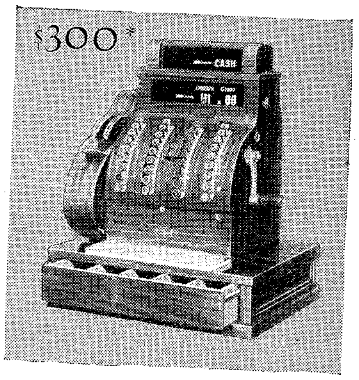


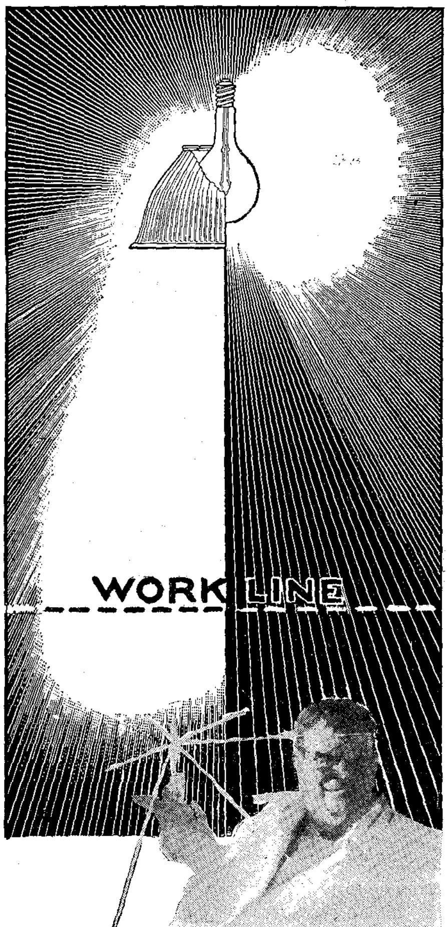






*These prices apply in U. S. only

National Cash Registers



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DIRECTS LIGHT SCIENTIFICALLY

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Jack's wife looks after him tenderly. She has trimmed his bedroom with the most elegant of laces.

"I never show my bedroom to my old men friends," the champion said. "I'm afraid they'll want to kiss me."

Mrs. Dempsey smiled at this. The greatest fighter in the world looked out of the window.

"I've been teaching Jack how to behave in front of the camera," she said, "and my, what a task! It's like turning a lion into a kitten."

We talked of many things. I shifted the conversation as swiftly as possible to Dempsey's early days in the ring.

I watched him closely—the Greek nose and the Indian head.

"Do you ever show mercy in the ring now, Jack?" I asked.

"Not any more," he answered. "I don't let 'em suffer. I slam them down quick. I figure fightin's a business, an' if you don't get them, they will get you."

The inevitable question as to which had been his toughest fight brought this response:

"Well, I don't know—Bill Brennan, in New York, the last time, I guess . . . or maybe Firpo . . . but Firpo can't fight—none of those big foreigners can. I don't know why."

"He did well with you, didn't he, Jack?"

"He got in a lucky sock. If he hadn't, there wouldn't have been any fight. He just ain't there—that's all."

"How about Jess Willard?"

"A big, strong fellow—and game—but dumb. He was a better man than any one ever gave him credit for, tho. I nearly threw my shoulders out of joint sockin' him hard enough to drop him. Willard was a good man."

"But Bill Brennan—"

"A nice fellow, Bill was—and a darn good fighter. The last time I fought him in New York, a funny thing happened. I liked him, and wanted to let him stick around a while, to give the crowd a run for its money. He caught me in the third round with a right to the jaw that made me unconscious. I didn't know a thing until the twelfth round, when I came to and knocked him out. I made up my mind to finish everybody quick after that."

"What do you think of Harry Wills, Jack?"

"He's not so bad, but he's got a glass jaw—and he can't sock very hard. He's better than any of the rest of them."

Another negro, George Godfrey, is rated by many fight critics to be better than Wills. When I asked Jack his opinion of Godfrey, Jack replied tersely, "He's yellow—and he can't sock." Dempsey always uses the word *sock* for *hit.*

"Whom did you take the most delight in knocking out, Jack?"

"Carl Morris—the original White Hope."

"Why?"

"Because he played me a dirty trick. I told him I'd get even."

"How?"

"Well, I'd been Morris' sparrin' partner in Kansas City, and when I left him I was broke flatter'n a pancake. Morris had some dough, but not me. I had nothing but an old suitcase with a cheap blue serge suit, a sweater, and a pair of tights in it. I went down to the depot and stole a ride out of town on a blind baggage, leavin' Carl to send the suitcase to me. I wanted some clean clothes when I landed in Pueblo.

"I did some hard ridin' and beat it through in thirty hours . . . it was sure tough. I went after my suitcase and found that big stiff Morris hadn't sent it yet. It came in four days, and I was tickled to death. Then the guy at the express office told me there was two dollars charges on it. That was a knockout—and I didn't have a dime. I was a whole day raisin' the money—a guy I knew at a pool hall finally loaned it to me.

"Well, things drifted along for about nine months—I got a few fights through Colorado and Utah, and landed in 'Frisco. I got started in the four-round game. It wasn't long till they matched me with Carl Morris.

"He come up and slapped me on the back the day before the fight and says, 'Hello, there, Jack! You're comin' up in the world—gosh, I hate to make you slip!' Then I says, 'You great big bum, you won't make me slip. I got a dozen crows to pick with you—and, believe me, I'm goin' to pick 'em all to-morrow night.'

"Morris, he laughs and says, 'What's a matter, Jack?' and I said, 'You remember when you shipped that suitcase collect, don't you? Well, so do I. I'll tell you about it to-morrow night.' I crawled in the ring with him about ten the next night, and he paraded out of his corner just like no man on earth could stand in front of him a minute. I caught him under the heart in the second round, and he bellowed like a calf. I played tag with him after that—and every time I got in close, I'd say, 'You big bum, I'll send you back to Tulsa collect.'"

Jack paused, a happy light in his eyes, forgetful of the nice home and the pretty wife and the bric-a-brac. He was living over the happiest time of his life—when he was banging his way to fame with bloody fists. He was expressing himself in the only way his panther soul would ever know.

"God! I'd give a lot to live those old days over again," he sighed. "We didn't always eat regular, and sometimes we got the double-cross—but, gosh! I had something then I haven't got now—I don't know what it is—I just know I haven't got it, that's all."

Knowing well what he meant, I felt a touch of sadness for him. It was the vagabond crying for the road again. I have heard Charlie Chaplin express the wish to go barnstorming, and Jack London once said, "Sometimes I feel like passing it all up for a box-car with some straw in the corner."

It was no place for such a mood. I shifted it. "What else about Morris, Jack?"

"Nothing, Jimmy. I fought him again, and nearly drove my fist through his heart—I dropt him in a minute and a half of the first round. He didn't 'white hope' any more."

Life has many strange quirks. Carl Morris is now a movie extra in Hollywood.

Tully pauses to remark that Jack is proud of his wife, and adds:

She represents all to him—the glamour and the wonder and the singing glory of woman. She is the beautiful figure in silk . . . and he is the hobo-pugilist admiring it.

Her three blue-blooded Pekingese dogs snap at the heels of Jack's Great Dane. The latter pays no attention. If Jack were wiser, he would draw a great lesson from that. But if he were Freud he would not be Jack. And not even a Greenwich Village writer would pay to see Freud fight.

"After all the hardships Jack has endured, I want him to have comfortable and inviting surroundings. He has had enough of the hard side," his wife comments.

Psychoanalyzing her husband, she says, "Jack can not differentiate: to him, a bad woman is a bad woman, and a good woman a good woman—there are none between." Again, "I love for him to have little dogs around . . . it will soften the cruelty strain in him; also, I want him to be versatile, to be able to do many things—Jack can really act—he does very well on the screen." Jack looked up and smiled—and another piece of velvet covered the granite.

Jack turned to me as Lee Moore, the pugilist-butler, joined us. We relaxed like three glove-battered bruisers chatting at the ringside. Lee told a tale of having met Jack in Spokane. Jack was broke. Lee had just won a fight; had several hundred dollars. Jack lived high. "Them were the days—hey, Champ?" "I'll say they were, Lee," was the Champ's answer.

"Do you think you'll ever fight again, Jack?" I asked.

"Well, maybe—and maybe not. It's all according—I may retire—I don't know—"

Mrs. Dempsey has been accused of luring Jack away from the prize-ring. If Dempsey makes a half-way success in motion-pictures his drawing power will be something—in connection with being the only heavyweight champion to retire undefeated. If he goes to the pugilistic well once too often, the inevitable is bound to happen. It would, indeed, be logical if Jack and his wife figured things this way.

Dempsey has the speed of Terry McGovern at his best. This is phenomenal in a heavy man. He has the tiger's cunning in combat—the streak of Irish madness blended with Indian cruelty.

The only knockout ever recorded against Dempsey was by Jim Flynn. This happened when Flynn was a seasoned ringster and Dempsey was a youngster—eating none too regularly—as bruisers, like poets, must suffer for their art. Dempsey fought Flynn later and knocked him out.

To the perennial question among veteran fight fans, "How would Dempsey have stacked up against the great John L. in his prime?" Tully returns this answer:

> In a recent review of a book dealing with the life of John L. Sullivan I said that Jack Dempsey would have battered him to the canvas in three rounds any time they started. A writer took me to task for this statement, saying that Sullivan had knocked out more men in one tour than Dempsey had all his life.
>
> The old-time fighters and their managers resorted to many tricks to save the thousand which they offered any man who stayed four rounds. As a rule, the manager of the touring gladiator held the watch—if by any chance his man tired, the round was shortened; if by any chance the other man tired, the round was lengthened. If the other man became dangerous, he was conveniently backed against the rear curtain . . . the touring gladiator feinted at him, the challenger would throw his head back, it would strike the curtain at the same time a mallet would strike it from the other side, and another knockout would be recorded for the touring gentleman.
>
> Whether Sullivan ever resorted to the many tricks prevalent, I do not know. I do know that he was well aware of them. But one should never judge a champion or a

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

near-champion by the number of men he knocks out on a tour.

James J. Corbett claims that Sullivan was a harder puncher than Dempsey. This is ego in defense of itself. As a matter of fact, Sullivan never knocked out such a man as Carl Morris with one blow under the heart. He never battered down a man the equal of Willard in three rounds—nor a Firpo. The French Carpentier whipt such men as Gunboat Smith in six rounds. The latter would have troubled Sullivan at any time. What Dempsey did to Carpentier is history. As for Gibbons, he is a very great defensive fighter.

It is likely that men like Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher, Gus Ruhlin, and many others, would have floundered helplessly before Dempsey.

It is the habit of every passing age to belittle the age which succeeds it. Watching pugilists from early boyhood, and having been a professional pugilist, I am impartial to both sides. There are many pugilists alive to-day who equal and often surpass those of other days.

Kid McCoy once said to me:

"I couldn't have lasted five rounds in front of Dempsey the best day I ever lived." This from one of the greatest and craftiest pugilists of all time.

But the question, Can Dempsey still fight? remains unanswered.

It will be answered—when Estelle Taylor Dempsey is convinced that he has failed as a movie actor. May that day come on wings of lightning!

THERE'S A GOLDEN LINING TO THE ATHLETIC GAME

Besides the fun of being a champion this or that, there's a big bank account hanging to it, we are told by a writer who has been looking into the incomes of successful athletes in the various branches of sport. In other words, "there are plenty of men who make a good business out of their playing prowess." Without considering such dazzling phenomena as the $460,000 received by Professor Dempsey for his four minutes of "rough-house" with Dr. Firpo, we are invited to look around at those who have attained eminence in more sedate branches of athletics, and to observe that they are doing fairly well, thank you, in a financial way. Writing in the Kansas City *Star*, F. S. Tisdale points out:

Look what happened to Willie MacFarlane when he won the national open championship this summer. He returned to Tuckahoe, New York, his home town, which, by the way, is the little village that produced Joe Matthews, Johnny Madden, Bill Creavy, and a group of other lights and former lights of Kansas City's professional golf world, and he was met at the station with a band.

The entire membership of the Oakridge Club was out to meet him and made him make a speech, and do other appropriate honors. It was said that the representative of a firm that makes golf-balls was on hand to offer him $5,000 if he would use those balls exclusively. Also the agent of a newspaper syndicate was among those present

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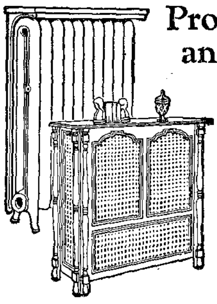

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and whispered a sweet offer for a series of stories by MacFarlane on how to play golf.

"It's worth $50,000 to a man to become open champion," goes a saying in the golf world. Pretty, isn't it?

Walter Hagen recently was acquired by the Pasadena, Florida, Golf and Country Club at a salary of $30,000 a year. Such figures are possible because of the tremendous growth of American golf in the forty years since the first timid enthusiasts ventured into the cow-pastures. There are now thirty-two hundred golf clubs in the United States with a membership of about 1,200,000. To these players must be added eight hundred thousand fanatics who play on public and pay courses. Grand total of golfers, two million.

A New York authority recently made an estimate of the money invested in American golf courses, dues paid, etc. The figures never were made public. So staggering and unbelievable was the sum that the statistician was afraid to give it out.

There are many "pros" whose earnings approach Hagen's. Gene Sarazen gets from $25,000 to $30,000 at Briarcliff Lodge, New York. Cyril Walker, former open champion, does not make as much as some of the others, but he has no trouble meeting the rent. Hagen and Joe Kirkwood used to get $500 for single exhibitions.

Kirkwood is up in the big money. This canny Australian never has won the championship, but he has a source of income worth more than the ephemeral glories of the title. If you never have seen Kirkwood's trick shots you have no idea of the state of docility to which a golf-ball can be reduced. Kirkwood is known among golf-balls as "papa." Dubs, watching him drive from watch crystals and foreheads, become hysterical and have to be led away.

Not long ago Kirkwood got $300 for appearing for a single evening on the stage of the New York Town Hall. It is known that a New York department store paid him $1,200 for being seen in its sporting goods department for two days.

Another headliner is Alex Smith, the popular veteran of the Westchester-Biltmore Club. Alex gets about $25,000 a year. It must be remembered that this is salary only. Most of our "pros" are still Scotch, and you can leave it to that enlightened race to make the most of financial opportunities.

Here Mr. Tisdale initiates the reader into some of the mysteries of a famous athlete's income-tax return. As we read:

Smith gets a percentage on all supplies sold at the club—a custom that holds good at many courses. His annual profit on these supplies will run around $20,000. To this handsome figure you must add the royalties paid by manufacturers of all sorts of equipment and accessories. Two business men—playing hookey from work—meet at the eighteenth hole. One of them asks:

"What ball are you playing, Bill?"

"I'm playing the Blizzard—best ball there is. I know it's the best, because it's the one Sandy Kilts, the champion, uses."

It is worth a great deal to a manufacturer to have business men say that to each other. A popular champion will be paid large sums of money for playing a certain ball during the twelve months of his glory on the links. Enterprising manufacturers even go so far as to subsidize promising youngsters, thereby obtaining an option on their names against

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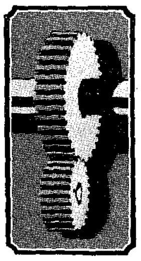

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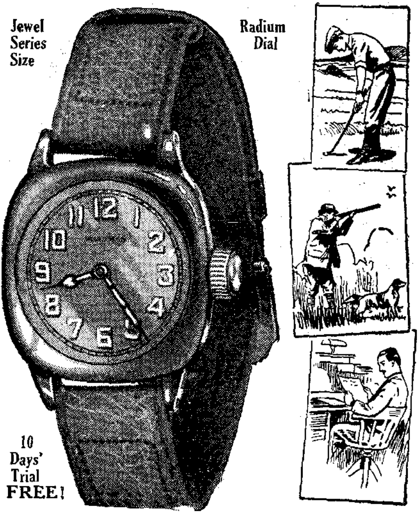

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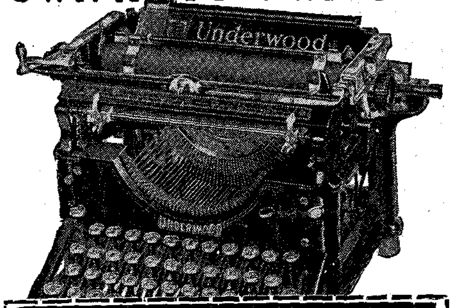

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the time when they may achieve top honors.

The job as head professional at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, does not pay a cent of salary, yet it is one of the most coveted posts in the country. The place is worth $25,000 a year—every cent of which comes from guests' fees and commissions on supplies.

Golf has amazing by-products besides plus-four knickers and cross-word puzzle stockings. It acts as a violent tonic on run-down realty values. A golf course will add from 25 to 100 per cent. to adjacent property valuations. Recently a Brooklyn corporation opened an addition and built a dozen houses that it priced at $16,000 each. Sales were sluggish until a golf club bought near-by property. Then the houses were boosted immediately to $19,000. A mention of the impending course was all that was needed to sell them.

Florida is in the throes of a virulent land boom. Golf is an important feature of the promotion. (Hagen is said to have made $130,000 in Florida real estate.) Famous golfers are used as decoys and salesmen. The flattered prospect is introduced to Bruce MacTavish, former national champion. Arrived at the property, MacTavish puts an arm about the other's shoulder and reduces the prospect's sales resistance with the MacAndrew accent. When the deal is complete, the buyer can say:

"Just bought some lots over by the canal. Got 'em from Sandy MacTavish. He's a friend of mine."

This same human vanity to some extent has helped the famous golfers who have become bond salesmen. "Chick" Evans worked for a brokerage house in Chicago. He had no trouble making par as a salesman—but disaster overtook his private fortunes. He became involved in a series of financial traps and bunkers, ending up in personal bankruptcy with the heroic score of $386,000 minus.

Baseball headliners are casting envious eyes at the rich opportunities of golf. Their interest is not entirely financial, since most of them have become addicts to golf. Ball fans who still are old-fashioned enough to consider golf a dude game may be scandalized before long to learn that some of their bright particular stars have deserted the diamond for the links.

Florida also has drafted ball-players for its real estate promotion. There were holdouts by big-leaguers this season because there was more to be made selling lots. Just to whom they expect to sell during the sizzling summer when the tourists have migrated is for us to guess.

Among the diamond divinities, Mr. Babe Ruth can look down with disdain at the earnings of the golf "pros." The Babe is credited with earning $75,000 a year—or just what President Coolidge gets for work that is at least equally important. In addition to his pay from the Yanks, Mr. Ruth farms out the magic of his name to all sorts of merchandise from baseball bats to corn-plasters. Still it is doubtful if Ruth has surpassed the earnings of "Christy" Mathewson during the season when that mighty man is said to have earned $100,000 by selling life insurance.

Nor are the professionals the only ones

STOUT WOMEN
Dress Fashionably Look Slender

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Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women
Lane Bryant
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SIZES 38 to 58 BUST

An example of the slenderizing styles shown in the Lane Bryant Style Book.

STOUT women, now, may dress in the latest fashion —*and look slender.*

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DIABETES

has killed millions. For ages a cure was unknown. But since insulin was discovered recently there's a good chance for recovery. Read about it in

MANUAL FOR DIABETICS
By Gladys L. Boyd, M. D., and Marion D. Stalsmith,
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It describes modern medical treatment; urine tests—which you can make yourself; what to eat—gives food recipes and menus, and calory values. Introduction by F. G. Banting, M. D., one of the discoverers of insulin, who says diabetics should read the book.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

permitted to dip into the golden flood, Mr. Tisdale writes:

> Amateur athletics are something else again. Rules that protect amateur standing are strict against playing any game for money, either as pay or as prizes. Argus-eyed associations do what they can to keep clear the boundary-line between sport as a business and sport as sport.
>
> Bobbie Jones, former amateur golf champion, is in the real estate business in Atlanta, and, while his fame must have helped his sales, his gains have been indirect. Joie Ray of Chicago has made little but records out of his running. At one time he thought of taking up boxing for a living. Bill Tilden, the tennis wizard, had a run-in with the tennis association not long ago as to whether he could write of the game without losing his amateur rating. It was settled by Tilden agreeing not to use his tennis title with his signature.
>
> There doubtless are cases where amateurs have outwitted the watchfulness of the associations, but there is plenty of evidence that these associations are on the job. The Amateur Athletic Union took up the charge that Paavo Nurmi and Willie Ritola made excessive demands for expenses before they would agree to appear in races.
>
> The best American runners still are picking cinders from their eyes—cinders thrown there by the spikes of the Finnish marvel. You may wonder what it is all about if Nurmi doesn't get anything for it. Well, for one thing, the display of his fleet heels has been a valuable advertisement for Nurmi's native land. It is hard to say how many millions have been added to the borrowing power of Finland by the prestige that Nurmi has created for it in this country.

Lacked the Pep.—Of true stories about the late William Jennings Bryan, the most characteristic comes to us from a close friend of the family. In 1896, when Mr. Bryan was preparing for his free-silver campaign, he examined a certain politician for a place as committeeman.

"Do you believe in 16 to 1?" asked the Great Commoner.

"Yes, but of course I'm not a damn fool about it."

"Then you're not the man for me!" said Mr. Bryan, closing the interview.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It Required Discrimination.—THE NEW ARRIVAL—"Can you recommend your boarding-house, old chap?"

THE OTHER—"I can't, old man. They profess to give me bed and board for £2 a week, but it took me the whole week to discover which was the bed and which was the board."—*The Passing Show.*

The Pink of Politeness.—I recently visited a jail and remarked how courteous the prisoners were:

"Yes," said the governor, "when one of them recently escaped, he left a note for me, saying, 'I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking.' "—*Nagels Lustige Welt* (*Berlin*).

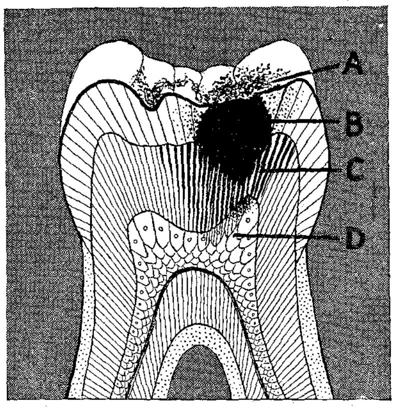
Lucid.—"You walk very quickly!"

"I walk faster when I am by myself!"

"I'm glad I'm not walking with you when you are by yourself."—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Will you reach Old Age with *All* your teeth?

If you want sound teeth kill the germs that start decay



Section of a Molar

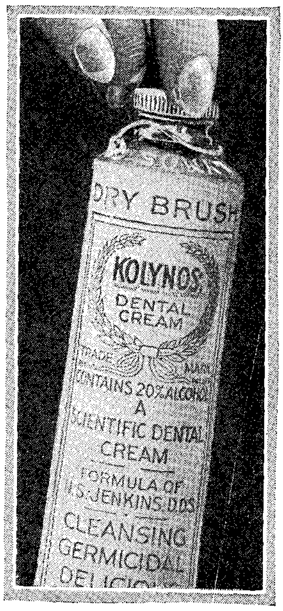
A—The sticky, web-like film of germs, mucin and food particles begins to form. B—Acid then begins to eat into the enamel rods and separate them, before it finally destroys the rods themselves. C—Germs swarm in through the break in the enamel and attack the dentine under it. D—When the decay reaches the pulp, which surrounds the nerve, toothache follows.

YOU brush your teeth faithfully. You brush them carefully. Yet when you visit your dentist you are often surprised at the number of cavities his instruments reveal.

You feel baffled. Others seemingly no more careful than yourself enjoy the blessing of sound teeth. What is the trouble?

The trouble is that your teeth require a certain kind of protection which you are failing to give them—the protection they need is adequate dental care and the daily use of a *germ-killing* dentifrice.

The protection they need is the germicidal protection of Kolynos Dental Cream. Kolynos not only keeps your teeth white and glistening, but its main properties are highly antiseptic — extremely important properties if you are to have sound teeth, teeth free from dangerous, offensive, and painful cavities.



Kills germs—washes them away

Did you ever watch snowflakes collect upon a windowpane? That is the way germs collect upon your teeth. The first few find it hard to cling, but soon they build up rapidly. First *Bacilli Acidophili* lodge on the enamel. They are tiny, short threads of germs. In your saliva is a sticky substance called *mucin.* Little flakes of this adhere to the teeth. Thus a close, sticky, weblike film spreads across the enamel, a film of malignant germs that cause decay.

These germs multiply with amazing rapidity. Each produces tiny quantities of harmful acid. The film holds this acid against the teeth while it gradually eats into the enamel.

Kolynos checks this. To begin with, it *kills germs.* It breaks up the film. It washes away the film, with its multitude of germs. It leaves comparatively few germs in your mouth; hours pass before there are again enough to be dangerous to your teeth. And even then, so thoroughly polished are your teeth that it is very much harder for the germs and the mucin to cling to the glossy enamel surface.

Your dentist can be of *greatest* help in preserving your teeth. Next to him is daily brushing with Kolynos.

FREE—Enough Kolynos to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

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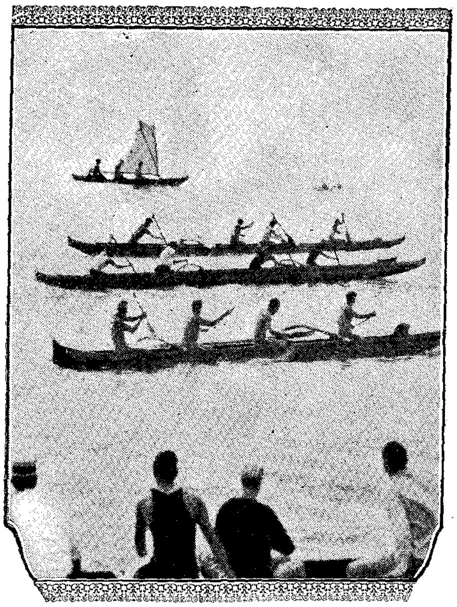

dreamy *Autumn* holidays *in* Hawaii

When the children are in school, why not take *your* holiday this fall? A gorgeous vacation in the Paradise of the Pacific, in the months between now and Christmas!

Strange as the outrigger canoes that race like long-legged waterflies at Waikiki, Hawaii is a territory of the United States with modern conveniences at moderate prices.

Long autumn days, sunny yet cool, to enjoy golf, polo, motoring, tennis, county fairs, swimming meets, surfing, inter-island cruising, deep-sea fishing. Tropic fruits, fragrant flowers and Hawaiian music. Hawaii National Park's volcanic wonderland is especially attractive in autumn.

Enjoy it longer

Plan to stay longer than the one or two weeks which a round trip of 3 or 4 weeks from the Coast allows. But the latter, costing as little as $300 or $400 for all expense including first-class travel and accommodation ashore, will give you a taste of Hawaiian enchantment.

Your nearest railway, steamship or travel agent will book you direct via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. You'll enjoy the 5 or 6 days voyage to Honolulu on stately liners. Ample modern hotels on 4 larger islands.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

A NEW KIND OF OCEAN EXPLORATION

THE secrets of old ocean will be spied out and utilized for the welfare of mankind by a research expedition of a new kind to be sent out under the auspices of the U. S. Navy, Lieut.-Com. George E. Brandt, U. S. N., secretary-general of the Conference on Oceanography, and an authority on oceanic research, tells of this new enterprise in an article printed in *The Globe-Democrat* (St. Louis). Man is turning back for sustenance to the sea, says Commander Brandt. In the not-distant future he may have to look more to the oceans to help out the land in supporting him. Inspired by this need, he goes on, scientists have planned a pioneering expedition. On the United States steamship *Rainbow*, as soon as arrangements can be made, they hope to sail for the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea to spy out the resources and the possibilities of a new era. They will search out strange vegetation and stranger animal life beneath the waves, and the new knowledge will have a far-reaching effect on man's welfare. We read further:

The plans for this expedition, which is known as the Maury-United States Naval Oceanographic Research, have developed in the Conference on Oceanography, convened in the Hydrographic Office of the Secretary of the Navy, and attended by representatives of all the government departments and scientific establishments, and the Carnegie Institute of Washington. Capt. F. B. Bassett, hydrographer of the Navy, is president of the conference. The cooperation of many educational institutions and commercial interests has been secured.

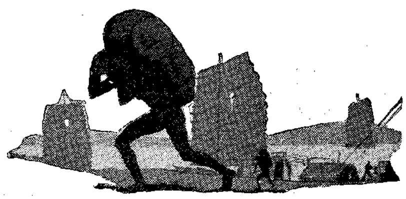
Our population experts tell us that the expected increase of human life must before many more years give rise to a condition in which the products of the land will fall short of feeding the population. There is promise of great development when we know more about the practical side of ocean farming. We have hardly begun to touch these resources, and yet every year nearly 3,000,000,000 pounds of fish are taken from the waters of the United States and Alaska.

It has been stated by Sir John Murray that the animal and plant resources of the ocean probably exceed those of the land. It is pointed out by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson that there is a possibility of carrying on in the ocean something that might be called cubical agriculture, or farming in three dimensions. Whereas on the land farming is limited to one single surface, in the oceans we have farms piled on farms, 500 fathoms of them.

The researches planned will seek out and survey many new fishing-banks. Conservation can be planned and practised only when we know more about the life history, habits and food supply of the fish and the complex relations of the sediments, the chemical and physical properties of the waters, the currents, the plant life and the animal life in the oceans.

The science of oceanography has been greatly handicapped by this lack of exact

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



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from San Francisco a sailing every Saturday

Palatial oil-burning President Liners provide a weekly service from San Francisco to the Orient and Round the World.

They call at Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

A fortnightly service from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California. A fortnightly service returning from the Orient to San Francisco.

The liners are luxurious and comfortable to a rare degree. The cuisine is world-famous. The service personal.

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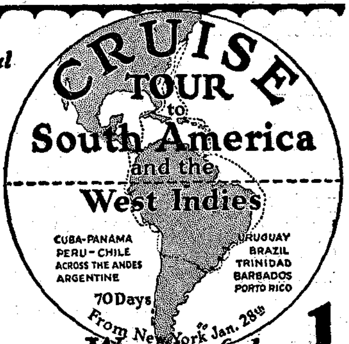

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knowledge of the shapes of the ocean basins and the contours of the ocean bottoms.

Dr. William Bowie, addressing the conference on oceanography, said: "The first thing to be done is to make an accurate map showing the configuration of the bottom of the sea. There is not much use in doing geologic work on land without a map, nor can the biologist get very far in the ocean if he has not a chart showing the configuration of the bottom."

Fortunately for the naval research on the *Rainbow*, there is now at hand a means for determining the contours of the bottom, in the sonic depth-finder invented by Dr. Harvey C. Hayes, research physicist of the Navy. Sound is sent out by the instrument below the water-line of the vessel, strikes the bottom of the sea and is reflected back to a receiver. The time interval between the sending out of the sound and its return indicates the depth.

The soundings may be taken when the vessel is steaming at any speed. Incredible as it may seem, the human ear can detect with this instrument a time difference of 1-200,000th of a second. It follows, therefore, that results from the use of the sonic depth-finder are highly accurate. To quote further:

The sonic depth-finder in the hands of geologists may lead to the location of oil-fields beneath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The Hydrographic Office has an interesting record of the appearance of oil-spots on the surface of these waters, a large number of which have been located and charted.

In the study of oil-fields under water we have two means of approach. One is the geological formation as shown by the elevations and depressions of the bottom. The other is through an examination of the fossil remains below the bottom surface.

The *Rainbow* will be equipped to bring up samples of the bottom in the form of a long core. This core will show the character of the bottom throughout considerable depth below the surface.

With the development of the Gulf oil-fields it was found that time after time foraminifera came up in the borings. These organisms proved to be accurate indicators of the presence of oil.

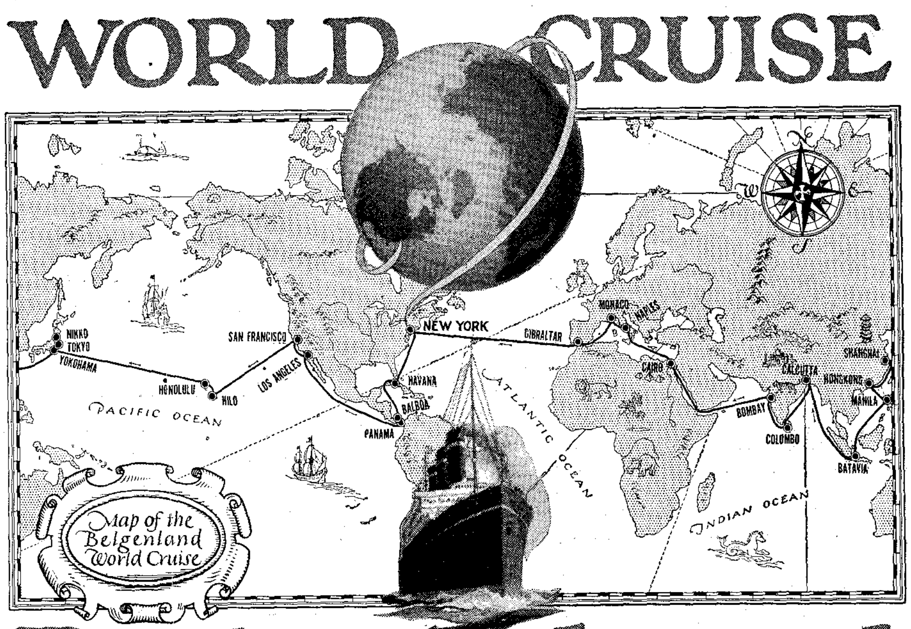
The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea have a particular bearing upon the economic life of the people of the whole United States. The rainfall of our South and Middle West consists mostly of water from this area. The evaporation from the surface and distribution of this vapor in the form of rain depend upon the temperature, the amount of salts contained in the surface water, and the winds. When more is learned of these factors, we may acquire the means of predicting our weather a year in advance.

The weather on the Gulf itself greatly affects shipping for good or ill. In these waters are born the West Indian hurricanes, which sometimes prove so disastrous. The Navy's plans contemplate a study of the habits of the hurricanes and the discovery of better protective methods for life and property at sea.

The constant motion of the waters distributes heat and cold, transports the food for fish, and influences the life in the ocean and on the land. "Startling as it may seem," says Dr. Austin Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, "the mud delivered to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi River has an important bearing on the cod fisheries of the North Atlantic Ocean."

Four principal considerations were laid

WORLD CRUISE



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ON November 25th the Red Star Liner *Belgenland* sails Westward from New York on her second World Cruise of 132 days. The 475 fortunate voyagers will visit 60 cities in 14 countries throughout the world—60 cities which have been carefully chosen because of their charm and their appeal to those who would know the world—its races, customs, civilizations, beauties.

Steaming *Westward*—and in *late Fall*, in order to follow Springtime round the globe—is an all-important factor, which means that each country is visited at the season best for travel there, that Cairo is reached at the height of the Egyptian season and the Riviera in time for Spring sojourns in Europe.

Every day on the *Belgenland* is a delight. Teas, card parties, concerts, lectures, amateur theatricals, dances, swimming, recreation on deck, are a few of the entertainments afforded her passengers. Yet there is quiet rest and relaxation for those so inclined. The ship's huge size is pleasingly apparent in the spaciousness of her luxuriously fitted public rooms, the broad sweep of her deck spaces and her roomy private accommodations. Cuisine and service are in keeping with the highest standards of ocean travel.

Trips ashore are doubly attractive because of the skilled guidance of the American Express Company and because of the distinction with which the passengers of this outstanding world cruiser are received throughout their entire journey.

Sailing *Westward* from New York November 25
From Los Angeles December 11 San Francisco December 14
Returning to New York, April 6, 1926

132 days **60 cities** **14 countries**

Restricted to 475 passengers

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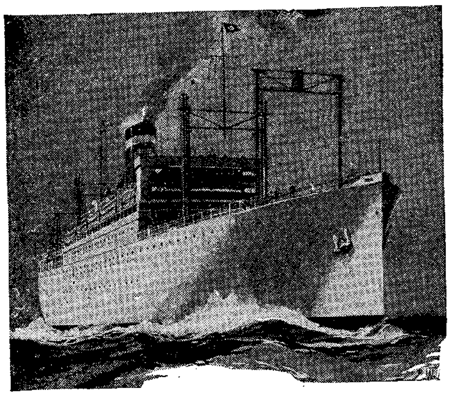

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THE South American climate is delightful at all times of the year. Go when you will, a visit to these scenic lands below the equator will be filled with interest—will provide a welcome change and relaxation.

Twelve days o'er sparkling, sunlit seas, via Pan America Line steamers, and the beauty of Rio de Janeiro's harbor confronts you. On to picturesque Santos, to Montevideo's golden sands—to the life, laughter and gaiety of Buenos Aires—Paris of the New World.

Then—should you choose the wonderful Round South America trip—you will cross the high Andes to Valparaiso, to the natural grandeur of Chile and Peru—returning up the west coast to New York via Panama Canal.

S. S. American Legion
S. S. Pan America
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S. S. Western World

These four swift, spacious ships, 21,000 tons displacement of the U. S. Government sail from New York alternate Saturdays. All rooms are outside with beds, not berths. Private baths, excellent cuisine, dancing and amusements of every kind. Write for details.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

down by the Conference on Oceanography preparatory to making its plans:

1. Discovering, developing and utilizing the resources of the sea.
2. Facilitating navigation of the air and sea and improving radio communications.
3. Safeguarding human life.
4. Promoting the welfare of mankind, through scientific discovery and the progress of knowledge.

THE PASSING OF THE RIVET

THOSE who have lived within earshot of the pneumatic riveters used in the construction of steel-frame buildings will earnestly wish success to the movement to substitute for these the noiseless processes of electric welding. Engineers who are interested in this new method are predicting for it a great future, we are told in the Cleveland *Times*. Altho the practical application of electric arc welding to the building industry is scarcely ten years old, many of the larger structural steel fabricating companies are applying it, we are told by this paper. Notable instances are plentiful where the welding process has replaced riveting building joints. We read:

> To-day much of the equipment which plays an important part in the make-up of large buildings is made possible by welding, and instances of important structural repairs and building additions are plentiful where welding has been applied.
>
> The ultimate replacement of riveted by welded sections in large buildings is inevitable, because of the tremendous saving which will result from the fact that there is no loss of strength at the joints welded, while the loss of strength on riveted sections runs from 30 to 50 per cent.
>
> Where welding is applied to the supporting members of a structure, this, of course, means that the necessity of having great, heavy steel pieces in the lower stories of a building in order to carry the load higher up, as required on riveted jobs, is eliminated.

The Times quotes I. F. Lincoln, vice-president of the Lincoln Electric Company, of Cleveland, which has been active in this new development, as saying:

> Every riveted joint, if it is depended on to hold the parts together against stress, must be made from material very much heavier than would be necessary if a joint were made by arc welding between the two pieces of steel, the joint being as strong as the steel, itself. What the saving from the use of welding means is staggering in its total.
>
> When one considers such undertakings as tall buildings, where rivets have been used in the past, and remembers that millions of tons of steel are used for them each year, it is easy to appreciate the savings to be accomplished through the use of arc welding at the joints.
>
> The weight of the parts of a tall building can be reduced at least one-third as an average where the arc welding method is used in place of riveting.
>
> In the case of a tall building the difference

If shaving leaves your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

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Established 1885
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Made particularly for tender skins

Ingram's
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200 Sheets 100 Envelopes $1.00 POST PAID

High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.

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on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste.

Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.

Just send $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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EASY MONEY! Earnest agents can make $10 to $12 a day handling *The Selected Speeches of William Jennings Bryan*, in two volumes. Most notable orations of his eventful life. Wonderful seller now. Write quickly for special proposition while the subject is lively.

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between the 100 per cent. joint possible through welding, and the 50, 60 or 70 per cent. joint possible through the various types of riveted construction, is of much greater importance because the effect of the heavier parts which must be used in order to get the strength at the riveted joint becomes cumulative.

It is obvious that the change from the riveted to the arc-welded joint is simply a matter of time. But for the conservatism of many of our present-day engineers the change would have come much more rapidly than it has thus far. While we in this country pride ourselves on our forward look, yet it takes us a long time to change our ideas on many things having to do with engineering.

That the attitude toward the use of welding instead of riveting is changing is well illustrated, the *Times* reporter tells us, by an instance in Detroit, Michigan. One of the largest firms of architects and engineers there specified that all joining of steel members for an industrial building to be erected for an automobile manufacturer could either be estimated on the basis of using rivets or on the use of arc welding. He goes on:

In the same city a twelve-story addition has just been erected and joined to the main building of a department-store structure in the business district. In this case the engineers specified that the 103 girders of the old and new structure should be joined through the use of the arc welder.

On the department-store job, to satisfy the building department, tests were made on the welded sections, and it was shown that they carried nine times the stress which was to be imposed upon them in actual usage. Reports to the Cleveland manufacturers show that the job cost several thousand dollars less than would have been involved had it been necessary to use riveting.

Within buildings themselves the use of the arc welder has long been an important factor, the records of the Cleveland manufacturing firm show. Applications are in successful use on such important parts as passenger elevators, major pipe-lines, stocks, boilers, tanks, and a host of other parts and important pieces of structural equipment.

Massillon bar joists, joined through the use of the welder are used in a great variety of structures. Tests show that in every case they have stood loads far above those for which they are rated, and there has been not a single instance of the failure of the welded portions, it is stated.

In its own plant the Lincoln Electric Company has put the welder to a severe test. Welded steel braces have been successfully erected between the office and the factory buildings to prevent sagging of steel beams and the pulling apart of the two units of the structure.

For a number of years the units of the Lincoln plant had been gradually pulling apart, bringing about a sag in the roof and endangering the entire plant, it is stated.

Sagging had resulted from the fact that the plant is on made ground with a four-foot fill, which, as it settled down at the rear of the property, tended to pull the factory away from the office building.

A great deal of money and time were spent in the past trying to correct this situation. Riveted steel members could not be made to correct the situation, but through the use of steel-ridge construction welding there has been no further sagging.

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Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING *hair*

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

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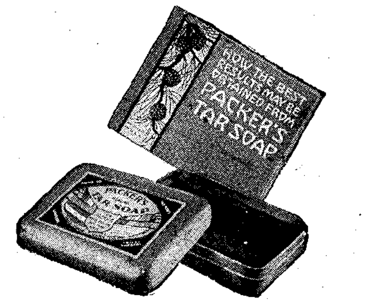

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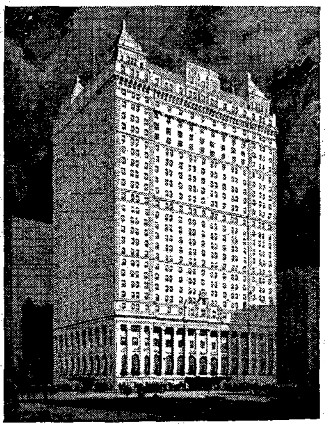

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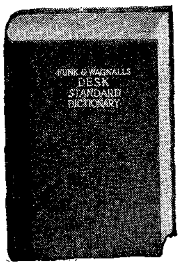

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DAVID STARR JORDAN ON PLUVICULTURE

PLUVICULTURE, otherwise known as "rain-making," is gently satirized in a communication to *Science* (New York) by the president emeritus of Leland Stanford University. It is remarkable, he says, when we consider the varied attempts in our country to grow rich without risk or effort, that one of the most certain enterprises of this sort has been almost completely overlooked by trade-schools, as well as by the argus-eyed press. The professions of crystal-gazing, clairvoyance, kleptomania, and the like, receive due attention from the press, as well as by the police, all efforts to benefit humanity by these means being everywhere discouraged. The ancient arts of astrology and horoscopy, however, have their quarter-column in most of our leading papers, while the modern diversions of pluviculture, chiropractics, and hormonism are everywhere treated with respect. He goes on:

Of these none can be more scientific than is pluviculture or rain-making, as it is commonly called. Yet nowhere, so far as I have noticed, is the method of operation made clear, nor the economic laws which make it, not only valuable to the farmers, but a sure thing in general. Even the astute Father Ricard goes on with his prophecies, apparently oblivious to the work of other scientists right within the range of his storms and sun-spots.

For successful rain-making, it is necessary to find first a region in which rain is expected but has failed to come. The first element is then to find a few hundred ranchers willing to give, let us say, $8,000 to insure a storm, worth easily, let us say, $50,000 to them.

The pluviculturist has next to build a modest shack, or to set up a tent for his chemical operations. Next he prepares certain chemicals in accordance with a secret formula. These may cost $50, more or less, according to the likelihood of further demands for extension of his operations. What the formula is, naturally, no one has explained. Let me suggest a formula of my own. Take first ten pounds of pulverized chlorate of potash and an equal amount of granular cane-sugar. Mix these carefully in a wooden tub, and when ready pour over them a liter (or pint) of sulfuric acid (c. p.). This simple and inexpensive preparation will produce surprizing results. These may be brilliantly enhanced by using a pound of magnesium ribbon, to one end of which a lighted match has been applied, the whole sent into the air by attachment to a sky-rocket. This is most effective toward night or after clouds begin to form. Then certain salts of strontium yielding red light, barium yielding green, and other salts yielding lights of different colors, should be set on fire. That this formula of mine has been used by any professional rain-maker, I do not know. I am sure that any pharmacist might furnish something equally good. Some also use an old-fashioned fanning mill to condense the air, but that is less impressive.

Now that the chemistry has been provided for, the most important point follows, the economics of the process. There is an international institution known as "Lloyds" which insures anybody against anything, after a study statistical or meteorological of the chances. It charges a modest premium, which naturally varies with the probabilities. If you want a clear day for a picnic, or a football game, Lloyds will for a consideration insure you against rain. Lloyds do not control the weather, but while losing the premium charged, you will receive enough to finance your pleasure or your sport next time. You can insure a baseball player against striking out, or an airship from falling into the sea, in accordance with scientifically accepted probabilities. Every well-regulated stadium or other center of culture is a client of Lloyds.

Now let the rain-maker insure himself against a rainless day. I do not know the premium which Lloyds would charge. In California it would vary, being relatively low in March, especially in the north, rising higher to 100 per cent. or even more in July.

Let us suppose that a dry period should occur in March, the month of all months when rain is most desired in Coarse Gold, let us say, in Alcalde, and in Calexico. Let us take a high estimate, assuming that the premium charged is $2,000, on amount of insurance in case of a dry day being $8,000.

The balance-sheet of rain-making is shown below:

A. In case of rain

Received from the people of Alcalde	$8,000
Paid for chemicals and housing	50
Paid for premium to Lloyds	2,000
Balance of profit	$5,950

B. In case of no rain

Received from Lloyds	$8,000
Paid for chemicals and housing	50
Paid for premium to Lloyds	2,000
Balance of profit	$5,950

C. In A: case of rain

The people of Alcalde pay $8,000, and receive rain worth $50,000.

D. In B: case of no rain

The people of Alcalde pay out nothing and receive nothing. They are then ready to try again. The transaction thus involves therefore no loss to any one except to Lloyds in case of B. And this great corporation knows how to recuperate elsewhere. But under A, of course, the people of Alcalde would have had their rain anyhow.

There is one element of risk. Once in ian Diego County, and once again in resno County, the rain came as a desolatag deluge, doing much damage and relaively very little good. It is said that nder these conditions the cautious pluviulturist saw fit to take no chances and ever collected his fee.

It was Barnum, was it not, who stated he lesson to be drawn: "A sucker is born very hour." Herbert Spencer insisted iat "to save men from the consequences f their folly would fill the world with ools."

For this reason, perhaps, the press disourages crystal-gazing and applauds the luviculturist.

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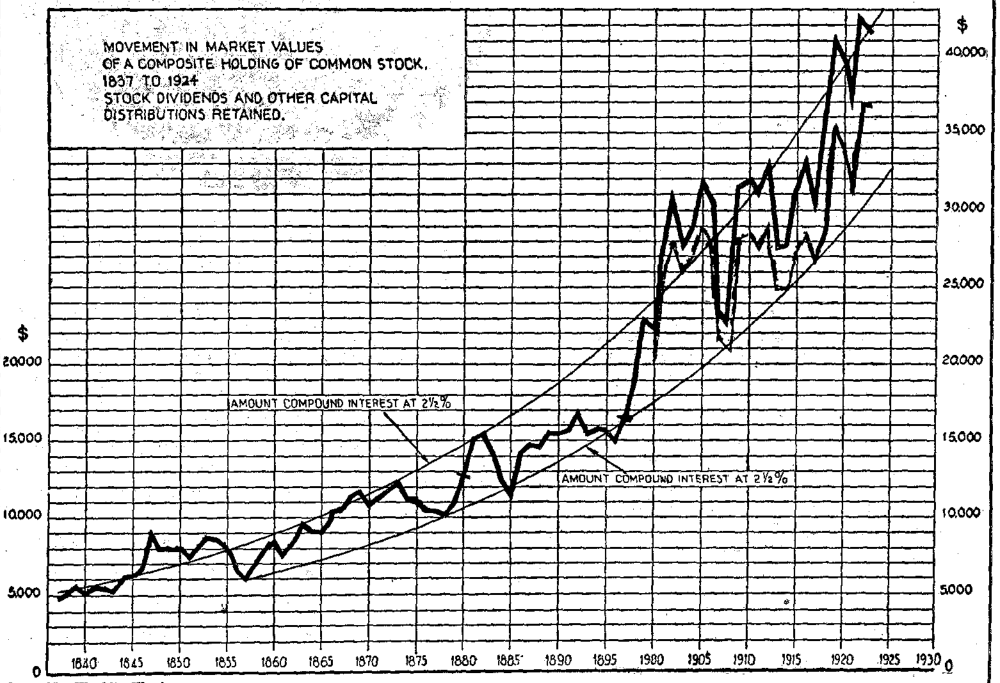
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

STOCKS VS. BONDS FOR "LONG-TERM" INVESTORS

THERE HAS LONG BEEN a general understanding that common stocks are to be looked on chiefly as a medium for speculation, and that the conservative investor intending to keep his holdings for a long time should stick to bonds. But this view has in recent months been attacked as unsound by several financial writers. In particular, Mr. Edgar Lawrence Smith in a book, and in magazine and newspaper articles, propounds the theory that common stocks are distinctly a better long-term investment than gilt-edge bonds. He supports this statement with so much mathematical proof that it impresses many students of finance, altho some find weak points in his armor and strongly uphold the accepted doctrine of the superiority of the bonds. These unconvinced critics will be quoted at considerable length later on.

Let us see, first of all, what Mr. Smith has to say for common stocks. In the first place, he points out that stocks represent property and earning power. Their value, therefore, increases with the country's growth and prosperity and with higher prices, but decreases in hard times and is subject to destruction by trade changes or poor management. High-grade bonds represent dollars and nothing but dollars. Therefore their value is unchanged except as the value of the dollar changes—and that, according to Mr. Smith, is an exceedingly important exception. Since banks and insurance companies pay in and pay out dollars, this means nothing to them. But what about the private investor who buys bonds to provide an income for his old age and his estate, which may eventually be paid in fifty-cent dollars?

This is the type of investor Mr. Smith has in mind in writing his book, "Common Stocks as Long-Term Investments." He comes to the conclusion that as a long-term investment $10,000 will be more profitably put into ten diversified common stocks than into an equal amount of high-grade bonds. Mr. Smith makes a series of tests comparing yields of groups of stocks, and of the best bonds available. As *The Outlook* sums up several paragraphs of the author's explanation:



From *The World's Work*

HOW COMMON STOCKS GROW IN VALUE

A diversified stock investment of $5,000 in 1837 would now be worth several times as much, in principal value alone, according to Mr. E. L. Smith. The growth resembles the effect of compound interest at a constant rate. The split in the line, occurring in 1898, was due to the fact that some bonds entered into the actual investment, having been distributed to holders of the stocks. Those who disposed of these bonds and reinvested the money in additional stocks of the list would have seen their investment grow according to the heavier upper line. For those who kept the bonds, the growth would have been according to the lighter line.

> The tests cover several periods and run in all from 1866 to 1922. In order not to be influenced by knowledge of after events—for, of course, the tests were made recently and the purchases and sales were theoretical—the experimenter made his paper purchases of stocks from those which were selling most heavily on the market. He further assumed that all rights were sold, together with fractional shares coming as a result of stock dividends, and the proceeds credited to income. In the case of bonds, it was assumed that the current rate was paid to maturity and that no bonds went "sour."

Every test but one shows that at the end of the period chosen the holder of the stocks is better off than the holder of bonds, reckoning both income and appreciation of principal. The results of his comparison are tabulated as follows:

	Period	*Total Advantage of Stocks Over Bonds*
Test No. 1	1901–1922	$16,400.94
Test No. 2	1901–1922	9,242.26
Test No. 3	1901–1922	21,954.72
Test No. 4	1880–1899	11,982.04
Test No. 5	1866–1885	2,966.85
Test No. 6	1866–1885	−1,012.00
Test No. 7	1892–1911	11,723.80
Test No. 8	1906–1922	6,651.01
Test No. 8a	1906–1922	4,938.08
Test No. 9	1901–1922	13,734.72
Test No. 10	1901–1922	3,329.72
Test No. 11	1901–1922	17,140.25

In the case of Test No. 6, incidentally, Mr. Smith picked a group of stocks of the same general class as in No. 5, but stocks of smaller concerns, thus deliberately increasing the hazard.

After all his tests and supplementary tests, Mr. Smith discovered two interesting things: First, it might be expected that the gain in value of the stocks was a great speculative gain, while the value of the bonds remained stable, but, in fact, the stocks experienced only a slight gain in real value, while the bonds experienced a marked speculative decline measured by the purchasing power of the dollar. Second, there seems to be a definite law controlling the increase in value of common stocks in this country, which he states as follows: "over a period of years, the principal value of a well diversified holding of the common stocks of representative corporations in essential industries tends to increase in accordance with the operation of compound interest." This is shown in the chart reproduced on this page.

Back of this steady increase in value, we are told, is the policy of well-managed corporations to refrain from paying out all profits in dividends and to turn back part of the earnings into surplus to be invested in productive operation. But the question may come, why can our corporations consistently reinvest their surpluses profitably? First, explains Mr. Smith, it is due to the steady growth of population and the increase of business from decade to decade. And there is another factor:

> It is the constantly accelerating speed of modern life. All our activities are on a much more rapid basis to-day than they

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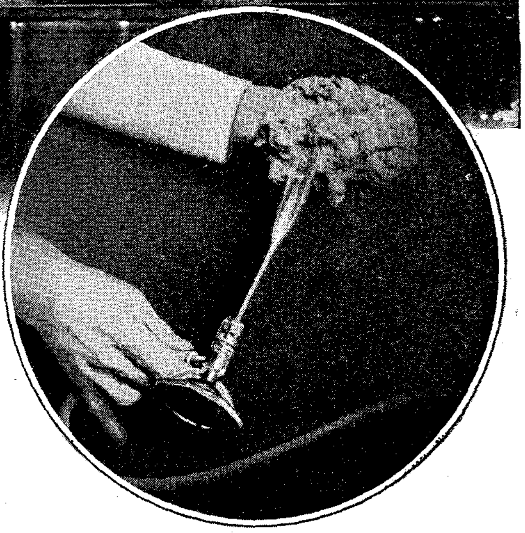

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Fires are not all alike—nor are fire extinguishers. "Any old extinguisher" won't do for the school that houses your children. You want a method of fire protection that will cope with *every* emergency—fierce *oil fires* in boiler rooms—*paint fires* in basements and store rooms—*chemical fires* in laboratories. And *ordinary* waste paper and rubbish fires.

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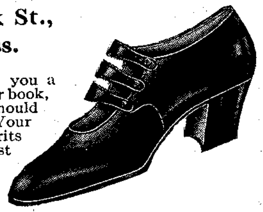

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were twenty years ago, due in part to the constant increase in the speed of communication and transportation, and the countless major and minor time-saving devices that have been introduced into our business and private life. All these have increased the annual turnover per capita, increasing the rapidity of the circulation of money which is another form of depreciating what might be termed the social value of currency as opposed to its commodity-purchasing value. All this acceleration favors carefully selected and diversified common stocks as opposed to bonds.

Another factor favoring the holder of properly selected and diversified common stocks is that the management is on the side of the stockholders. It will try to secure the lowest possible interest rates, to float bonds preferably in periods of low-interest rates, and, when necessary to borrow at high rates, to do it for short terms and with provisions for early redemption. Mr. Smith points out that even during periods of appreciating currency the best common stocks showed, on the whole, favorable results in comparison with bonds during the same periods; "in periods where the dollar has depreciated they have shown results so far superior to those obtained from high-grade bonds that there is really no comparison to be made between them."

Of late years the dollar has in general been depreciating. No one knows whether the dollar will now appreciate as rapidly as it did during the years following the Civil War. But in Mr. Smith's opinion our enormous gold reserves will prevent such a rapid downward movement of prices or upward move of the dollar. In general, too, only money-lenders really favor an appreciating currency, for everybody who is striving to widen his margin of profits and to increase his wages is likely to be subscribing "to activities which tend toward depreciation." And then, it is now safer to invest in common stocks than i ever was before. There are many more to choose from, there is greater regulation by Government and public opinion, there is better management. So Mr. Smith concludes that on the whole there would "seem to be ample justification for including as a part of the investment of any large private fortune a relatively larg proportion of sound well-diversified common stocks, selected not for their immediat market possibilities, but rather with thei long-term investment prospects in mind.

Of course, says Mr. Smith in a *World' Work* article, there is a tendency to bu stocks on margin instead of outright an to sell out whenever a profit is in sigh or to become panicky and unload whe prices drop—"all such psychology and a such transactions must be set aside whe we are considering investment."

World's Work investment writer is inclined to agree with Mr. Smith's conclusions. Alluding to the chart we reproduce on page 82, he says:

> This growth in the value of common stocks, representing the equities in leading corporations, corresponds roughly to the growth in population of the country. Competition between corporations is now greater, making it more difficult to choose ists that will not suffer fatalities; but a ew failures in a well-diversified list will ot greatly disturb the growth in value, nd with proper investment advice they ight be guarded against successfully.
>
> There seems no reason to fear that the usiness of this country will not continue grow. As Mr. Smith points out, inestments in common stocks should be *ng-term* investments, not made on marin. Then periodical depressions will ot upset them.
>
> Investors who adopt the "bullish" attide of Mr. Ford on the future of business this country, who diversify their investent risks and keep watch of them, are ot likely to regret the purchase of comon stocks with that portion of their nds which they can devote to long-term vestment.

Irving Fisher, the Yale economist, is articularly imprest with Mr. Smith's eas, as he is an authority on prices and as thought and talked much about what calls the "unstable dollar." He notes *The Magazine of Wall Street* that eretofore "there has been a disposition to ft-pedal on the risks of the bondholder, tho it were an unkindness to him to oint out the losses from the unstable ollar," which he has failed to notice. But the success of Mr. Smith's plan, sists George T. Hughes in one of his onsolidated Press financial articles, "deends upon command of enough capital to versify the risk, for no matter how clever e investor, he will make some mistakes." It can not be adopted by the investor ith only a small amount of capital at his sposal." And in any event, Mr. Hughes oubts whether "this is the proper time to bstitute common stocks for conservative onds," for at present, "stocks are selling very high prices."

A definite defense of bond investment made by Mr. B. D. Nash in a Boston *anscript* article quoted at length in *e Outlook*. Mr. Nash recalls that ever ice 1897 our gold supply has been ineasing and prices in consequence have en rising, and that due to this tendency e stockholder was gaining and the bondlder losing. But, he insists, "prices ve started on a long period of decline, llowing two great previous wars, the apoleonic wars and the Civil War." d many of the factors working then are esent to-day. We now have about half e world's gold, but with the rehabilitaon of Europe it is bound to flow back ere, with consequent deflation and pricewering here. Hence "with the prospece gradual decline in the price-level it is nfidently to be expected that the creditor ass, as exemplified by the investor in

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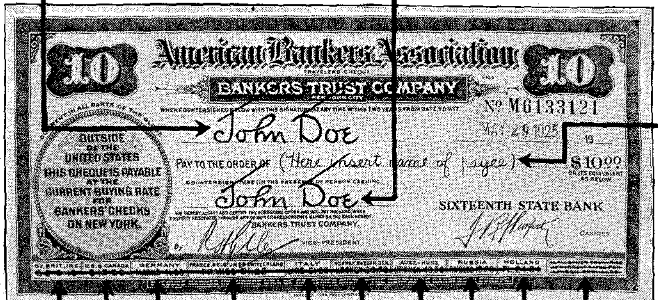
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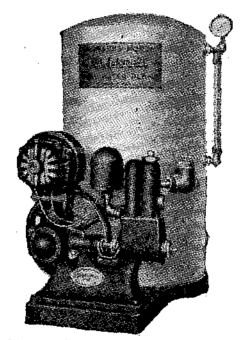

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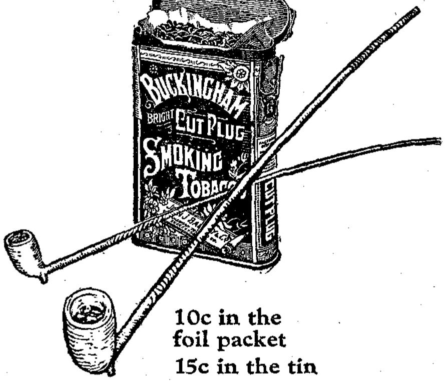

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

bonds, will now benefit rather than the holder of stocks." And Mr. Nash follows this up with another argument:

> To pass to the second factor requires considerable courage, for a person would be regarded as without vision indeed were he to suggest that the future of industry in the United States is at all less inspiring than it was fifty or more years ago. Yet with as careful a choice of words as is possible it is the intent of the writer to suggest that the days of snatching from the one-time seemingly limitless resources of America wealth enough for a host of kings are beginning to pass.
>
> This country is gradually getting on an 'operating' basis rather than on an 'exploiting' basis, and the profits to industry and business will be in the nature of normal profits derived from the efficient operation of a business competing with other similar businesses rather than the disproportionate profits of an active nation busily engaged in using up its great resources. Industry as a whole will not feel the impetus of boundless resources; it will be necessary to use discrimination in choosing those industries which will excel the others.
>
> The consideration of this second factor has brought out the idea that profits of businesses, and through the profits the income to stockholders, are likely to be of a more normal and standardized character in the future than they have been in the past. During the past twenty-five years economic conditions have been such as to favor the debtor classes, or stockholders, and the indicated future trend is in a direction favorable to the creditor class as represented by the bondholder.

In Mr. Nash's opinion:

> Mr. Smith has proved only that, given certain conditions, common stocks are a more satisfactory investment than very high-grade bonds. I have endeavored to point out, first, that it is not valid to consider short-time paper or highest-grade bonds alone a normal or intelligent avenue of investment. The increased income that may be derived from a diversified list of varying grades of bonds lessens greatly the superior showing of stocks in Mr. Smith's tables of bond and stock comparisons. Secondly, that the two fundamental conditions—a depreciating dollar and a phenomenal and abnormal period of business expansion and exploitation of a virgin territory—which existed during all the tests, are not permanent conditions but in fact are decidedly mobile. Added to this is the indication by economic factors that these conditions give every indication of being on the point of taking a totally different course than they have maintained during the past quarter-century, and that this altered course will lead to a complete reversal of the conclusion that common stocks are more satisfactory investments than well-diversified bonds.

The *Outlook's* financial writer comments that "we still need to be shown" whether common stocks are better than bonds, and that "careful investors will not share any sharp prejudices against stocks as such or against bonds as such, unless the particular requirements of their fund prescribe one in preference to the other."

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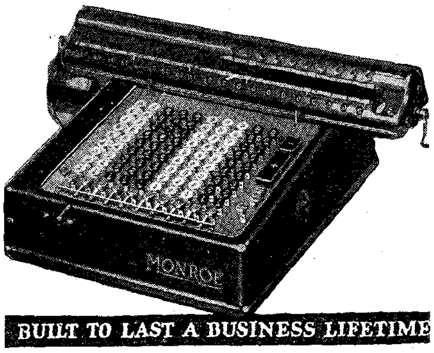

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

ptember 1.—Figures issued by the Ministry of Labor show that the total army of unemployed in England is now 1,343,700, an increase of 45,415 over the previous week.

ptember 2.—Abd-el-Krim, leader of the rebellious Riffs in Morocco, is reported still to be unwilling to enter peace negotiations with the French and Spanish unless the independence of the Riff is granted.

ptember 3.—The outlaw seamen's strike in England is reported on the verge of collapse, the shipping agencies experiencing no difficulty in filling the places of the strikers. Havelock Wilson, president of the British Seamen's Union, in an interview in Montreal, Canada, asserts that the strike is the result of Red propaganda.

tember 4.—The Turkish Council of Commissars decrees that all officials must dress in European fashion and wear hats, only priests to be permitted to wear turbans. The Council also orders the closing of all dervish convents and similar institutions, and the suppression of all religious orders, sheiks and dervishes.

e authorities of Santa Maria Maggiore, one of Rome's four basilicas, forbid the entrance of all women "who do not have the head covered and do not wear high-neck dress and long sleeves."

ungary ends the fiscal year with a surplus of 63,000,000 gold crowns, instead of an anticipated deficit of 100,000,000 gold crowns, under the financial direction of Jeremiah Smith, an American appointed by the League of Nations as Commissioner for Hungary.

tember 5.—Premier MacKenzie King of Canada announces the dissolution of the fourteenth Parliament and the decision of the Liberal Government to seek a fresh mandate from the electorate.

tember 6.—The American aviators who enlisted under the French colors in the Moroccan war participate with five French squadrons in the most important air operation against the Riffians, raining bombs on the town of Sheshuan.

tember 7.—René Viviani, Premier of France when the World War started n 1914, and one of France's greatest tatesmen, dies at Clamart, France, in his sixty-fourth year.

ur members of the crew of the United States destroyer *Noa* are killed by an xplosion while the destroyer is returnng to Shanghai from the Chusan Islands, following the refloating of the vrecked Chinese steamer *Fei-ching*.

e sixth assembly of the League of Nations opens in Geneva, and Senator Raoul Dandurand of Canada is elected President.

ember 8.—Poland and Czecho-Slovakia demand that they be included lirectly in the security conference etween the Allies and Germany in rder, it is said, to protect themselves gainst being forced at a later time to nake heavy concessions to Germany rom their own frontiers.

nish troops have landed on the Moroccan coast to resume the campaign gainst the Riffians, announces Gen. rimo de Rivera.

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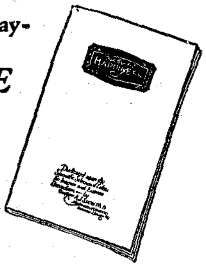

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

DOMESTIC

September 1.—The sea-plane *PN-9 No. 1*, her fuel supply failing, is forced down in the Pacific about 100 miles northeast of the Island of Maui, of the Hawaiian group, in its attempted flight from California to Hawaii, and the *PN-9 No. 3* is forced down 400 miles from the California coast by the breaking of her oil-pressure lines.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., pays the largest income tax of the year, with $6,277,699, according to the tax list for 1924, just made public, and the largest tax paid by a corporation is $16,493,160, paid by the Ford Motor Company.

September 2.—In an address before the American Bar Association at Detroit, Secretary of State Kellogg says that the United States is willing to carry out scrupulously the obligations and promises made to China by the United States at the Washington Disarmament Conference, but that this Government will at the same time require China to "perform the obligations of a sovereign State in the protection of foreign citizens."

Replying to an attack upon him by the editor-publisher, Governor Smith of New York reads William Randolph Hearst out of the Democratic party, and makes him an issue in the New York mayoralty campaign.

September 3.—The United States dirigible *Shenandoah* is completely destroyed in a storm over Cambridge, Ohio, and fourteen of her crew, officers and men, are killed.

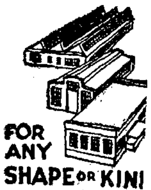
The nine Governments signatory to the Chinese treaty negotiated at the Washington Conference in 1922 notify the Peking Government in identical notes that they are ready to appoint commissioners at an early date to consider what steps, if any, may be taken with a view to relinquishment of extraterritoriality privileges, according to a Washington dispatch.

September 4.—The officers and crew of the *Shenandoah* are absolved from all blame for the wreck of the air-ship by Commander Jacob H. Klein, Jr., presiding officer of the Navy's board of investigation. Meantime, it is announced at the summer White House at Swampscott, Massachusetts, that another big dirigible to replace the *Shenandoah* will be constructed at once.

September 5.—Col. William Mitchell, of the Eighth Corps, United States Army, issues a statement in connection with the loss of the *Shenandoah* and the *PN-9 No. 1*, declaring that "these accidents are the direct result of incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration by the War and Navy Departments."

September 6.—Capt. Stanford E. Moses, U. S. N., Commander of the Hawaiian flight project, announces that he has virtually given up hope that the crew of the *PN-9 No. 1*, missing since September 1, will be found.

September 8.—Maj.-Gen. John L. Hines, Chief of Staff of the Army, orders an investigation into the authenticity of the statements attributed to Col. William Mitchell, and the latter issues a second statement in which he calls on Congress to provide for a single control of all national defense and a bureau of Aeronautics, with a Cabinet Secretary of Air.



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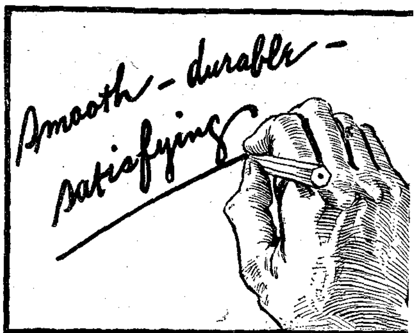

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

chairman.—"G. A. G.," Derry, Pa.—In parliamentary law, we speak of the *chairman* of a committee, just as in the general speech we refer to an *author* or a *poet*, irrespective of sex. Such an anomaly as, "Miss or Madam Chairman," is sometimes heard. This deviation from rule, having arisen before any one gave thought to creating the term *chairwoman*, was accepted as standard. The definition of the word *chairman* given by the dictionaries reads: "One who presides over an assembly, or in the meeting of a corporation, company, or the like." Here there is no reference whatever to sex. The term *chairwoman* was subsequently coined by certain folks who wished to overcome the anomaly. There seems to be little or no need for this, for certainly "one who presides over" is clear enough phraseology to show that the one who does so may be of either the masculine or the feminine gender.

"C. J. LeM.," Lubbock, Tex.—The past participle of the verb *forget* is *forgot* or *forgotten*. Use the form, "I have *forgotten*" not "I have *forgot*."

comparisons.—"E. L. F.," Kingston, Pa.—Some grammarians include among other adjectives "not admitting of comparison" those ending in *-ful*, but there are many expressions in which such comparison is sound: "I had a *most delightful* time, far *more delightful* than I expected." *Delightful* has been compared not only with the adverbs *more* and *most*, but with the suffixes *-er* and *-est*. Dickens writes, "That *delightfullest* of cities, Paris." In the face of the fact that Shakespeare did not hesitate to compare it, there is no reason why the word *dreadful* should not be compared. See "Measure for Measure," act i, sc. 4. l. 33: "And it in you *more* dreadful would have seem'd," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii, sc. 1: "God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a *most dreadful* thing." "Advised by good intelligence of this *most dreadful* preparation," and "See your *most dreadful* lands so loosely slighted" are other quotations from the same pen. Adjectives of two syllables have frequently been compared with *-er* and *-est*, and Goold Brown ruled that "when the positive contains two syllables it is a matter of taste which method you shall use in forming the degrees. The ear is, in this case, the best guide; but when the positive contains more than two syllables use *more* and *most*." Usage has disregarded this in *delightful*, Shakespeare fathered *fearfullest* in "Richard III." act iii, sc. 4.

"C. B. P.," Parsons, W. Va.—The correct form is, "I ask you, who *are* (not *is*) a good rider, the proper way to mount a horse." Goold Brown in his "Grammar of English Grammars" (p. 574) says: "The relative agrees with the antecedent, and the verb agrees with the relative: hence all three of the words are alike in person and number."

excuse me, pardon me. — "H. A. R.," New York City. — Both forms are acceptable. *Excuse me* was once common in Great Britain, and *pardon me* was its equivalent in the United States. Now the conditions have been reversed, and *pardon me* is common in England, and *excuse me* in the United States; but the use to which one puts them, when offering an apology for jostling a person is deliberately rude. If one jostles a person accidentally, the proper apology to offer is, "I beg your pardon." This is done by persons of good breeding. "Pardon me" may be used apologetically with perfect propriety, as when one is about to enter a vehicle, for instance, and one finds oneself compelled to push through a crowd. "Excuse me," may be used in the same way.

The quotation cited is familiar as one that was in vogue in books of synonyms issued about a century or so ago. The language has grown since then. One can not *excuse* crime, but criminals have been *pardoned*.

The dictionary draws the following distinction: "To *pardon* is the act of a superior, implying the right to punish. The executive may *pardon* a criminal. To *excuse* is to overlook some slight offense, error, or breach of etiquette." This distinction, drawn by Dr. James C. Fernald, appears to be too restricted in its application, for in the definition of *excuse* we have—"(1) To pronounce innocent of wrong; acquit of blame; exculpate; vindicate. (2) To pardon and overlook, wholly forgive, as a fault." In addition, there is, "to offer an apology for, as, he *excused* his course of action on the ground of necessity."

"R. W.," New York City.—The official census of 1910 showed the population of Germany to be 64,900,000. The estimated population as of June 30, 1914, was 67,800,000. The census of 1919 gave a population of 59,852,000. An estimate of the loss in population in lands ceded to Belgium, France, Poland, etc., is 6,476,200. These figures, plus Germany's war losses, check very closely with the published estimated population of June 30, 1914.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Remedy at Last.—Don't worry about anonymous letters. The best thing is not to open them at all.—*Madrid Buen Humor.*

Join the Chorus.—Madge—"I have a dreadful cough."

Marjorie—"So have I. Let's go to the theater."—*Life.*

Without a Trademark.—A writer in a weekly contemporary draws attention to the fact that modern poets do not look like poets. Then how does he know they are poets?—*Punch.*

Empty Is the Cradle.—LOST—Sunday morning, black bag containing baby and vanity articles.—*Ad. in the Visalia (Cal.) Times.*

Foiled by the Saxophone.—Jazz music was played to a lady channel swimmer. No wonder she gave up the unequal struggle.—*Punch.*

Formerly the "Big Red Automobile."—We have been following banditry stories ever since the horseless carriage, and we have yet to read about a motorist thief who did not escape in "a high-powered car."—*South Bend Tribune.*

Breaking the News.—"Do you want some one to mind the shop while you go out?"

"No, thanks, boy. I'm not going out."

"Yes, you are—your wife's just fallen in the canal!"—*The Passing Show.*

Equivocal.—"How is this? You have had three positions and have no testimonial!"

"Well, you see, I stayed in each place until my employers died!"—*Pêle Mêle (Paris).*

Uncultured.—Dealer—"Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language?"

Cultured Customer—"Unbearable; why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Resignation.—"Rastus," said the sheriff, "I'm sorry, but we've got to hang you. Have you anything to say?"

"No, suh," replied Rastus, "Ah feels Ah is in de hands ob a all-wise an' unscrupulous providence."—*Seattle Times.*

"Developed" Is Right!—A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then these twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Take Your Choice.—The Poet—"To live in the country one has to have a soul."

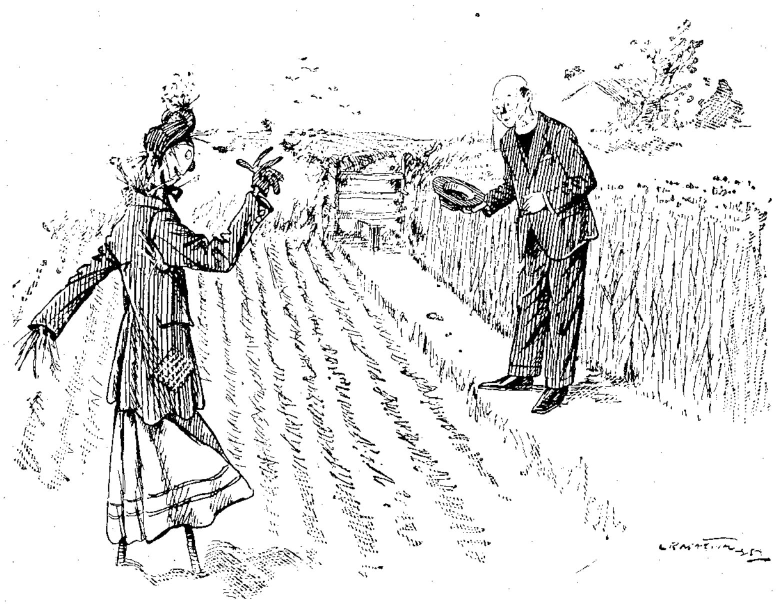
The Lady—"Or a car."—*Punch.*

Movie Fan Psychology.—Some go to the movies to rest their feet; others to practise reading aloud.—*Sandusky Register.*

A Common Mistake.—"I married Louis because I thought he was a dreamer."

"And now?"

"Now I find he is simply a sleeper."—*Madrid Buen Humor.*



A CLERICAL ERROR

—*The Passing Show.*

Divination.—It is thought that the lunatic who has been setting fire to haystacks in Surrey must have lost a needle.—*Punch.*

Speaking of a Goat's Appetite.—

TERRY'S
"Everything to Eat"
Dry Goods Wall Paper
Phone 153 Hubbard 6 W. Liberty St.

—*Ad. in Youngstown (Ohio) Telegram.*

Eggs for Arpeggios.—Barter and Exchange—WELL KNOWN Piano Teacher, with best of references, will exchange lessons at $2.00 per hour for chickens, layers and pullets. Will teach beginners or advanced pupils at above rate. Please state full particulars of your stock, breed, etc., to receive attention.—*Santa Barbara Morning Press.*

Sorry He Spoke.—It is well in making a cross-examination to be reasonably sure of the answer before asking a question. Otherwise there may result the predicament of the man whose little daughter was asked by a visitor which member of the family she liked best. "Mother," said the child. "Who next?" "Little sister." "Who next?" "Auntie." The father, who was sitting in a corner of the room, spoke up, saying, "Well, my dear, when do I come in?" "At two o'clock in the morning," was the prompt reply.—*The Argonaut.*

Public Bathing.—FIVE-ROOM bungalow with bath on concrete street.—*Ad. in the Columbia City (Ind.) Evening Post.*

Bill's a Fan Now.—Burglar's Wife—"Bill, you ain't tendin' to business nights since you stole that three-tube set."—*Judge.*

She Had Wronged Him.—"Your husband, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."

"Poor dear Robert! And I accused him all along of being lazy."—*Ridgeway Mercury.*

A Poser.—We often wonder what Mr. and Mrs. Borglum would have named little Gutzon if he had been a girl.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Or Both?—It is said by a writer that the motor-car has helped us to see more of the world. Yes, but which world—this or the next?—*Punch.*

"Not There, not There, My Child!"—Whatever may be the truth about the kitchen and the nursery, it is being apparently demonstrated that woman's place is not in the English Channel.—*New York Times.*

Flattery Wasted.—Terence—"'Tis a fine lad ye have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Could ye lend me a couple of dollars?"

Pat—"I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."—*London Telegraph.*

Mother Goose to Date.—

Jack and Jill
Sped up a hill,
A curve up there was sharp,
The car upset;
Jack's rolling yet;
Jill's playing on a harp.

—*University Life.*

The Latch-string Is Out.—

PINE CREST
The Cemetery Beautiful

Many Mobilians know this beautiful spot, but we would like for more people to become familiar with it, and we cordially invite the public to drive in and inspect the grounds.—*From an ad. in the Mobile Register.*

Incriminating.—A clergyman gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," and the deacon who led the singing began: "I love to steal—" but found he had pitched the note too high.

Again he began, "I love to steal—" but this time it was too low. Once more he tried. "I love to steal—" and again got the pitch wrong.

After the third failure the minister said, "Observing our brother's propensities, let us pray."—*Western Christian Advocate.*